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## DESTRUCTIVE AND CONSTRUCTIVE ENERGIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT COMPARED.

WE have been witnessing during the past months an extraordinary exhibition of energy on the part of the government of the United States in making sudden preparation for the war with Spain, and in prosecuting that war to a successful issue. Men of science, and teachers and promoters of science, have a special interest in the lessons of the war, because the instruments and means used in modern warfare are comparatively recent results of scientific investigation and of science applied in the useful arts. Moreover, the serviceable soldier or sailor is himself a result, not only of moral inheritance and instruction, but of training in the scientific processes of exact observation, sure inference, and accurate manipulation. It is not the linguistic side of school training which makes the effective soldier or sailor; it is the scientific side. His vocabulary may be limited though expressive, and his grammar false; but his eye must be true, his judgment sound and prompt, and his hand capable of using instruments of precision.

Many suppose that chemistry, mathematics, and physics are the only sciences which have contributed to the resources of modern warfare. This is far from the fact. Biological science is an important contributor. The first-relief package, which every soldier carries, is crammed with surgical knowledge which

the world waited for till the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The hospital ship *Bay State* is full of appliances for the care of the sick and wounded which are new within twenty years, and have all resulted from scientific discoveries and inventions made in times of peace and for purposes the opposite of warlike. Physiological science has really arrived at valuable conclusions with regard to the soldier's diet, — the indispensable foundation of his effectiveness, — conclusions which relate to portability, nutritiousness, and adaptation to different climates; though it must be confessed that these conclusions do not seem to have affected as yet the practice of the United States Commissary Department.<sup>1</sup> Financial science is also a contributor of prime importance; since success in war depends more and more on the command of money and credit. To this war with Spain we owe the most effective revenue bill — or rather, the only comprehensive revenue bill — the country has had within a whole generation.

It cannot be doubted, then, that the energy put forth by our government for the immediate purpose of capturing or destroying Spanish vessels, forts, towns, and war material, and incidentally killing, wounding, and starving Spaniards, has been a great exhibition of power in applied science, and as such must com-

<sup>1</sup> The ration of the United States soldier is a liberal one in comparison with that of other ar-

mend itself to the attention of men of science. I hear already a protest against the thought that devotees of science can have any special interest in war, — war the supreme savagery, the legalization of robbery and murder, the assemblage of all cruelties, crimes, and horrors, set up as an arbiter of international justice. I recall the indictment set forth by Charles Sumner forty years ago, in his address on the war system, “that this trade of barbarians, this damnable profession, is a part of the war system, sanctioned by international law; and that war itself is hell, recognized, legalized, established, organized by the commonwealth of nations, for the determination

of international questions!”<sup>1</sup> This is the jurist’s and philanthropist’s view. But the man of science has another view of war. He regards it as the worst survival of savage life, still occasionally unavoidable because of other survivals of the savage state, such as superstition, passion uncontrolled, and lust of wealth and power. He recognizes the fact that war makes a temporary and local hell on earth, and that all its characteristic activities are destructive; whereas all the normal activities of a free government should be constructive, and intended to promote the good of its citizens and general civilization; but he does not accept Sumner’s dictum in his oration of

ration ill adapted to a warm climate. Nevertheless, good cooking would make the American ration an acceptable and wholesome one.

War rations.

British soldier in India: —	Quantity allowed daily.	Ozs.
Meat with bone . . . . .		16.00
Bread . . . . .		16.00
Potatoes . . . . .		16.00
Rice . . . . .		4.00
Sugar . . . . .		2.50
Tea . . . . .		0.71
Salt . . . . .		0.66
Total . . . . .		55.87

German soldier: —		
Bread . . . . .		26.50
Fresh or raw salt meat or smoked beef . . . . .		13.25
Mutton, ham, bacon, or sausage . . . . .		8.82
Rice or ground barley . . . . .		4.41
or peas, beans, or flour . . . . .		8.82
or potatoes . . . . .		53.00
Salt . . . . .		0.90
Coffee roasted . . . . .		0.90
or coffee raw . . . . .		1.00

United States soldier: —		
Fresh meat . . . . .		20.00
or salt beef . . . . .		22.00
or pork or bacon . . . . .		12.00
Bread or flour . . . . .		18.00
Potatoes . . . . .		16.00
Peas or beans . . . . .		2.40
Rice . . . . .		1.60
Sugar . . . . .		2.40
Coffee raw . . . . .		1.60
Salt . . . . .		0.25

<sup>1</sup> “Give them hell!” was the language written on a slate by a speechless dying American officer. ‘Ours is a damnable profession,’ was the confession of a veteran British general. ‘War is a trade of barbarians!’ exclaimed Napoleon in a moment of truthful remorse, prompted by his bloodiest field. Alas! these words are not too strong. The business of war cannot be other than a trade of barbarians, a damnable profession; and war itself is certainly hell on earth. But consider well — do not forget — let the idea sink deep into your souls, animating you to constant endeavors, that this trade of barbarians, this damnable profession, is a part of the war system, sanctioned by international law; and that war itself is hell, recognized, legalized, established, organized by the commonwealth of nations, for the determination of international questions!” (War System of the Commonwealth of Nations: an address by Charles Sumner, before the American Peace Society, at its Anniversary in Boston, May 28, 1849. Boston: Pratt Brothers, 37 Cornhill, 1869. Stereotype Edition. In pursuance of the above vote of our society, several large editions were issued; but, thinking that a performance of such signal ability ought to have a still wider and more permanent circulation, we asked permission to stereotype it. Mr. Sumner kindly consented; and in preparing this edition, he has made no alteration in any principle or argument from the original address, his views, like our own, having experienced on the question of peace and war no change from any events of the last twenty years. — Geo. C. Beckwith, Corresponding Secretary. Boston, Jan., 1869.)



1845 on *The True Grandeur of Nations*, "There can be no war that is not dishonorable." He recognizes that occasional war, and therefore constant preparedness for war, are still necessary to national security, just as police, courts, prisons, and scaffolds are still indispensable to social order and individual freedom in the most civilized and peaceful states. Moreover, the man of science perceives that, while the immediately destructive objects in war are savage and barbarous, the instrumentalities and forces used in modern warfare are closely akin to the great constructive agencies and forces in human society. The battleship is, to be sure, the most complex and the cruelest machine yet constructed by man; but all its parts, except its armament and its armor, are not only applicable in works of peace, but have actually been wrought out for peaceful constructive purposes. The organization and disciplined skill which make possible the equipment of great bodies of soldiers within a few weeks, and their transportation to distant lands with incredible speed and safety, are the same sort of organization and skill needed in every great productive industry; and the mechanical and electrical engineers who have become indispensable in warfare have been developed, not for war, but for modern industries and systems of transportation. The applications of Bessemer steel in war are not its primary uses; its peaceful constructive applications give it its primary value. The application of compressed air for the transmission of power was not invented for the dynamite gun, but for tunneling and mining. The ammonia refrigerating process was not invented for hospital uses in war, but for domestic and commercial cold storage. No nation can now succeed in war which has not developed in peace a great variety of mechanical, chemical, and biological arts. The normal activities of these arts must and do tend to advance humane civilization.

Their application to the destructive cruelties of warfare is abnormal. Yet, inasmuch as they are applied in war with a prodigious energy and intensity, it may well be that the acute horrors of even the shortest war may have a lesson for the long normal periods of peace. The destructive activities of the government of the United States are abnormal and rare; but they are intense, and they attract in a high degree the attention and interest of the people. I therefore wish to call your attention to some of the lessons which this unusual energy of the government in war suggests in regard to its normal activities in times of peace.

One further introductory explanation seems to be needed for the sake of clearness. There is a class of *a priori* social philosophers who would not be at all content with this moderate claim that times of war may have useful lessons for peaceful times; for they believe that the virtues bred and the habits established in war alone make possible the assured progress of society during peace; and that, therefore, occasional wars are to be welcomed as renovators of society, which during peace tends to corruption, luxury, and enfeebling vices. Now men of science, so far as I have observed, generally think that this doctrine just reverses the real order of cause and effect. They do not consider the martial virtues — courage, endurance, loyalty, and the willingness to subordinate self-interest to the interest of clan, tribe, or nation — to be the supreme and ultimate objects toward which the human race must struggle on. They regard these virtues as the elementary, fundamental, preliminary virtues, which can be cultivated in man's savage state, and so become the stepping-stones of his moral advance; but they know, on the demonstrative evidence of both history and natural history, that these virtues may coexist with cruelty, rapacity, and lust, and an almost complete indifference to

both truth and justice. Civilization, in their eyes, means the adding of justice, truth, and gentleness to the martial virtues, — an addition which does not necessarily involve any countervailing subtraction. The civilized man should be as brave, enduring, self-sacrificing, and loyal as the savage, and should also be just, truthful, magnanimous, and gentle. The warlike virtues are those of the hunter, and war is a chase with man the prey; but as man rises in the scale of civilization, he is less and less the nomad and the hunter. Truly, it is not war which prepares men for worthy and successful lives in times of peace. On the contrary, it is worthy life in time of peace on the part of individual men or a nation of men which prepares for success in war; and this principle is quite as true of men in the savage state as in the civilized. The winning tribe in savage warfare is that which in peace lives habitually a simple, hardy, robust life, loves the chase and daring sports, travels fast and far afoot, and subsists at need on what it can find on the way, or carry with it in the rudest methods. In civilized warfare, that nation will be successful which produces plenty of healthy, vigorous, intelligent men, who have added to the ancient martial virtues a moral quality which free institutions can best develop, — namely, individual initiative and self-reliance, — and have acquired skill in a great variety of useful arts. Do we not all believe that the normal activities of peace under free institutions are the best possible, though not the only necessary, preparation for inevitable war, and that such normal activities of the nation never need to be purified or uplifted by avoidable war? Nevertheless, we may also believe that some lessons for times of peace can be drawn from the prodigiously stimulated activity of the government and the sacrifices of the people in time of war.

The first important inference which may be drawn from the experience of

our government and people during the past months is anthropological, — it is the permanence of the martial virtues and their commonness. In any vigorous race these virtues may fairly be called inextinguishable. A whole generation has passed since this country has been at war, just as a whole generation passed between the war of 1812 and the Mexican war; and yet courage, endurance, and patience were promptly exhibited by hundreds of thousands of our young men. The extinction of the soldierly qualities is not at all to be feared in a robust race inhabiting the temperate zone, which cultivates manly sports, and pursues on land and sea all the occupations which require the maintenance of a watchful struggle against adverse powers of nature, or the utilization of natural forces of mysterious and formidable intensity. Civilized society is always maintaining a perilous conflict with natural forces, which ordinarily serve man's purposes, but sometimes try to overwhelm him. Fire, the greatest of man's inventions, and his humblest servant, suddenly breaks out into destructive fury; wind ordinarily fills his sails, turns his mills, and refreshes the atmosphere of his cities, but now and then in spots sweeps from the surface of the earth and sea all man's works, — crops, buildings, vehicles, and vessels. The mineral oil which every night lights so brilliantly the humblest homes in every clime occasionally kills the ignorant or careless user, or sets a huge city in flames. Any single-minded worm or insect will be too much for man, unless man knows how to set some other creature of one idea at destroying the first invader. How small is the range of the thermometer within which man can live with comfort or even safety! A change of a few degrees below or above the normal range sets him fighting for his life. This conflict with external nature is the great school of mankind in courage, persistence, patience, and forethought;



and mankind never needs any other. The professional soldier may be softened, and perhaps corrupted, by a long period of peace; for in peaceful times he may have nothing to do, or at least his occupation may be so slight and so dull as not to keep his physical and mental powers at full play; but a citizen soldiery, when free from the horrible activities of war, returns promptly to the labors of peace, and escapes the dangers to which a professional soldiery is exposed. It is, then, the regular pursuits and habits of a nation in times of peace which prepare it for success in war; and not the virtues bred in war which enable it to endure peace.

The second lesson to be drawn from the recent experience of the nation in war is the immense value of long-prepared, highly-trained public service. The instant efficiency of our navy is a striking demonstration of this principle, which needs to be brought home to the great body of our people. The war teaches that though a navy can be extemporized for the purposes of transport and blockade, for fighting purposes the trained naval expert is the invaluable man, whether in command or behind a gun or in the engine-room. The preparedness of our regular army for immediate service, and the comparative unreadiness of the militia, even in those states which have paid most attention to volunteer military organization, enforce the same lesson. Would that the plain teaching of this short war in this regard might sink into the minds of our people, and convince them of the immense advantages they would derive from a highly-trained permanent civil service in every branch of the public administration!

Another lesson of these pregnant months relates to a principle which underlies our form of government, yet is often seen but dimly by portions of our people. I refer to the principle that the government of the United States should do nothing which any other visible agency

—state, city, town, corporation, or private individual—can do as well. This seems a strange principle to be enforced by the action of our government in time of war, since the government has a monopoly of that hideous activity; but this war has brought out in a very striking way the fact that, when it comes to the pinch, the source of victory is in the personal initiative of each individual commander and private soldier or sailor. When all preparation is made, when all appliances have been perfected and brought together, in the particular thick-et or mined strait in which the work of the moment is to be done, it is the perceptive power and moral resolution of the individual which command success. In warfare, as in industries, the automaton counts for less and less, and the thinking, resourceful individual for more and more. The automaton is the natural result of despotic institutions, civil and religious; the resourceful, initiating individual is the natural product of free institutions, under which the citizens are as little restricted as possible in the development and training each of his own will-power and capacities. To secure this fundamental advantage of free institutions, as many fields of activity as possible must be left open to the individual, and to voluntary associations of individuals. If the government enters a field which individuals, or voluntary associations of individuals, could till, it diminishes by so much the range or reach of the great school of self-governing freemen, namely, the school of creative and constructive industry under liberty and with responsibility. Is it not a wonderful thing that the invention of more and more destructive weapons, like the long-range magazine rifle and the machine gun, which have made impossible close formations, and have forced every modern army to imitate what used to be called Indian warfare, should bring out so strikingly, as this recent war has done, the immense superiority of the disciplined freeman to

the trained automaton? A firing line is now composed of detached men, each seeking cover at every moment, and all using smokeless powder, that the exact position of the line may not be revealed to the enemy one thousand or two thousand yards away. The enemy is invisible, and there is none of the excitement of personal encounter. The individual soldier is not supported on right and left by bodily contact with comrades, and the nearest officer may be a long way off. Under such circumstances each man must do his own fighting, and success depends on the courage, skill, and judgment of the individual soldier. The maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war," means, therefore, vastly more than it used to. It no longer refers chiefly to the provision of vessels, forts, and weapons, but rather to the bringing up of generations of young men trained by school, college, political life, and the great national industries to habits of self-direction and of disciplined coöperation. This bringing up is best secured under free institutions which leave everything possible to the initiative of the citizen.

This principle — that government should do nothing which any other agencies can do as well — being admitted and established, the next question to be considered is whether the legitimate activities of our government in time of peace — activities directed toward constructive

<sup>1</sup> "It appears from the last Report of the Treasurer that the whole available property of the University [Harvard], the various accumulation of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts to \$703,175.

"Change the scene, and cast your eyes upon another object. There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbor, a ship of the line, the Ohio, carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836, for \$547,888; repaired only two years afterwards, in 1838, for \$223,012; with an armament which has cost \$53,945; making an amount of \$834,845 (Document No. 132, House of Representatives, Third Session, Twenty-Seventh Congress) as the actual cost at this moment of that single ship, — more than \$100,000 beyond all the available wealth of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land!

and wholly beneficent objects — should not be increased. On this point I cannot help thinking that the lesson of the war is plain and convincing. It is undeniable that our people have rejoiced in the exhibition of power which the government has given during this war. We have all derived great satisfaction from our government's display of power, exercised with promptness, foresight, and the sagacious adaptation of means to ends. It is human nature, always and everywhere, to enjoy such success as the government has won, even when it costs heavily in blood and money. To have the consciousness of possessing power, and to display the power possessed, is a national gratification. Now, this sort of satisfaction ought to be obtainable in peace as well as in war; so that the power of the United States, displayed in peace for ends wholly constructive and beneficent, ought to be in some measure comparable with the power the government is capable of displaying for destructive ends in war. Charles Sumner's argument from the comparative cost of the Ohio, a ship of the line, and of Harvard University<sup>1</sup> (a comparison made in 1845) helped him to the wrong conclusion that war is always dishonorable and always to be avoided, and that preparations for war are foolish and criminal. Nevertheless, the comparison was and is highly suggestive, and becomes more and

"Pursue the comparison still further. The expenditures of the University during the last year, for the general purposes of the College, the instruction of the Undergraduates, and for the Schools of Law and Divinity, amount to \$46,949. The cost of the Ohio for one year of service, in salaries, wages, and provisions, is \$220,000; being \$175,000 above the annual expenditures of the University, and more than *four times* as much as those expenditures. In other words, for the annual sum lavished on a single ship of the line, *four* institutions like Harvard University might be sustained throughout the country!" (The True Grandeur of Nations: an oration, by Charles Sumner, delivered before the authorities of the City of Boston, July 4, 1845. Boston: American Peace Society, 1869.)



more so as preparation for war and war itself grow more and more costly. Indeed, in one respect the recent war has made such comparisons more effective and interesting; for it has proved that the defense of coast cities and harbors is easier than we had supposed, since the strongest fleets have no formidable powers of offense against them. Comparatively cheap mines, protected by respectable earthworks on shore, cannot be successfully dealt with by any naval forces yet devised. A navy without an army cannot make conquests; and the defense of all important points on a coast can be extemporized at moderate cost. Such comparisons make us desire that the steady energy of the government for good ends in times of peace be made to bear a better comparison with its intense energy in the spasms of war. How can the United States put forth during the long periods of peace a beneficent power comparable to the destructive power it wields in war, without violating the principle of leaving to its citizens every field of activity which they can till to advantage?

If we examine the fields of activity which must perforce remain to the government, we shall find that they will amply suffice for the exercise of power enough to gratify the most ambitious and the most benevolent citizen of the republic. Let us briefly survey some of these fields. The first I shall mention is the fostering of commerce. This function obviously belongs to the general government, which has power not only to regulate, but to annihilate at will, the trade of its citizens with foreign countries. We have indeed seen our foreign commerce destroyed by our own national legislation. Now, commerce, foreign and domestic, is the great peace-maker and peace-keeper, and, on the whole, it is the great enricher of mankind in comforts and luxuries. It deserves on every account the fostering care of a powerful nation, not only for the benefits it confers on that particular nation, but because it tends to bring about

the confederation of all races of mankind in the pursuit of a common well-being. The war with Spain has distinctly enlarged the moral outlook of our people. It has presented to them wholly unexpected problems concerning the responsibility of a fortunate people for the welfare of the less fortunate. It has suggested to them that a policy of political seclusion and commercial isolation is not worthy of a strong, free, and generous people; and that such a policy is not the way to the greatest prosperity and the most desirable influence.

Another great field of beneficent activity for our government is the procuring of just and humane conditions of labor in industries which cannot be carried on within the jurisdiction of any single state, because they necessarily cover several states. For the protection of work-people in industries carried on completely within a single state, state legislation may suffice; but when, as in the case of railroads, the industry must be carried on through several or many states, it is only the national government that can adequately protect the interests of the persons employed. The great functions of the national government in this respect are now only beginning to be exercised. In the Ninth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, a report dated June 30, 1897, I read <sup>1</sup> that in the year 1896 the number of railroad employees killed in the service was 1861, and the number injured 29,969, the number of men employed on the railroads of the United States in this year being 826,620. In 1897 the corresponding figures were 1693 killed and 27,667 injured. These actual numbers equal the casualties of a great battle; but the deaths and injuries occurred in a single year, and are not above the average of the five years preceding. The total number of persons killed on American railroads

<sup>1</sup> Comparative summary of railway acci-

in the year 1896 was 6448, while the injured were 38,687, and these figures are not above the average of the five years preceding. In the same year there were killed and wounded in coupling and uncoupling alone 6614 trainmen, 1744 switchmen and flagmen, and 328 other employees, making a total of 8686 killed and wounded in coupling and uncoupling alone.<sup>1</sup> Of the total number of trainmen in the United States one in every 152 was killed, and one in every 10 was injured during the railroad year 1896;<sup>2</sup> during 1897 one in 165 was killed, and one in 12 injured. Great battles do not occur every year; but these losses do. Do not these terrible figures suggest that our government has not yet undertaken to discharge its duty of protecting by legislation large classes of its citizens engaged in indispensable service to the community? The obstacles to the use of automatic cou-

plers are pecuniary alone. On June 30, 1896, only about one third of the total equipment of American railroads in cars and locomotives was fitted with train-brakes, and only about two fifths were fitted with automatic couplers. Have we not here a new function for our government, in which the wise exercise of its great power would have far-reaching beneficent results?

As time goes on, it appears that more and more industries have a national scope. Thus, it may be doubted whether the mining of soft coal can be successfully regulated by the separate legislation of single states; for coal mined in Virginia is necessarily in competition with coal mined in Ohio, for example, and the unprotected condition of laborers in Ohio may prevent the adequate protection of coal miners in Virginia. Within a few months New England cotton manufacturers have been startled

dents for the years ending June 30, 1896, 1895, 1894, 1893, 1892, 1891, 1890, 1889, and 1888:—

Year.	Employees.		Passengers.		Other Persons.		Total.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
1896 . .	1,861	29,969	181	2,873	4,406	5,845	6,448	38,687
1895 . .	1,811	25,696	170	2,375	4,155	5,677	6,136	33,748
1894 . .	1,823	23,422	324	3,034	4,300	5,433	6,447	31,889
1893 . .	2,727	31,729	299	3,229	4,320	5,435	7,346	40,393
1892 . .	2,554	28,267	376	3,227	4,217	5,158	7,147	36,652
1891 . .	2,660	26,140	293	2,972	4,076	4,769	7,029	33,881
1890 . .	2,451	22,396	286	2,425	3,598	4,206	6,335	29,027
1889 . .	1,972	20,028	310	2,146	3,541	4,135	5,823	26,309
1888 . .	2,070	20,148	315	2,138	2,897	3,602	5,282	25,888

(Interstate Commerce Commission; Statistics of Railways in the United States, 1896, page 87.)

<sup>1</sup> Accidents in the United States, 1896, in coupling and uncoupling:—

Trainmen.		Switchmen, Flagmen, and Watchmen.		Other Employees.		Total.	
Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
157	6,457	58	1,686	14	314	229	8,457

(*Ibid.* page 88.)

<sup>2</sup> Comparative summary showing number of employees and trainmen for one killed and for one injured in the United States for the years ending June 30, 1896, 1895, 1894, 1893, 1892, 1891, and 1890.

Year.	Number of Employees for one		Number of Trainmen for one	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
1896 . . . . .	444	28	152	10
1895 . . . . .	433	31	155	11
1894 . . . . .	428	33	156	12
1893 . . . . .	320	28	115	10
1892 . . . . .	322	29	113	10
1891 . . . . .	296	30	104	10
1890 . . . . .	306	33	105	12

(*Ibid.* page 96.)



by the development of the cotton manufacture in the Southern States; and one of the first suggestions of remedy made by the New England operatives was a national law to regulate hours of labor in cotton mills all over the country. This incident simply marks a tendency. Interests common to many states certainly suggest that the common government has duties in regard to them.

An established function of our national government is the execution of public works for the improvement of rivers and harbors, — works which redound to the advantage of the localities where they are situated, to be sure, but also to that of the people at large. These works are too often executed in a slow, wasteful manner, which no private person or corporation could possibly afford. As an illustration of bad government methods, and therefore of the possibilities of improvement in governmental efficiency, I take the Columbia River at the Cascade Gorge. This improvement comprises

works on a great lock and on a canal about three thousand feet long, including the lock. The original estimate of the cost was a million and a half dollars, and the work was actually begun in 1878. At the end of 1891, when \$1,609,324.94 had been expended on the work, the estimate for its completion was a million and three-quarters dollars. It is not yet finished, after the lapse of twenty years.<sup>1</sup> In six of the years since the first appropriation was made Congress made no appropriation whatever. Until 1893 it never appropriated anything like the sum which the engineers reported could profitably be expended in the following year, and even then the appropriation lacked half a million dollars of the money the engineers wanted. The total expended to date is more than five millions of dollars, not counting interest on expenditures which have stretched over twenty years. In the meantime not a particle of benefit has accrued to the population on the Colum-

<sup>1</sup> Columbia River at Cascade: —

Year.	Appropriations.	Amount expended including liabilities and contracts.	Available.	Estimated amount that could be profitably expended in following year.	Estimate for completion from date.
1876 . . . . .	\$90,000		\$90,000.00		
1877 . . . . .		\$4,616.65	90,000.00	\$500,000	\$1,459,136
1878 . . . . .	150,000	5,854.05	235,383.35	500,000	1,524,338
1879 . . . . .	100,000	44,785.87	329,529.30	500,000	1,424,338
1880 . . . . .	100,000	207,626.83	384,743.43	500,000	1,324,338
1881 . . . . .	100,000	83,269.43	217,116.60	750,000	1,224,338
1882 . . . . .	265,000	133,329.57	133,847.17	500,000	1,655,397
1883 . . . . .		186,233.53	265,517.60	500,000	1,655,397
1884 . . . . .	150,000	73,586.92	79,284.07	500,000	1,505,397
1885 . . . . .		133,873.48	155,697.15	750,000	1,250,000
1886 . . . . .	187,500	19,050.74	21,823.67	800,000	1,100,000
1887 . . . . .		110,445.55	190,272.93	400,000	1,850,000
1888 . . . . .	300,000	77,788.44	79,837.38	500,000	1,550,000
1889 . . . . .		221,835.26	302,347.59	700,000	1,250,000
1890 . . . . .	435,000	72,858.38	80,512.33	900,000	1,115,000
1891 . . . . .		234,170.24	442,653.95	1,500,000	1,745,000
1892 . . . . .	326,250	190,650.11	208,483.71	1,419,250	1,419,250
1893 . . . . .	1,239,653*	19,398.27	1,583,736.60		
1894 . . . . .		330,984.95	1,564,338.33		
1895 . . . . .		630,000.00			
1896 . . . . .		427,001.28			
1897 . . . . .		342,248.72			
Total expended . . . . .					\$5,007,742
Original estimate . . . . .					1,459,136
Total expended with interest up to 1897 at 4% . . . . .					5,880,000

(From Bookkeeper's accounts.)

\* Sundry Civil Act of 1893, — "not more than  $\frac{3}{4}$  to be expended during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894."

bia River or to the nation at large. The delay and waste have been caused by the scanty and intermittent appropriations, involving frequent suspensions of work and the deterioration of an expensive plant.<sup>1</sup> The cost of the work has been greatly enhanced by the necessity of renewing the plant, and recruiting anew at short intervals the whole force of work-people. If a vigorous corporation had undertaken the work, it could have completed the job within six years, and would thereafter have enjoyed a good income on the money invested. It is impossible for the nation at large to take satisfaction in grand works so feebly conducted. Such a process impairs, rather than increases, the self-respect of the nation; for everybody perceives that it is a stupid and discreditable process. Whenever a public work must be completed before the country can derive any

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from the reports of U. S. engineers in charge of the work.

Report of Major James, 1885: "In conclusion, I will only add that if the necessary funds can be afforded, I can open this work for navigation inside of two years, and that every year saved in the opening of navigation through the Cascade Mountains will save to the masses of people affected a sum approximate to the whole cost of the work."

Captain Powell, 1887: "Operations had been generally suspended from want of funds for several months previous to August, 1886. . . . The estimate of cost for completing the canal with the single lock, carefully revised during the year and based on the cost of work done, gives a total in round numbers of \$1,850,000. The increase over the original estimate results principally from previously uncounted expenses from suspension of work; the severity of the climate and difficulties of the situation at the Cascade Gorge were, I judge, not sufficiently considered. . . . On account of small and uncertain appropriations the opening of the Cascade Canal will require several years."

Major Thomas H. Handbury, 1888: "For all works of this character, where the improvement to be effected must be completed before any advantage can accrue to commerce, it does seem that the policy of small appropriations running through a long term of years enhances enormously their ultimate cost."

Major Handbury, 1890: "On the 5th [of July] active work was resumed and continued

benefit from it, the government should prosecute the work with all the dispatch consistent with thoroughness of execution. This single instance illustrates the opportunities for immense improvement in the conduct of the operations of our government on public works. Already there are some examples which indicate that better times are in store for us in this respect. Thus, in 1884, estimates of \$3,710,000 were submitted for clearing out the mouth of the Columbia River by dredging and constructing jetties. On June 30, 1896, this work was practically finished at a cost of two millions of dollars, favorable circumstances and prompt continuous work having effected a saving of a million, seven hundred thousand dollars.<sup>2</sup> The rapid erection of the Library of Congress under the direction of General Casey within the original estimates is until November, when it was discontinued on account of unfavorable weather and a scarcity of funds."

Major Handbury, 1891: "The estimated amount yet to be appropriated for completing the work is \$1,745,500. If this amount were available now, so that the work from this time forward could be pushed to the full extent of our arrangements and the capacity of the plant now provided, it is within the range of possibility, under ordinary circumstances of weather, to advance it so near completion that boats could be regularly passed through the lock by the end of the year 1892; but this is not the case."

<sup>2</sup> Extract from report of Major Handbury, 1891: "Receiving reasonably large appropriations, the officer in charge has been enabled to provide a plant commensurate with the importance and difficulties of the work in hand, and has used this to good advantage. The work has been well organized and pushed forward on business principles, as all large government work must be if economical results are to be expected. The rock and other materials have thus far been obtained at reasonable figures, and the employees have taken a commendable interest in the success of the project and rendered faithful service. This could not have been done had the work been overshadowed with the constant dread of disorganization on account of limited and inadequate appropriations."



another hopeful example.<sup>1</sup> The self-respect of the nation is enhanced by every public improvement which is well planned and well executed, and then turns out to be of public benefit proportionate to the expenditure. The cost of clearing the mouth of the Columbia River was not so much as the cost of one armored cruiser; but it is a permanent work of daily utility, the beneficence of which is without alloy.

To illustrate further the directions in which the beneficent expenditures of our government might reasonably be increased, I now invite consideration of certain comparisons between items of military and naval expenditure which the Cuban war has forced on our attention, and the cost of some government establishments which are of especial interest. The annual cost of the Lighthouse Establishment, on the average of five years from 1893 to 1897 inclusive, was \$3,000,000. The cost of maintaining naval vessels in commission during the year 1897 — a year of peace — was \$9,000,000.<sup>2</sup> Now the Lighthouse Establishment is one of the most interest-

ing and useful departments of national expenditure. It has a high scientific quality, and also a protecting, guiding, friendly quality. It renders an unremitting service in storm and in calm, over rough waters and smooth, on both oceans, on the Great Lakes, and on many rivers, and in all the extremes of climate which our widespread country affords. It calls forth in high degree the best human qualities, — intelligence, fidelity, and watchfulness. It ought to be the object of constant interest on the part of the whole population, and of Congress in particular. With our resources and commercial needs, and our thousands of miles of coasts and rivers, the Lighthouse Establishment ought to be the best in the world, as well as the most extensive. Indeed, it ought to be absolutely as good as it can be made, and every promising experiment for the improvement of any single light or of all lights, of any single foghorn or of all foghorns, ought to be promptly tried by the government without regard to cost. Some other nations and regions of the earth excel us in the proportion of first-order and second-order

<sup>1</sup> The law of October 2, 1888, put the whole charge of the construction into the hands of General Casey, Chief of Engineers, United States Army. In March, 1889, Congress appropriated \$5,500,000, in addition to \$745,000,

<sup>2</sup> From the United States Treasurer's Report: —

	1897.	Average for five years, 1893-1897.
Expenses of the Smithsonian Institution . . . . .	\$127,551.75	\$123,882.84
“ “ National Museum . . . . .	195,740.14	173,633.80
“ “ National Zoölogical Park . . . . .	67,779.26	54,920.83
“ “ Fish Commission, general . . . . .	428,827.27	362,078.78
“ “ Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts . . . . .	1,056,000.00	969,600.00
“ “ Department of Agriculture . . . . .	2,176,530.38	2,030,979.84
“ “ Weather Bureau . . . . .	848,949.81	845,360.07
“ “ Preventing spread of epidemic diseases . . . . .	32,677.72	127,619.37
“ “ Protecting public lands, timber, etc. . . . .	92,809.69	90,689.47
“ “ Coast and Geodetic Survey . . . . .	380,865.52	417,476.27
“ “ Lighthouse Establishment . . . . .	3,390,090.45	3,002,231.77
“ “ Marine Hospital . . . . .	620,506.90	646,511.81
“ “ Geological Survey . . . . .	422,366.82	382,824.95
“ “ Geological Maps of the United States . . . . .	65,580.11	58,707.13
“ “ Increase of the Navy . . . . .	14,539,911.36	13,680,906.92
Report of the Paymaster-General of the Navy, 1897: —		
For new ships . . . . .	\$10,543,373.72	
Maintaining ships in commission . . . . .	8,938,549.71	

a balance of former appropriations. It was then estimated that the time of construction would be eight years. The building was completed just within that time; and there was an unused balance of over \$50,000.

lights to all lights, and several nations have experimented more patiently and more successfully than we have with the electric coast light. There is no doubt that the number of lights and fog-signals might be increased to great advantage, that many more range lights and lighted buoys should be supplied, and that the vessels maintained by the Lighthouse Establishment might be better equipped and better adapted to the service they are expected to render. A government vessel ought always to be of the best possible type, and to be supplied with all the best appliances for its service.

The progress of medical science imposes upon modern governments a new duty toward their citizens, — the duty, namely, of protecting them from contagious or infectious diseases. This protection has to be provided by means of inspection stations, quarantines, and other methods proper to secure the isolation of infected persons. The doctrine of state rights has been invoked in our country to prevent effective inspection and quarantine on our sea coast, and effective isolation in the interior of the country. The assumption by the national government of an effective control, on the coast and in the interior, over imported infectious or contagious diseases has also been resisted, on the ground that national health officers would not be careful of the commercial interests of single ports threatened with the invasion of disease, or actually suffering therefrom; whereas state or municipal authorities would always bear in mind the commercial and industrial interests of the afflicted places. Such arguments against national control of these dangers are narrow and unworthy, and have too long prevented the establishment of an effective national board of health. The diseases against which protection is most to be desired are cholera, smallpox, leprosy, and yellow fever; and these diseases come in at the coast on vessels which are sailing under national au-

thority and regulation. It is impossible to see how an effective control can be exercised over them except by the national government. The government has an established agency already, called the Marine Hospital Service, which has a considerable variety of functions not well indicated by its title. Thus, it examines candidates for the positions of keeper and surfmen in the Life-Saving Service, pilots for steam vessels in regard to color blindness, cadets and seamen for the revenue-cutter service, and renders aid to the immigrant service by inspecting arriving immigrants. It is also charged with a certain amount of public health service, but its authority on this subject is not well established, and has often been successfully resisted. It is obvious that the Marine Hospital Service is a creditable and useful one, but that it lacks the authority which a national board of health should have, and that both its staff and the money placed at its disposal are inadequate to the important ends in view. Now that our government has driven Spain out from its West Indian colonies, and has assumed possession of Porto Rico and temporary control of Cuba, an opportunity is afforded of organizing this department, and putting it upon a much more effective footing than would have been possible before. The island of Cuba has been the great source of yellow fever infection; and we now have, temporarily at least, the opportunity of ridding ourselves of this source of danger and dread. At the same time, Congress can reconstruct what is now called the Marine Hospital Service, and render it, under some other name, a thoroughly effective agent for the protection of the people of the United States from imported preventable diseases. An effective bureau once established would undoubtedly find new opportunities of usefulness to the people. Thus, the pollution of streams occurring within the limits of one state, but affecting the people of other states, is a subject which a



national health department might very properly deal with; and the disinfection of public interstate conveyances on land and water is another. The community is just beginning to desire the application of effective methods to prevent the diffusion of transmissible diseases. The prohibition of expectoration in public conveyances is a good sign of the advent of better municipal practices with regard to the spread of contagion. The community is also beginning to understand how the industrial effectiveness of the community is diminished by preventable diseases and deaths, and to apprehend the economic aspects of the prevention of disease. The preservation of the public health against the invasion of preventable disease is really one of the great interests of the American people, health and the protection of life to the normal period being infinitely precious to the individual, and desirable alike for the happiness and the productiveness of the whole people. Indeed, the public health more directly concerns the public happiness than does agriculture, mining, trade, or any other of the national activities. The commercial argument for an effective national health bureau is a strong one; yet it is the feeblest of all the arguments for the reinforcement of the existing national health agencies. To remove from American families, or greatly diminish, the fear of death by preventable imported disease would be to confer an immense blessing on all classes of our people. The progress of medical science has made typhoid fever a preventable disease, and has reduced the mortality in diphtheria to one third of the former rate. When the record

of this short war with Spain is made up, it will appear that one of the few thoroughly discreditable features of the war was the occurrence of numerous cases of typhoid fever in instruction camps within the limits of our own country. The present expenditure of the government for the Marine Hospital Service has been about \$650,000 a year, on the average for the five years 1893 to 1897. This budget ought to be greatly increased. It would be wholly reasonable for the government to spend as much on behalf of the public health as it costs to keep three battleships in commission for a year in time of peace, say \$1,000,000. The debates on this subject have been going on for a long time. The cholera invasions of the later forties and early fifties started the discussion. The cholera of 1892 provoked further discussion, and each invasion of our Southern coast by yellow fever has increased the public interest in the subject. In Congress, in local boards of trade, and in the communities which have been invaded by epidemic diseases, all aspects of the subject have been reviewed. It is now time for effective action on the part of Congress.

The Life-Saving Service of the United States deserves to be greatly enlarged. The general sea coast of the United States, excluding Alaska, is estimated as 5705 miles long; but if islands, bays, and rivers to the head of tide-water be included, the estimated length reaches 64,559 miles. This mileage does not include 3000 miles of lake coast, or nearly 5000 miles of rivers above tide-water.<sup>1</sup> On June 30, 1895, the number of life-saving stations was only 251; and

<sup>1</sup> In 1889 the Coast and Geodetic Survey, at the request of the Lighthouse Board, prepared the following statements of the length, in statute miles, of the general sea coast, and also of the coast-line including islands, bays, etc., to the head of tide-water:—

General sea coast of the United States.	
Atlantic Ocean . . . . .	2,043
Gulf of Mexico . . . . .	1,852

Pacific Ocean . . . . .	1,810
Alaska . . . . .	4,750
Coast-line, including islands, bays, rivers, etc., to the head of tide-water.	
Atlantic Ocean . . . . .	36,516
Gulf of Mexico . . . . .	19,143
Pacific Ocean . . . . .	8,900
Alaska . . . . .	26,376
This mileage does not include the more than	

of these, 53 were on the Great Lakes, 1 on the Ohio River, and 13 on the Pacific coast. For the year ending June 30, 1895, the men at these stations gave aid in 675 cases of disaster, the amount of property involved being eleven millions of dollars, and the number of persons involved about six thousand. The mere mention of these figures demonstrates at once the inadequacy of the number of stations. The men employed must possess skill in surf-work and in the use of the various appliances for life-saving, and must be also men of unquestionable courage and good judgment. They are exposed in their routine of duty to many hardships and dangers. They struggle with wind and cold on the shore, and with some of the most formidable dangers of the sea. They must patrol beaches or rock-bound shores in the worst weather, and must be always ready for prompt service by night and by day. They need all the martial virtues; and these virtues are displayed not in killing and wounding, but in rescuing from death and injury. They must have not only individual courage and skill, but discipline and capacity for combined action in moments of great excitement and stress. As the result of the organization of this service, the number of lives lost in proportion to the number of persons on board vessels suffering disaster within the domain of the Life-Saving Service has been greatly reduced. The ratio for the five years 1875 to 1880 was 1 to 65; the ratio for the years 1890 to 1895 was 1 to 95. Shall we not all agree that this noble service should not be limited in its scope by any pecuniary consideration; but only by the probability of rendering service? When the United States undertakes to save life, and in so doing maintains a fine corps of servants whose manly qualities are all exerted for beneficent purposes, it should not consider what the service properly organized costs, but simply 3000 miles of the lake coast or the nearly 5000 miles of rivers which are lighted; but it

ply how useful it can be made. The appropriation for the fiscal year 1898 was only \$1,562,795.

The Department of Agriculture is of comparatively recent creation, dating from 1893. The appropriations made for this department have always exceeded the amount expended, partly because of its newness, and partly because Congress has been disposed to be liberal in this direction. The proper objects of the department are the discovery, study, and development of the agricultural resources of the United States. It is primarily a scientific and technical bureau. Of its twenty-two divisions, seven are administrative, eight technical, and seven purely scientific. It is distinguished among the departments of government by having its whole body of servants under civil service rules, the only persons not in the classified service being the secretary, the assistant secretary, and the chief of the Weather Bureau. Its main work is done not in Washington, but at scattered stations all over the country. Thus, there are (1897) outside of Washington 153 observing stations and 244 stations on the sea coasts and Great Lakes where storm signals are displayed for the benefit of mariners. There are (1898) also 135 meat inspection stations in 35 cities of the country, 28 quarantine stations for imported cattle, 16 stations for inspecting export stock, beside several stations for examining stock for Texan fever. The Division of statistics affords a measure of protection against combination and extortion in buying and selling the products of agriculture. It collects information as to the condition and prospects of the principal crops, tabulates statistics of agricultural productions, and of the distribution and consumption of these products, and issues a monthly crop report for the benefit of producers and consumers. It is obvious that this useful Division tends to check irrational and does include the Alaskan coasts, great parts of which are not lighted.



injurious speculation in food products. The usefulness of the department is beyond all question, whether we consider domestic or foreign commerce, the agricultural industries proper, or the great business of exporting foods. The English government supervises with much care and at large cost the importation, transportation, and marketing of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and of the foods derived from these animals. Why should we be less careful than the English of the welfare of the population in this respect? When we consider the large proportion of our population engaged in industries which this department serves, and the importance of these industries to our national budget, may we not reasonably be surprised that the department is crippled by the parsimony of Congress with regard to salaries? On account of the low salaries authorized for scientific and technical services, the department is constantly losing some of its ablest and best workers. Universities, colleges, and experiment stations carry off the best men. On account of the youth of the department, most of its officers and servants are now young men, who may perhaps be retained for a time at the low salaries authorized by Congress, but are sure to be lost to the service as their age and experience increase. Apart from the Weather Bureau, which is now one of its divisions, the cost of the Department of Agriculture during the financial year 1896-97 was rather more than two millions of dollars, — about the cost of one day of the war with Spain.

Next to agriculture in importance to the country comes the mining of coal and the metallic ores. The mineral wealth of the United States, including coal, is immeasurable, and there lie the foundations of all our manufacturing industries, and of the household comfort with which our population is so greatly blessed. One would naturally have supposed that the government of the United States would

have been inclined to spend liberally on the discovery and investigation of our mineral resources, and that the Geological Survey of the United States would always have been carefully fostered, and developed as rapidly as possible. Whenever new territory has come into our possession, or has been newly occupied, we might naturally have endeavored to obtain, with the utmost promptness, complete surveys of its geological and mineralogical features, in order to bring to the notice of the population the resources of the new areas. Such has not been the history of the Geological Survey of the United States. The expenditure upon it has never been generous, and has often been parsimonious; and large areas of our country have remained for generations unexplored and unmapped. There has been no method of cordial co-operation between national surveys and state surveys, and the geological investigations of the government have generally followed in the wake of private mining enterprises, rather than led the way. For the average of the five years 1893-97 the expenditure of the government on the Geological Survey, and the issue of geological maps, was about \$450,000 a year, or less than the cost of six hours' war with Spain from April to August.

In the city of Washington the government maintains a National Museum, a National Zoölogical Park, and a Congressional Library. All these three institutions together do not cost the government \$300,000 a year; whereas the English government spends on the British Museum alone about \$600,000 a year.

The Weather Bureau of the United States, on which the nation spends less than a million dollars a year, contributes greatly to the comfort and health of the people, and to the protection of their property. The warnings it gives of cold waves, frost, hot waves, and high winds, of the coming of heavy rains and the

rise of rivers, have a constantly increasing usefulness; yet its number of stations for weather observations is manifestly insufficient, and the number of places at which warnings are conspicuously given is also insufficient. We owe to the war with Spain the first attempt to establish an adequate number of observation stations in the West Indies, — stations which have been greatly needed from the first establishment of the Bureau. The field of observation ought to be much broadened, and its results ought to be more thoroughly and promptly made known. In the year ending June 30, 1897, that is, before the war, the country spent twice as much on mere repairs of naval vessels as it did on the Weather Bureau.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey of the United States has been a great credit to

the country, and has a value not only for the protection of commerce, but for the promotion of geographical science, — a value it would be impossible to estimate. It should be maintained in a state of the utmost efficiency, and its results should be at the service of every mariner and merchant. It is a part of the equipment of our government which has conferred on the United States scientific distinction. Nevertheless, it has often been crippled in its work by lack of steady, timely, and adequate appropriations. Its annual cost for the five years 1893–97 averaged \$418,000, or only a little over what it cost to maintain in commission the armored cruiser *New York*<sup>1</sup> for the year 1897.

A new department of our government ought to be at once organized to secure the permanent protection and utiliza-

<sup>1</sup> From a statement showing the amounts authorized for new vessels under "Increase of the Navy" in each act of Congress from March 3, 1883, to and including the act of March 3, 1893, the objects (ships) authorized, the amounts appropriated, the amounts expended upon each vessel authorized, including armor and armament, and the actual total cost of completed ships.

Objects (ships) authorized and Dates of Acts of Congress.	Amounts authorized for Hull and Machinery, including Hull Armor.	Cost of Maintenance for One Year, including Coal, Provisions, Repairs, and Pay of Officers, Crew, and Marines.
Act of Mar. 3, 1885, Yorktown . . .	\$520,000	\$155,435.36
" Aug. 3, 1886, Terror . . .	630,000	126,561.47
" Mar. 3, 1887, San Francisco . . .	1,500,000	242,845.48
" Sept. 7, 1888, { New York . . .	3,500,000	391,065.69
{ Bancroft . . .	260,000	82,444.47
" June 30, 1890, { Indiana . . .	4,000,000	323,695.67
{ Oregon . . .	4,000,000	
" Mar. 19, 1892, Brooklyn . . .	3,500,000	

Ships.	AMOUNTS EXPENDED.				Total.
	For Hull and Machinery, including Hull Armor.	For Armor for Gun Protection.	For Armament.	For Equipment, Bureaus of Equipment, Construction and Repair, and Steam Engineering.	
Yorktown. . .	\$548,906.61		\$156,722.64	\$62,401.34	\$768,030.59
Terror . . .	1,234,810.91	\$144,664.64	133,853.68	64,489.17	1,577,818.40
San Francisco	1,738,257.82		272,876.54	124,168.95	2,135,303.31
New York . .	3,727,541.29	170,299.03	341,626.43	107,175.64	4,346,642.39
Bancroft . . .	362,505.05		47,559.50	21,217.08	431,281.63
Indiana . . .	4,355,893.53	977,134.02	553,972.48	95,691.45	5,982,691.48
Oregon . . .	4,868,902.47	1,029,591.42	585,598.77	75,412.09	6,559,504.75
Brooklyn . .	3,621,268.52	323,552.21	341,639.32	137,330.04	4,423,790.09



tion of the forests on the national domain. The experience of other nations has already demonstrated that well-managed national forest reserves not only pay their expenses, but yield a revenue. The objects of such forest administration are of the utmost importance to a mining and farming population; being, briefly, to insure a permanent supply of timber, to protect the water supply in agricultural regions adjacent to the forests, to prevent floods, and to store water which in arid and semi-arid regions can subsequently be utilized for irrigation. The efforts thus far made to protect the national property in forests have not been successful, the greatest destruction being wrought by fire and by pasturage,<sup>1</sup> but much harm also being done by simple stealing of the forest product in districts where there is no adequate policing of the reservations. The experience of Canada has proved, under conditions analogous to those which exist within our own territory, that forest guards and patrols can do much to keep down fires, even in the driest seasons. The problem in our own country is to procure legislation that will protect the forests, while promoting the occupation by private settlers of land within the districts covered by the reservations which is better adapted to agricultural or mining use than it is to forestry. The opposition to the reservation of forest land which has proceeded from the mining interests is an opposition that prefers the immediate pecuniary interest of a single generation to the

permanent pecuniary interest of many generations; for it is certain that diffused mining industries cannot be permanently maintained in regions denuded of timber, except by large companies owning the richest mines, — companies which can support the expense of bringing timber from afar. In semi-arid regions pasturage is fatal to future forest growth, while in well-watered regions like Oregon and Washington the injury it inflicts is insignificant; but it is precisely in semi-arid regions that a storage of water for purposes of irrigation is most important. Neither state ownership of forest lands nor private ownership can be satisfactory under present conditions. Private individuals and corporations have an immediate interest in cutting off the timber; and this done, their interest ceases. Wherever forests are cut down for firewood, as has happened throughout New England, every tree is cut, and the forest is permanently injured. Many deciduous trees, like the birches and maples, start up again from the stumps, with numerous sprouts, and this sprout growth remains very inferior to seedling growth. The woods of New England have been seriously damaged by being cropped for firewood in successive generations. This may happen in regions where the rainfall is sufficient to secure reforestation; but in arid or semi-arid regions reforestation, when once the original timber has been removed, is extremely difficult, or in many cases impossible. Any one who has traveled through

<sup>1</sup> "Most of the Fresno group (Big Tree lumber) are doomed to feed the mills recently erected near them, and a company of lumbermen are now cutting the magnificent forest on King's River. In these milling operations waste far exceeds use; for after the choice young manageable trees on any given spot have been felled, the woods are fired to clear the ground of limbs and refuse with reference to further operations, and of course most of the seedlings and saplings are destroyed.

"These mill ravages, however, are small as compared with the comprehensive destruction

caused by 'sheepmen.' Incredible numbers of sheep are driven to the mountain pastures every summer, and their course is ever marked by desolation. Every wild garden is trodden down, the shrubs are stripped of leaves as if devoured by locusts, and the woods are burned. Running fires are set everywhere, with a view to clearing the ground of prostrate trunks, to facilitate the movement of the flocks and improve the pastures." (The Mountains of California, p. 199. By John Muir. New York, The Century Co., 1894.)

the comparatively treeless countries around the Mediterranean, such as Spain, Sicily, Greece, Northern Africa, and large portions of Italy, must fervently pray that our own country may be preserved from so dismal a fate. It is not the loss of the forests only that is to be dreaded, but the loss of agricultural regions now fertile and populous, which may be desolated by the floods that rush down from bare hills and mountains, bringing with them vast quantities of sand and gravel to be spread over the lowlands. Traveling a few years ago through Tunisie, I came suddenly upon a fine Roman bridge of stone over a wide, bare, dry river-bed. It stood about thirty feet above the bed of the river, and had once served the needs of a prosperous population. Marveling at the height of the bridge above the ground, I asked the French station master if the river ever rose to the arches which carried the roadway of the bridge. His answer testified to the flooding capacity of the river and to the strength of the bridge. He said, "I have been here four years, and three times I have seen the river running over the parapets of that bridge." That country was once one of the richest granaries of the Roman Empire. It now yields a scanty support for a sparse and semi-barbarous population. The whole region round about is treeless. The care of our national forests is a provision for future generations, for the permanence over vast areas of our country of the great industries of agriculture and mining, upon which the prosperity of the country ultimately depends. The National Forestry Bureau ought to be organized at once, with its director, clerks, inspectors, head overseers, assistant overseers, rangers, and field force, as recommended by the commission appointed by the National Academy of Sciences on a Forest Policy for the United States. A good forest administration would soon come to support itself; but it should be organized

in the interests of the whole country, no matter what it cost. The forestry commission of the Academy estimated the cost of the organization at \$250,000 a year for the first five years. This is about the annual expense of the maintenance of the protected cruiser San Francisco.

The government has carried on for many years an inquiry into the habits, feeding-grounds, and modes of breeding and migration of the fish which make an important part of human food, and inhabit the Western Atlantic and the Eastern Pacific, the Great Lakes, and the rivers and brooks of the continent. It is obvious that no power but that of the general government can carry on effectively a research of this magnitude, covering such enormous areas and dealing with such a variety of creatures. The waters of the globe yield food of great variety and great value to mankind; but the habits and conditions of breeding of fish and shellfish have remained until this century almost unknown, and indeed are still wrapped in much mystery. Yet questions are constantly arising as to possible diminution of this important food supply, and as to the effects on the permanence of the supply of new methods of catching fish. These serious questions are legitimate objects of study by the government; but it is obvious that such researches require expensive outfit, long time, and highly trained observers. When to these researches are added the actual breeding of young fish in large quantities for the stocking of rivers, ponds, and brooks, it becomes apparent that the field of labor is simply enormous, and that the economic interests involved are vast and permanent. Now, in this great enterprise the expenditures of the government during the five years 1893-97 have been \$360,000 a year, which is less than the annual cost of maintaining one of our battleships.

One other mode of beneficent expen-



diture the United States government has maintained for a generation, namely, the annual appropriation of money for certain colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts, which were founded under the Act of 1862. In aid of these colleges the government appropriated in 1897 a million of dollars. It is hard to see why the government aid should be limited to this particular sort of instruction, to which only a very small percentage of the youth of our country can possibly resort; but if the government is going to aid exclusively the colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts, what a pittance is one million a year! Can any of us see with satisfaction our government spend no more on the annual support of education in agriculture and the mechanic arts throughout the country than on the annual maintenance of three battleships in time of peace?

In instituting these comparisons between military and naval expenditure on the one hand, and expenditure for purely beneficent objects, such as the advancement of science, the development of technical skill, the saving of life, the improvement of industries, and the support of education, on the other, I have no intention of even suggesting that the expenditures on military and naval preparation should be diminished, much less stopped, as Charles Sumner proposed. The short war with Spain has taught us the immeasurable value of the regular army and navy, and has justified the expenditure of all the money they have ever cost. As war becomes more and more a matter of science — chemical, physical, biological, and fiscal — and of highly trained skill on the part of all who direct or operate the complicated machinery of war, it is manifest that it is the duty of the United States to build and maintain the most perfect instruments and appliances of war that the utmost skill of our engineers and mechanics can produce, and to keep in

training adequate bodies of men to use effectively this elaborate machinery. But is it not equally clear that the nation which can afford to make this expenditure can afford to make much freer expenditures than our nation has ever made on the wholly beneficent agencies of the government, which save life; increase food and ore production, avert evils, facilitate transportation, promote industries and commerce, and foster education? If the self-respect of the nation were habitually increased by the visible achievements of the government in peace, there would be less chance of the people's being tempted to war by the desire to see the power of the government exhibited. If the government habitually displayed a great beneficent power, a power exerted primarily for the good of its own citizens, but secondarily for the good of mankind, and which, in order to its full effects, called for the permanent maintenance of large bodies of disciplined and devoted servants of an excellence comparable with that of the regular army and navy, would there not be solid grounds for pride and satisfaction in our government which would tend to keep us from seeking that pride and satisfaction in military glory?

After everything possible has been said in favor of martial virtues and achievements, whenever our people really take up the question how best to win glory, honor, and love for free institutions in general, and the American Republic in particular, whether in our own eyes or in the eyes of other nations and later times, they will come to the conclusion that more glory, honor, and love are to be won by national justice, sincerity, patience in failure, and generosity in success, than by national impatience, combativeness, and successful self-seeking; and glory, honor, and love more by as much as the virtues and ideals of civilized man excel those of barbarous man.

*Charles W. Eliot.*

## THE WILD INDIAN.

IF after a long period the Indian problem remains a problem still, it is because we have no sufficient knowledge of the people we are striving to teach. The solution of the problem is not to be reached until the stronger race shall understand the weaker, and, in the light of that understanding, shall deal with it wisely and well. I say this with the more confidence because for many years I have lived with the plains people in their homes, engaging in their pursuits, sharing their joys and sorrows, standing toward them in all essentials as one of themselves. I have thus learned to think and feel as an Indian thinks and feels, and to see things as he sees them and from his point of view.

To contribute in some measure to a better comprehension of the Indian as a man, and thus to an appreciation of the real nature of the Indian problem in its present phase, I shall attempt to show very briefly what the Indian was and is; to describe the old-time savage in his old home and his old free life twenty-five years ago, and then the new Indian, who, amid surroundings but dimly comprehended, is staggering under the heavy burdens which civilization has laid upon him.

The wild Indian exists no longer. The game on which he lived has been destroyed; the country over which he roamed has been taken up; and his tribes, one by one, have been compelled to abandon the old nomadic life, and to settle down within the narrow confines of reservations. This change, by which an entire race has been called to give over the ways of wanderers, and to adapt itself to the life of a people of fixed abodes, is most momentous. The magnitude of it is equaled only by the suddenness with which it has been wrought,

and by its completeness. The transition is not material alone, but intellectual. To fit himself to it, the Indian of middle age must become literally as a little child, that he may think new thoughts.

The plains Indian on the reservation of to-day is a "reconcentrado," taken from his old home and shut up within narrow limits beyond which he may not pass. He is ignorant unless he be taught, helpless unless he be helped. His is the problem of conforming to unwonted conditions, of adjusting himself to the ways of a new life, of meeting its exactions, reconciling himself to its privations, comprehending the larger opportunities it offers, proving its compensations and winning its rewards. Ours is the problem of helping him in the new life. The responsibility is one we can neither evade nor escape. We shall assume it the more intelligently and discharge it the more successfully when we know the real character of the natural Indian, and understand the influence which his former wild life must have upon the life he is now living on the reservation. We cannot deal with the Indian of to-day unless we know the Indian of yesterday. The average man seldom thinks about Indians, and when he does he thinks of them either with entire indifference or with contemptuous dislike. He is moved in part by that narrowness which leads us to despise those who in appearance or by birth or tradition are different from ourselves,—the feeling which leads many a white man to speak with contempt of negroes or Chinamen. More weighty than this feeling, however, is the inherited one that the Indian is an enemy, who from the time he was first known has been hostile to us. Even nowadays most people seem to think of the Indian only as a warrior, who is chiefly occupied in killing women and children,



burning homes and torturing captives. From the days when Indians fought the Pilgrim Fathers, and then the settlers of the Ohio Valley, and later still the emigrants crossing the plains, nine tenths of all that has appeared in print about them has treated them with prejudiced ignorance ; and the newspapers, which now constitute so large a portion of the reading matter of the American public, seldom print anything about Indians except in connection with massacres and uprisings. The effect of all this literature on the popular estimation in which the race is held has been very great.

The popular impressions are entirely erroneous. The Indian was a fighter, yet war was only an incident of his life. Like any other human being he is many-sided, and he did not always wear his war paint. If certain of his characteristics repel us, there are other aspects of his nature which are pleasing. If in some relations he may appear to the civilized man ferocious and hateful, in others he seems kindly and helpful. The soldier sees the Indian from one point of view only, the missionary from another, the traveler from a third, the agent from a fourth. Each of these is impressed by some salient feature of his character, yet each sees that one only or chiefly, and the image shown is imperfect, ill - proportioned, and misleading. Only the man who for years has shared the Indian's home, who has seen him under all the varying conditions of his life, who has learned what motives govern him and how he feels and thinks and reasons, can, in the present mood of almost universal prejudice, form a just estimate of him ; only one so well acquainted with the Indian can look at things as he looks at them, and so can fairly judge in what respects he differs from a white man and what his needs really are. Knowledge such as this can be had at first hand only by one who has had a long association with him. You learn him as in the first instance you learn

any other human being, — by living with him. And after you have lived with him for a time you will see that if he is a savage, he is also a man. The same wind that freezes you chills him ; he is warmed by the same sun, rejoices in the same kind of success, resists when he is ill treated, and when trouble comes is downhearted and depressed. He is a man, but one in the child stage of development, in which passions and impulses are stronger and reasoning powers are more feeble than they are with civilized men.

Perhaps the first thing that impressed the visitor to the old-time Indian camp was its picturesqueness ; for whether one viewed him with eyes friendly or hostile the wild Indian was always picturesque. It was a fine sight to watch him on his fleet pony, charging down upon you, when with long hair, feather-decked, streaming in the wind, and weapon ready for instant use, he swept toward you, a perfect master of horse and seat. And it was not less fine to ride in the midst of five hundred such men — your friends — in the hurly-burly of the charge on the buffalo herd, when you felt yourself part of a confused blur of dust, flying pebbles, great brown beasts, naked men, and straining horses. As striking, though in a different way, was the long line of the marching camp, as in slow procession, stretched out over a mile or two of prairie, it wound its course among the hills. Viewed from a distance, it looked like a long ribbon, spotted here and there with bright bits of color ; but if you were a part of it, as it advanced, you saw that it was made up of groups of silent men with bows and quivers at their backs, of women riding or leading patient pack ponies that dragged their travois, of racing boys, of loose horses, and of vagrant dogs. The barking, the neighing, the shouting, the scolding, that fell on your ear, told something of the vitality that animated the component parts of the procession.

Hardly less picturesque were the quiet scenes of the Indian's home life, when you lived with him in his village of conical skin tents. Sitting in the shade of the lodge when the sun was hot, you smoked the long-stemmed pipe and talked with your friends, while all about you the people came and went. Men returned from the hunt, riding horses heavily laden with fresh meat and hides; women were at work pegging out the skins or dressing them; from neighboring lodges men were shouting invitations to the feast; all about there were little groups like your own, smoking, chatting, and laughing. For the Indian is not, as the popular idea figures him, stolid, taciturn, or even sullen in his every-day life. He may be shy and silent in the presence of strangers, but in his home life he is talkative, — eager to give and receive the news, and to gossip about it. He is merry and laughter-loving, and likes to make good-natured fun of another's personal peculiarities. Thus, one of her companions may jeeringly call a very slender woman the shadow of a moccasin string. Once, on the prairie, in the bright hot sunlight, I heard one Indian say to another who was very stout, "My friend, stand still for a little while. I want to sit down in the shade and cool off."

Some years ago I was on the reservation of a tribe known as the Big Belies — Gros Ventres — at Fort Belknap, Montana; and while I was there a new agent came to them. He was a fat man, and one of the Indians, who met the agent for the first time in my presence, said, as he shook hands with him, "Ah, you are one of our own people. You, too, are a Big Belly."

It is true that Indians are savages and have savage vices; but they also have savage virtues, many of which are admirable, among them honesty, bravery, hospitality, consideration for their neighbors, family affection, and fidelity, — the keeping of pledged faith even with an

enemy. These people have a respect for their promises which seems remarkable to a white man. A liar is regarded with contempt, and when a man has once been detected in an untruth it is almost impossible for him to regain his reputation. Often when I ask a man to tell me a sacred story, he sits silent for a while, to arrange his ideas. Then he holds his palms up toward the sun, and passes them over his head, arms, and body, rubs them on the ground, and again passes them over his head, arms, and body. Then he prays: "O Wise One Above, listen. Earth, listen. All you Spiritual Powers, listen. Take pity on me. Help me. I am going to talk to this man. I am going to tell him a story of ancient times, of the things which used to happen a long time ago. Help me to talk straight to him. Watch me, and do not let me tell a lie. Make me tell these things just as they used to be. Listen carefully, and make me tell him the truth."

A striking example of the faithfulness with which the Indians keep their engagements was shown by the northern Cheyennes, who in 1879 surrendered, as prisoners of war, to General Miles, and immediately afterward enlisted under him as scouts. For four years, as prisoners of war and mindful of the promises they had made, they faithfully served the government, scouting by themselves over hundreds of miles of territory, and fighting hard against hostile tribes, often against their own people. Instances even more impressive occur at intervals among the civilized tribes of the Indian Territory. Among these people, if a man kills one of his fellows, he is tried by the tribal court, and if convicted is sentenced to be shot. The day for his execution having been fixed, he is released on parole and goes away, promising to be present at the place of execution at the appointed time. He is always there. In a case recently reported, the convict was a member of a famous ball team which



had engagements running through the summer. He was sentenced to die early in August, but in view of the inconvenience which his death would cause to the ball team he was reprieved until the last days of October, so that he might fulfill his engagements with the team. After being sentenced, he married the girl on whose account he had killed his rival, set his affairs in order, played the different games of ball, and on the morning set for his execution went alone to the ground and paid the penalty of death.

Nowhere in the world was property more safe than in the old-time Indian camp. To take what belonged to his neighbor was something that could no more have occurred to an Indian than it would occur to a guest at dinner to pocket the spoons and forks from the table of his hostess. This perhaps is not to be imputed to the Indian for righteousness: the very idea of theft was wholly foreign to him; he was never exposed to the temptation. If in the camp you lost any piece of property, such as your knife or your pipe, and if at your request the old crier shouted through the village that you had lost something, the article, if found by any one in the camp, would be returned to you immediately. Several years ago my brother and I, with an interpreter, visited a camp, took up our quarters in the lodge assigned to us, and unpacked our things there. When we went out, we left our possessions scattered about. Just after leaving the lodge, my brother, who was new to Indian camps, said to the interpreter, "Bill, I left all my things lying on my bed. Will they be safe?" "Safe," returned Bill, "sure; they'll be safe all right. There ain't a white man within thirty miles of here." The Indians of to-day have picked up from white people many of the white people's ways, and are not always honest, but they do not yet take things from one another or from their guests.

Like ourselves, Indians are fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters. In order to exist with any comfort they must live on good terms with their neighbors; they love their wives, their children, their friends, their tribe. Their lives are wholly devoted to securing the welfare, first of the immediate family, then of the tribe. No people are more patriotic. They love their tribe as we love our country; an Indian believes that his own people are better than any others. Though so intensely loyal — true clansmen — they are yet sufficiently fair-minded to see the qualities, good and bad, of alien and hostile peoples. I have heard the Cheyennes — one of the bravest tribes of the plains — speak in highest praise of the courage and fighting qualities of tribes who were their enemies, and with contempt of others who might perhaps be their friends. Thus of the Sioux they say that to fight them was like chasing buffalo cows; for the Sioux ran away so fast that the Cheyennes had to ride hard to overtake them before they could kill them. But of the Pawnees and the Crows they say that when they met either of these in battle, the contest was like that between two buffalo bulls fighting: they would come together with a great shock, and push and push, yielding this way and that, and presently one body of men would push harder than the other and would drive their opponents back, and then the latter would make a supreme effort and drive the others a little way; and so the battle might sway backward and forward for hours, before either party gained the victory.

In daily intercourse within the tribe Indians might teach many white people lessons of patience, courtesy, and generosity toward their fellows, and of family affection and consideration for the comfort of wives and children. When a number of men are sitting together, discussing some subject, each speaker is listened to with the same grave patience,

whether he is the wisest and most important or the most foolish and least considered of the group. He is never interrupted, but is allowed to finish his remarks. Even if he should lose the thread of his speech and stop short, striving to remember something he wished to say, no one smiles or laughs or moves. All sit quiet, and wait until he signifies that he has finished what he has to say. If one individual in an assembly begins to pray, all the others are silent until the prayer is ended. No one speaks, no one whispers. When the prayer is over, conversation may begin again. Indians are not ashamed to show their affection for one another. Close friends who have been separated for any length of time, when they meet, put their arms around and hug and kiss one another. Often two young men will be seen standing or sitting close together and holding hands, or with the arm of one about the neck of the other. When we meet after a long absence, my old father among the Blackfeet puts his arms around me and hugs me. The purely social side of life in an Indian camp could not fail to interest any one who might be introduced to it. The gatherings of mature men for discussion of subjects affecting the general welfare, the assembling of old women for gossip and of middle-aged women for gambling, the active games of young men and women, the visiting, the dancing, and the feasting, all remind us as closely as possible of what is going on about us in our own surroundings every day; in fact, these represent our round of town meetings, mutual improvement clubs, whist clubs, and golf meetings, calls and afternoon teas and dances and dinners.

In the family relation the Indian shows a side which is attractive. He loves his wife and family as we love ours, and he thinks of them before thinking of himself. But besides the natural affection that any animal has for its young the Indian cares for his children

for another reason. He is intensely patriotic. His pride in his tribe and its achievements is very strong. He glories in the prowess of its braves and the wisdom of its chiefs; his soul thrills as he hears told over and over again the stories of the victories which his people have won over their enemies; he rejoices at the return of a successful war party. In the children growing up in the camp, in the boys shooting their blunt-headed arrows at blackbirds and ground squirrels, or yelling and shouting with excitement in the mimic warfares which constitute a part of their sport, and in the girls nursing their puppies or helping their mothers at their work, he recognizes those who a few years hence must bear the responsibilities of the tribe, uphold its past glories or protect it from danger, as he and his ancestors have done. No wonder he loves them.

Indians seldom punish their children, yet usually they are well trained, though chiefly by advice and counsel. When a tiny little boy, who has just received his first bow and arrows, starts out of the lodge to play with his fellows, his mother is likely to say to him, "Be careful, now; do not do anything bad, do not hit any one, do not shoot any one with your arrows. You may hurt people with these things, if you are not careful. Pay attention to what I say."

If older people are sitting in the lodge, and a child comes in, it sits down by its mother and remains quiet. It seldom speaks or makes any noise or disturbance. If a very small child comes in and begins to talk, its mother lifts up her finger and says *Sh!* and at once it is quiet. I have never seen children who seemed to be better behaved at home. Out of doors they are as full of animal spirits, as boisterous, and as fond of playing in the dirt as healthy children are the world over. The boys hunt birds, engage in sham battles, and go in swimming. The girls play with their



dolls, make clothing for them, and pitch or move their mimic camps. Some of the older people enjoy the society of the children. The father delights to play with his little boys, and the grandfather pets the tiny child, perhaps painting its face or hanging about its neck some cherished charm or ornament that he himself has long worn. Here is the advice given by a poor Pawnee widow to her young son who was growing to manhood. Her precepts of industry, courage, singleness of purpose, charity, and devotion to friends might worthily have been spoken by any woman of the highest civilization.

"You must always trust in God.<sup>1</sup> He made us, and through him we live. When you grow up you must be a man. Be brave and face whatever danger may meet you. Do not forget, when you look back to your young days, that I have raised you and always supported you. You had no father to do it. Your father was a chief, but you must not think of that. Because he was a chief it does not follow that you will be one. It is not the man who stays in the lodge that becomes great. It is the man who works, who sweats, who is always tired from going on the warpath. When you get to be a man, remember that it is his ambition that makes the man. If you go on the warpath, do not turn around when you have gone part way, but go on as far as you were going, and then come back. If I should live to see you become a man, I want you to become a great man. I want you to think about the hard times we have been through. Take pity on people who are poor, because we have been poor, and people have taken pity on us. If I live to see you a man, and to go off on the warpath, I should not cry if I were to hear that you had been killed in battle. That is what makes a man, — to fight and to be brave. I should be sorry to see you die

<sup>1</sup> Atfus Tiráwa = Spirit Father, or Father Above.

from sickness. If you are killed, I would rather have you die in the open air, so that the birds will eat your flesh, and the wind will breathe on you and blow over your bones. It is better to be killed in the open air than to be smothered in the earth. Love your friend and never desert him. If you see him surrounded by the enemy, do not run away. Go to him, and if you cannot save him be killed with him and let your bones lie side by side. Be killed on a hill, high up. Your grandfather said it is not manly to be killed in a hollow. It is not a man who is talking to you, advising you; yet heed my words, even if I am a woman."

Though the Indian woman — like her husband — works hard in behalf of her family, she is not the slave which popular fancy pictures her. If it is true among civilized people that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, in an Indian village it is not less true that the hand that scrapes the parfleche rules the camp. The impression is firmly fixed in the popular mind that in an Indian camp the woman does all the work, yet I have seen no place in the world where woman was better able to take care of herself than there. In many tribes it is the woman who owns the property. In some tribes women are the chiefs. In all they are treated with respect, receive consideration from men, and possess great influence. In former times young and unmarried women sometimes went off with a war party, usually not as warriors, but as helpers. When they did this, they were treated with the utmost respect and consideration by every member of the party.

Just as in a white community, in an Indian tribe the man is the provider, the woman cares for the household. Among the plains tribes it was the duty of the man to keep his wife supplied with food for the lodge, and with skins for clothing or shelter. He strove to add to the consideration in which he and his family were held by going to war

and exposing himself to danger, gaining glory and wealth by killing enemies or capturing property. As among white people, the wife cooks for her husband, prepares clothing for the family, attends to the packing up when the village is moved, and, in the case of agricultural people, helps to cultivate and gather the crops. White people look upon hunting and war in the light of pastimes or recreations, but with Indians each of these occupations was a serious one. Often in winter, if food were scarce, men traveled many miles to get buffalo; and they were obliged to go, no matter what the weather was. Though the cold were bitter and the fine snow flying in level clouds over the prairie, his family must eat, and the man must hunt. After he had killed the game, he had to skin and pack his meat; though often before he got it on his horse it might be frozen solid. He might get lost in the storm, and have to lie out for two or three nights, freezing hands or feet, or even perishing. Perhaps the buffalo might disappear from a district, and young men might be obliged, in the worst of weather, to make long journeys, scouting to see where food could be obtained.

The men's toil on the warpath was more severe. The party started out on foot, carrying upon their backs heavy loads of food, extra moccasins and arms. They might be forced to go two or three hundred miles before turning back, every day exposed to discovery and death by the enemies through whose country they were passing. If they made a successful trip and captured a herd of horses, they were obliged, in order to escape pursuit, to ride these naked animals for two or three days, literally without stopping, except to change from tired horses to fresh ones. No one who has not lived the hard life of the plains can imagine what such a journey was. It was far more laborious than anything that the women had to do, and besides it was full of danger.

While the men were engaged in this hard and dangerous work, the women were at home in the comfortable lodges, and had no labor to perform more arduous than cutting and collecting a supply of fuel, which occupied them only for an hour each day. In mild and pleasant days they often worked at the dressing of robes, but in the severest weather they did little or nothing at this. In some sheltered place among the timber they would clear away the weeds and undergrowth from a considerable space, and hanging up about this robes or lodge-skins to serve as wind-breaks, would build a great fire in the middle and work at their tasks before it. Such a place was comfortable, almost like the inside of a lodge, except that it was open at the top.

The Indian woman does not stand in awe of her husband. On the contrary, if in her presence he says something with which she does not agree, she is very likely to correct him, and tell him that he knows little about the matter. I have seen an angry woman enter a lodge in which were sitting half a dozen of the wisest old men and bravest warriors of the tribe, and, irritated by some innocent remark, turn on them and rate them with high-pitched scoldings, until one by one they drew their blankets over their heads and fled from the lodge to escape her clamor. If you wish to have anything done in an Indian camp, and can get the women on your side, you will obtain your desires. At the same time, they are conservative and opposed to change. They sometimes hold the tribe back when the men are willing to make a step in advance and abandon an old custom for the ways of civilization. They are good wives and mothers, and devotedly attached to their families. Frequently the tie of affection between husband and wife is remarkably strong, and this not only between young couples, but even between the middle-aged and the old. Often the



two accompany each other everywhere, and are seldom seen apart. If you stop an old man to talk with him, his wife stops too, and very soon she begins to take part in the conversation. In other words, in a very large proportion of cases the sexes stand on an equality.

This family affection is one of the most striking characteristics of the Indian, and permeates all his legend and folklore. It is the motive which induces many a hero to start off on his travels, striving to accomplish some great thing. Numerous examples might be cited from the literature of those tribes whose stories have been recorded, which exemplify the truth that the family relation among the buffalo savages of the plains is essentially the same that holds good among civilized people. Stories having this motive are Comanche Chief and the Ghost Wife in Pawnee, and Scarface and the Origin of the Worm Pipe in Blackfoot literature. An abstract of this last tale will give an idea of its character, and incidentally show its resemblance to one of the most familiar classical myths.

There was once a man who was very fond of his wife. After they had been married for some time they had a little boy. After that the woman fell sick and did not get well. The young man loved his wife so dearly that he did not wish to take a second wife. She grew worse and worse. Doctoring did not seem to do her any good, and at last she died. The man used to take his baby on his back and travel out from the camp, walking over the hills crying. He kept away from the village. After some time he said to his child, "My little boy, you will have to go and live with your grandmother. I am going to try to find your mother and bring her back." He took the baby to his mother's lodge and asked her to take care of it and left it with her. Then he started off to look for his wife, not knowing where he was going nor what he was going to

do. He traveled toward the land of the dead; and after long journeyings, by the assistance of helpers who had spiritual power, he reached it. The old woman who helped him to get there told him how hard it was to penetrate to the ghosts' country, and made him understand that the shadows would try to scare him by making fearful noises and showing him strange and terrible things. At last he reached the ghosts' camp, and as he passed through it the ghosts tried to scare him by all kinds of fearful sights and sounds, but he kept up a brave heart. He reached a lodge, and the man who owned it came out and asked him where he was going. He said, "I am looking for my dead wife. I mourn for her so much that I cannot rest. My little boy, too, keeps crying for his mother. They have offered to give me other wives, but I do not want them. I want only the one for whom I am searching."

The ghost said to him: "It is a fearful thing that you have come here. It is very likely that you will never get away. There never was a person here before." But the ghost asked him to come into the lodge, and he entered. Then this chief ghost said to him: "You shall stay here for four nights, and you shall see your wife; but you must be very careful or you will never go back. You will die right here."

Then the chief went outside and called for a feast, inviting this man's father-in-law and other relations who were in the camp, saying, "Your son-in-law invites you to a feast," as if to say that their son-in-law was dead, and had become a ghost, and had arrived at the ghosts' camp. Now when these invited people, the relations and some of the principal men of the camp, had reached the lodge, they did not like to go in. They called out, "There is a person here!" It seemed that there was something about him that they could not bear the smell of. The ghost chief

burned sweet pine in the fire, which took away this smell, and the people came in and sat down. Then the host said to them: "Now pity this son-in-law of yours. He is seeking his wife. Neither the great distance nor the fearful sights that he has seen here have weakened his heart. You can see for yourselves he is tender-hearted. He not only mourns for his wife, but mourns also because his little boy is now alone, with no mother; so pity him and give him back his wife."

After consultation the ghosts determined that they would give him back his wife, who should become alive again. They also gave him a sacred pipe. And at last, after many difficulties, the man and his wife reached their home.

I have thus briefly indicated some of the more striking personal traits of the Indian in the old time, from which his character may be judged. He was childlike in his simplicity, in his eagerness to revenge a wrong, in his shyness, and in his fear of things that he did not understand. A creature of quick impulses, he could endure the keenest sufferings and the greatest dangers, yet was subject to groundless panics, when, like one of a herd of stampeded animals, he fled in headlong terror from he knew not what. So with the Indian of to-day. His powers of observation are highly trained, yet on matters without the range of his limited experience he reasons like a child. On the prairie, from the appearance of the sky, the direction of the wind, the actions of birds or animals, or of people at a distance, he will make predictions whose accuracy will startle you; but if you attempt to explain to him some of the most ordinary events and methods of civilized life, he fails to comprehend you and seems quite unable to use his wits. A little investigation will show you that you are talking over his head and about something which is utterly strange to

him, and that you are using terms for which his vocabulary has no equivalents. Most of the processes of civilization are as obscure to him as is the art of writing to a four-year-old child, and, like a child, the Indian must have instruction — often repeated — before he can comprehend these processes, and much practice before he can perform them.

The old-time Indian had the stature of a man with the experiences and reasoning powers of a child. He was a nomad, a free wanderer, limited in his ordinary hunting journeys only by his natural range, and in war roaming without limits. In summer he followed the game or the fish, accumulating a store of provisions to carry him through the winter. Among the buffalo tribes the winter hunt usually took place during November and December, when the robes were at their best and the buffalo fat, and before the weather became very cold and stormy. When really severe weather came he retreated to his permanent village, or, if his tribe was one that had no permanent habitation, he chose some sheltered place where wood was abundant and remained there with the camp. Except in case of necessity the men did not venture far nor hunt much in bad winter weather, but if the food supply ran low they were forced to brave the storm.

Until about fifteen years ago the old free life still prevailed over much of the Western country. Fifteen years earlier than this it had first in some degree been interrupted by the building of a transcontinental railroad, and every railroad built afterward imposed new and stronger limits on the freedom of the old-time dwellers of the West. The railroads brought hunters and settlers, and made a market for the flesh and skins of the wild beasts on which the Indians subsisted, and so caused extermination of this food supply. With the railroads, too, came the speedier move-



ment of troops, and the punishment and gathering in of hostile or vagrant camps. Thus little by little the Indians were collected on reservations; the wild West began to be settled, and of a sudden was wild no longer. The Indian ceased to wander.

He has ceased to wander, but he has not forgotten. The fierce joys of the warpath still live in his mind: the long weary marches under a sun like fire, the stealthy approach, the successful charge, and the long flight. Sometimes in memory he feels again the sense of swelling triumph that filled his heart as, with blackened face and bearing his trophies, he rode over the hills and swiftly passed on down toward the village; he sees as if but yesterday the people streaming out from the lodges to meet his party, singing for joy and shouting out the names of the fortunate warriors, his name among the rest; he recalls how old men praised him and old women danced before him, singing a song in his honor, and how all the people, old and middle-aged and young, down to the tiniest children, honored him as one of those to whom the tribe owed its triumph. Nor does he forget the pleasures of the more peaceful pursuits of the old life. Often he recalls his scouting as a young man after buffalo, when the camp was hungry, and each scout prayed that he might be the one who should find food and bring life and happiness to the people. He remembers the times when

he was successful, and how, when he brought the good news, they said that he was smart and had good luck; how his name was called through the camp, and every one was glad that he, and not another, had been sent out; and he remembers, too, how, on one of these triumphant returns, that young woman — now the mother of his children — had heard about it, and the next time he met her, instead of looking at the ground, she raised her eyes to his face and smiled.

There were many buffalo chases to remember, even from the time when he was a little boy; the shouts of the criers saying that the tribe should hunt, the orders to men and women, the start, the control exercised by the soldiers, the headlong race of the final charge, all the active life and quick changes of the pursuit, and the confusion of the killing; then the happiness that came of plenty in the camp, when the drying-scaffolds hung red and white with sheets of meat and of rich backfat, and the feast shout had no end.

This was the old life in the free days, the life which moulded the Indian and made him what he was and is. No marvel then that to the older men of the tribe, though but a memory growing dim, that old life is yet more real than this new existence on the reservation, with its limitations and perplexities, its white man's ways, which the centuries of his training have made it so hard for the Indian to assume.

*George Bird Grinnell.*

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## FATHERS, MOTHERS, AND FRESHMEN.

“By virtue of the authority committed to me,” says President Eliot on Commencement Day, “I confer on you the first degree in Arts; and to each of you I give a diploma which admits you, as youth of promise, to the fellowship

of educated men.” The college sends her alumni into the world with nothing more than a warrant that they are presentable intellectually. Yet her unwritten and unspoken purpose is not so much intellectual as moral; and her strongest

hope is to stamp her graduates with an abiding character. A college stands for learning, for culture, and for power; in particular, it stands for the recognition of an aim higher than money-getting. It is a place where our young men shall see visions; where even the idlest and lowest man of all must catch glimpses of ideals which, if he could see them steadily, would transfigure life. The Bachelor of Arts is seldom, on his Commencement Day, a scholar either polished or profound; but he may be in the full sense of the word a man.

Though the responsibility of the Alma Mater for the manhood of her sons gets little formal recognition, whoever loves her feels it none the less, and knows that her good name depends not so much on her children's contributions to learning as on their courtesy, their efficiency, their integrity, and their courage. The college herself, as represented by her governing bodies, feels this deeply, in a general way, but does not know and cannot find out how far her responsibility reaches into details. Intellectual discipline she professes and must provide, — subjects of study, old and new; instructors that know their subjects and can teach them: and she is happy if she has money enough to make these things sure. Thus beyond what is spent for the chapel and for the maintenance of decent order in the premises there can be little visible outlay for the protection and the development of a student's character. Nor can the formation of character, except as effected by courses in ethics, be measured out and paid for by the hour or by the job; and thus the college can do little more than trust in the awakening of intellectual interests to drive out the trivial and the base, in the often unconscious influence of men of character among its Faculty, and in the habits and standards of conduct already acquired at school and at home. Now and then a college teacher rejects all responsibility outside of the classroom.

"My business," he says, "is to teach *men*: if the students are not men, I don't want them in my classes; if they don't care to learn, let them go their own way. What becomes of them is no business of mine; and if they have to leave college, so much the better for the college and for them. The first, last, and only duty of a teacher in a university is to advance the knowledge of his subject; he is false to his trust, if he spends time and strength in patching up worthless boys who have no place in an institution of learning."

This doctrine, seldom enunciated by men that have sons and happily never lived down to, is the natural refuge of professors who see the opposition between the advancement of learning and concern for their pupils' character, and who, with the enthusiasm of the investigator and the teacher, have time and strength for nothing more. Nor is the professor the only interested person that would shift the responsibility. Those parents who have turned their children over successively to the governess, the little boys' school, and the big boys' school, turn them over in time to the college. The college, they admit, has its dangers; yet it is the only thing for a gentleman's sons at a certain time in their lives, and the risk must be taken. The business of the college they patronize is, like the business of the schools they have patronized, to develop, cultivate, and protect their sons, whom, to put it in their own language, they "confide" to the college for that purpose. "I sent my boy to college," writes the mother of a lazy little Freshman that has come to grief, "and I supposed he would be looked out for." "Write me a good long letter about my Darling," says another. "I want my boy to be up *and washed* at eight," says a careful father. "Please send me every week an exact record of my son's absences," a suspicious father writes to the dean, — and the dean wonders what would become of



himself, his stenographer, and his ostensible duties if all parents should ask for consideration on this same scale.

"Some things are of that nature as to make One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache ;"

and often such appeals as I have cited, though superficially amusing, belong to the sad phenomena of the college world ; for they imply distrust at the very time when a youth, just entering the larger life and the fiercer temptations of early manhood, needs, beyond all other human helps, a relation with father and mother of long- tried and perfect trust. They imply, also, parents' ignorance of children's character.

To the dean of a large college, who has most to do with students and their parents in all academic sorrows, it soon becomes clear that parents are accountable for more undergraduate shortcomings than they or their sons suspect, — and this after liberal allowance for faults in the college and its officers. "I have spent an hour to-day with Jones's father," said a college president in a formidable case of discipline. "I have conceived a better opinion of the son after meeting the father," — and the experience is repeated year by year. Five minutes, or two minutes, with a father or a mother may reveal the chief secret of a young man's failure or misconduct, and may fill the heart of an administrative officer with infinite compassion. "You say he gambles," says a loud, swaggering father. "Well, what of it? Gentlemen always play cards." "I told my boy," says a father of a different stamp, "that I did not myself believe in [what is commonly called "vice"]; but that if he went into that sort of thing, he must not go off with the crowd, but must do it quietly in a gentlemanly way."

Hereditary and home influence less palpable but quite as pervasive and nearly as demoralizing is that of the trivially biographic mother, who, while a dozen men are waiting at the dean's of-

fice door, assures the dean that her son, now on trial for his academic life, "was a lovely baby," and who, so to speak, grows up with him then and there, tracking him step by step, with frequent countermarches, to his present station ; or of the mother who insinuates that the father (whose ambassador she is) has been less competent and wise than she, and that her son gets from the father's family offensive traits which she hopes will be kept under by the sterling merits that he gets from her own ; or of the father who is tickled by the reminiscences of his own youth that are evoked when his son is caught stealing a poor shopkeeper's sign ; or of the father who suggests that the college should employ at his expense a detective against his son ; or of the father who, when his son is suspended from the university, keeps him in a neighboring city, at any cost and with any risk and with any amount of prevarication, rather than take him home and let the neighbors suspect the truth ; or of the father who at a crucial moment in the life of a wayward son goes to Europe for pleasure (though, to do him justice, he has been of little use at home) ; or of the father who argues that his son's love of drink cannot be hereditary, since he himself straightened out before his son was born.

The best safeguard of a young man in college — better even than being in love with the right kind of girl — is a perfectly open and affectionate relation to both parents, or to the one parent or guardian that represents both. In saying this, I presuppose parents and guardians of decent character, and capable of open and affectionate relations. One of the surprises in administrative life at college is the underhand dealing of parents, not merely with college officers, but with their own sons. "Your son's case is just where I cannot tell whether or no it will be wise to put him on probation," says the dean to a well-educated and agreeable father. "It will do him

good," says the father emphatically. "Then," says the dean, "we will put him on;" and the father, as he takes his leave, observes, "I shall give him to understand that it was inevitable, — that *I* did all *I* could to prevent it." Now and then a father writes to the dean for an opinion of a son's work and character. The dean would like to tell the son of the inquiry and to show him the answer before sending it, so that everything, favorable or unfavorable, may be above board; but he has, or thinks he has, the father's confidence to keep. Accordingly he says nothing to the student concerned, answers the father straightforwardly, and learns later that his letter, if unfavorable, has passed from the father to the son without comment, as if it had been a gratuitous emanation from the dean's office. The letter may be garbled. In answer to the inquiry of a distinguished man about his ward, the dean of a college made clear, first, that the young man had been in danger of losing his degree, and next that the danger was probably over. The distinguished man had the unfavorable part of the letter copied, omitted the favorable, and sent the partial copy to the student. He omitted the dean's signature: but the letter itself showed whence it came; and it appeared to have been written just after the dean had assured the student of his belief that the degree was safe. The young man was frank enough and sensible enough in his perplexity to go straight to the dean; but the false position of the distinguished man and the false position in which (to some degree unwittingly) he would have left the dean before the student are clear. It is absolutely essential to successful college government that executive officers should be square rather than "politic," and should be outspoken, so far as they can be without breaking anybody's confidence. At best, it is scarcely possible to make the younger students see that the main purpose of a disciplinary officer

is not the detection of wrongdoers, by fair means or by foul; and it is quite impossible for such an officer to be above suspicion in the eyes of students while parents assume that he is either a partner or a rival in disingenuous dealing.

Sometimes father and son combine to keep a mother in ignorance; and frequently that great principle of parental relation — that father or mother will forgive all and will love in spite of all, but will be most deeply wounded unless trusted — is not recognized by one parent toward another, or by the son toward either. In cases of almost total want of previous acquaintance, cases of parents who complain of vacation at boarding-school because it leaves their children on their hands, this is not to be wondered at; but in the every-day father, willing to give his children the best of all he has, a profound ignorance of his son's acts, motives, and character must be rooted in some deep mistake, not of heart, but of judgment. That such ignorance exists is plain: it attributes truth to the tricky, sobriety to the vinous, and chastity to the wanton. Its existence is further confirmed by the attitude of these misapprehended sons when no argument can persuade them to be the first messengers, to father or mother, of their own transgression. "Your father must know this from me; but he has a right to know it first from you. You say you cannot give him pain; but nothing will help him so much in bearing the pain that must be his as the knowledge that you yourself can tell him all. Before I write to him or see him, I will give you time; and I beg you to tell him: you cannot help him more now than by going to him, or hurt him more than by avoiding him. This I know if I know anything: it is not mere theory; it is based on what I have seen of many fathers and of many sons." Yet often the student, especially the young student, still keeps clear of his father as long as he can.



This want of filial courage at critical moments must be accounted for by a false reticence in those early years in which affectionate freedom between father or mother and son must begin. Unhappily it is fostered by literature. Even Thackeray, whose total influence is honest and clean, seems, when he writes of college life, to have in mind such general propositions as that young men always run into debt and seldom make all their debts known at home; that all normal young men live more or less wantonly; that only girls (whose intellects are seldom strong) are pure in heart and life, and that their purity is a kind of innocence born of blindness and of shelter from the world; that no mother knows the morbid unrest which is stirring in her sweet-faced little boy. Pendennis, Philip, the Poems — all furnish marked instances of Thackeray's attitude toward the exuberant folly and sin of young men; and his notion of a man's standard in things moral is revealed by his remark that "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man," since the author of *Tom Jones*.

Thackeray is only too near the truth. The earliest important cause of reticence between parent and child, the longest continued, the fiercest, and the most morbidly silent temptation, the temptation most likely to scorch and blight a whole life and the lives of those who come after, the temptation most likely to lead through passion to reckless selfishness, and through shame to reckless lying, is the manifold temptation in the mysterious relation of sex to sex. No subject needs, for the health of our sons and for the protection of our daughters, to be brought earlier out of the region of alluring and forbidden exploration into the light of wholesome truth — out of the category of the unspeakable into the category of things which, though talked of seldom, may be talked of freely between father or mother and son.

Temptation, passion, will exist always; but temptation and passion which must be nursed or suppressed in secret are far more insidious, far less conquerable. Moreover, temptation and passion, when confided to a father or a mother by a son who is struggling to do right, lose half their danger: the strength of those nearest and dearest buoys up our own; and the fear of confessing a sin — a false fear when once the sin is committed — may be wholesome as a safeguard. No parent can begin to be in a frank relation to his son if he has left that son to pick up in the street and in the newspaper all his knowledge of the laws to which he owes his life; yet, as things stand, this most vital of all subjects is often the one subject about which a young man shrinks from talking with any but contemporaries as ignorant as himself, a subject kept in the dark, except for coarse jokes at the theatre or at convivial gatherings of boys and men.

Almost equally important with an understanding between parent and son is an understanding between every student and at least one college officer. There must be some one on the spot to whom the student may talk freely and fully about such perplexities as beset every young man in a new life away from home. Even a college-bred father is college-bred in another generation, and cannot know those local and temporal characteristics of a college on the mastery of which depends so large a measure of the student's happiness. Besides, a father may not be promptly accessible, whereas every good college has at hand many officers whose best satisfaction lies in giving freely of their time and strength to less experienced men that trust them. Some confidences, no doubt, a college officer cannot accept; but even in a case of grave wrongdoing, if the relation between him and the student is on both sides clearly understood, a full confession, the only honorable course, is usually, in the long run, the only prudent

course also. At Harvard College the relation between a Freshman and his "adviser" is much what the Freshman makes it; for the adviser feels an older man's diffidence about forcing his friendship on defenseless youth; but it may be made of high and permanent value. So may the relation between a student and any worthy college teacher whom the student, because he has seen in him something to inspire confidence, has chosen for a counselor. Here, too, a father intimate with his son may help him to overcome shyness, and to make use of that disinterested friendship of older men which is one of the best opportunities of college life and is often thrown away.

By fostering these friendships and influences, by interesting himself in every detail of a son's career, a father may do much. A mother may often do more, by establishing her son in the friendship of good women. This is partly a matter of social influence, no doubt; a poor and ignorant woman a thousand miles away may not see how she can effect it; may shrink from an appeal to the unknown wives of unknown professors for friendly greetings to her boy: but many women whose sons are sent to a college town know, or have friends that know, or have friends who have friends that know, good women there. The friendship of good women is, as everybody knows, the sweetest and most wholesome corrective of loneliness and of wandering desires. A boy of seventeen or eighteen, far from home for the first time, fresh from the society of mother and sisters and girl friends, may be terribly lonely. Near any college he will find a number of foolish girls, easy of acquaintance, proud to know a student, and not fastidious about conventionalities; girls not vicious as yet, but on the unseen road to vice; girls whom he could not comfortably introduce to his mother and sisters, but who, *merely as girls*, are of interest to him in the absence of social and intellectual equals.

The peril of such friendships is as commonplace as truth and as undying: reckless giddiness on one side, reckless selfishness half disguised by better names on the other, the excitement of things known to be not quite proper but not clearly recognized as wrong, have led to one kind of misery or another, so long as men have been men and women women. Yet these sorrows, toward which men move at first with no semblance of passion, but with mere lonely curiosity, may be forestalled. Counsel of parents, too seldom given in such matters, will do much; access to home life, to the friendship of motherly mothers and of modest, sensible daughters, will do more. Shy and awkward a Freshman may be, and ridiculously afraid of speaking with women: yet the shyer and the more awkward he is, the lonelier he is — the more in need of seeing the inside of a house and of a home; the more likely to remember as what made his first college year supportable some few days in which a good woman who used to know his mother has opened her doors to him as to a human being and a friend.

After all, the most searching test of a parent's relation to his son in college is the son's own view of the purpose of his college life. As I have said elsewhere, "Many parents regard college as far less serious in its demands than school or business, as a place of delightful irresponsibility, a sort of four years' breathing-space wherein a youth may at once cultivate and disport himself before he is condemned for life to hard labor." They "like to see young people have a good time;" a little evasion, a little law-breaking, and a handful of wild oats mark in their minds the youth of spirit. They distinguish between outwitting the authorities, whom they still regard as impersonal or hostile, and outwitting other less disinterested friends. "Boys will be boys" is a cover, not merely for the thoughtless exuberance of lively young animals, but



for selfishness, trickiness, cruelty, and even vice. I wonder at the recklessness with which respectable men talk of wild oats as a normal and on the whole an attractive attribute of youth; for the wild oats theory of a young man's life, when seen without its glamour, may mean awful physical peril, disingenuous relations with father and mother, dishonor to some girl, as yet perhaps unknown, who is going to be his wife. Yet parents, whether by precept or by example or by mere personal ineffectiveness or by dullness and neglect, encourage that very disingenuousness which is exercised against themselves. Those who have seen the unhappiness that such disingenuousness brings can never forget it. I have been begged by undergraduates to keep students out of a great Boston gambling-house, long since closed. In that gambling-house as Freshmen they had become bankrupt; and for months — almost for years — they had shifted and lied to keep their bankruptcy unknown at home. The crash of discovery had come, as it always comes; the air had cleared; and as Seniors they were unwilling to leave college without at least an attempt to save other Freshmen from doing and from suffering what they had done and suffered. I have seen sons before the crash, and I have seen parents after it.

How much that is objectionable in college life is the result of injudicious money allowances (whether princely or niggardly) I have never determined. Some students use large incomes as wisely as their elders and more generously; some pay the entire college expenses of fellow students in need: others, no doubt, have more money than is good for them; but it is hard to pick out that part of their moral and academic disaster for which wealth is responsible.

I may mention here that two-edged argument so often urged by a father when his son is to be dismissed from college: "If you don't keep him here,

what *shall* I do with him? He is n't fit for anything else; he would do nothing in a profession or in business." I cannot say with some that it is no concern of the college what is done with him; for a college, as I conceive it, has some interest in the future of every boy that has darkened its doors: but I can say that a youth confessedly fit for nothing else is not often good timber for an alumnus. A college is not a home for incurables or a limbo for the dull and inefficient. Moreover, as a Western father observed, "It does not pay to spend two thousand dollars on a two-dollar boy." Though a firm believer in college training as the supreme intellectual privilege of youth, I am convinced that the salvation of some young men (for the practical purposes of this present world) is in taking them out of college and giving them long and inevitable hours in some office or factory. I do not mean that all success in college belongs to the good scholars; for many a youth who stands low in his classes gets incalculable benefit from his college course. He may miss that important part of training which consists in his doing the thing for which he is booked; but he does something for which — through a natural mistake, if it is a mistake — he thinks he is booked: he leads an active life, of subordination here, of leadership there, of responsibility everywhere; and he leads it in a community where learning and culture abound, where ideals are noble, and where courage and truth are rated high. Such a young man, if he barely scrapes through (provided he scrapes through honestly), has wasted neither his father's money nor his own time. Even the desultory reader who contracts, at the expense of his studies, what has been called "the library habit," may become the glory of his Alma Mater. It is the weak-kneed dawdler who ought to go, the youth whose body and mind are wasting away in bad hours and bad company, and whose sense of truth grows dimmer

and dimmer in the smoke of his cigarettes; yet it is precisely this youth who, through mere inertia, is hardest to move, who seems glued to the university, whose father is helpless before his future, and whose relatives contend that, since he is no man's enemy but his own, he should be allowed to stay in college so long as his father will pay his tuition fee, — as if a college were a public conveyance wherein anybody that pays his fare may abide “unless personally obnoxious,” or a hotel where anybody that pays enough may lie in bed and have all the good things sent up to him. No college — certainly no college with an elective system, which presupposes a youth's interest in his own intellectual welfare — can afford to keep such as he. Nor can he afford to be kept. One of the first aims of college life is increase of power: be he scholar or athlete, the sound undergraduate learns to meet difficulties; “stumbling-blocks,” in the words of an admirable preacher, “become stepping-stones.” It is a short-sighted kindness that keeps in college (with its priceless opportunities for growth and its corresponding opportunities for degeneration) a youth who lies down in front of his stumbling-blocks in the vague hope that by and by the authorities will have them carted away.

The only substitute for the power that surmounts obstacles is the enthusiasm before which obstacles disappear; and sometimes a student who has never got hold of his work finds on a sudden that it has got hold of him. Here, I admit, is the loafer's argument (or, rather, the loafer's father's argument) for the loafer's continuance at a seat of learning. In any loafer may lurk the latent enthusiast: no man's offering is so hopelessly non-combustible that it never can be touched by the fire from heaven; and few places are more exposed to the sparks than our best colleges. Some new study, — chosen, it may be, as a “snap,” — some magnetic teacher, some classmate's sister,

may, in the twinkling of an eye, create and establish an object in a hitherto aimless life, and an enthusiasm which makes light of work, — just as the call to arms has transmuted many an idler into a man. Some idlers whose regeneration is less sudden are idlers at college chiefly because they have yet to adjust themselves to an elective system, have yet to find their niche in the intellectual life. Talking with a famous professor some years ago about his wish to lower the requirements for admission to college, I expressed the fear that, with lowered requirements, would come a throng of idlers. “That,” said he, with a paradoxical wisdom for which I am not yet ripe, but which I have at last begun to understand, “That is precisely what I should like to see. I should like to see an increase in the number of these idle persons; for here are set before them higher ideals than are set before them elsewhere.” “People talk of evil in college,” says a graduate with business experience in New York. “I tell you, college is a place of white purity when compared with the New York business world.” In the withdrawal of the veriest idler from the hope of the vision lies a chance of injury; and this chance, small as it is, may fill the horizon of father or mother. “Dismissal from college means certain ruin.” Hence these tears of strong men, these “fits of the asterisks” in undisciplined women. Hence those variations in the father who first proclaims that his son must stand near the head of his class or go; next, when that son has fallen short of the least that the college demands, drags out every argument good or bad for keeping him till the end, — and at last almost leaps for joy if he is warranted auction-sound on Commencement Day. Recognition of the possible disaster in withdrawal may be blended, in a parent's mind, with desire to avoid personal mortification; but it is a strong motive for all that, and a worthy one. It makes an administrative officer cau-



tious in action, and enables him to listen with sympathy to pleading for which a careless outsider might find no excuse.

Yet the chance is too small, and the risk is too great. The shock of adversity when the doors of the college close, the immediate need of hard, low-paid work in a cold world where there is no success without industry, may be the one saving thing after the failure of the academic invitation to duty with no palpable relation of industry to success. Compulsory labor with a definite object may at length bring voluntary labor and that enjoyment of work without which nobody who is so fortunate as to work for his living through most of his waking hours can be efficient or happy; and exclusion from college is sometimes the awakening from dull and selfish immaturity into responsible manhood. No one is entitled to a college education who does not earn the right from day to day by strenuous or by enthusiastic life; college is for the ablest and the best: yet, as some fathers send their least efficient sons into the ministry, as some men who have failed in divers walks of life seek

a refuge as teachers of literature, so, and with results almost as deplorable, some people send their boys to college because nobody can see in those boys a single sign of usefulness.

Wise fathers and mothers, when they visit a college officer, are commonly concerned with their sons' courses of study; their mission is rarely sorrowful. The parents of troublesome students are not, as a rule, wise. Yet some fathers and mothers whose sons have gone wrong stand out clearly in my mind as almost everything that a parent should be, — asking no favors, seeing clearly and promptly the distinction between the honorable and the dishonorable, and the distinction between the honorable and the half honorable, holding the standard high for their sons and for themselves in every relation of life: women struggling in silent loyalty to free their children from the iniquity of the fathers, and men as tender as women and as true as truth itself. What they are to their sons we can only guess; to an administrative officer, they are "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

*L. B. R. Briggs.*

## WAITING.

WITH rosy flushing ear, and cheeks that wear  
The soft auroral hues that garment her,  
She waits; nor doth one slender gold beam stir,  
Of all the floating sunshine of her hair,  
One sigh's waft vex the tense and listening air,  
One bosom's heave the tender hope aver  
That parts the lips where late her arch smiles were,  
Where they will break anon. Hark! On the stair,  
She hears, e'en now she hears — thrice-tranced thereby —  
The whisper of light feet that come anear,  
And nearer; and the spirit of a sigh  
Hovers, the while her hope becomes a fear,  
And yet fulfillment lingers — nigh, so nigh —  
Nor may she breathe till all her bliss is here!

*F. Whitmore.*

## REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

## II. LITERARY AND SOCIAL NEW YORK, 1830-1840.

ALTHOUGH the New York of my youth had little claim to be recognized as a literary centre, it yet was a city whose tastes and manners were much influenced by people of culture. One of these, Robert Sands, was the author of a poem entitled *Yamoyden*, its theme being an Indian story or legend. His family dated back to the Sands who once owned a considerable part of Block Island, and from whom Sands Point takes its name. If I do not mistake, they were connected by marriage with one of my ancestors, who were also settlers in Block Island. I remember having seen the poet Sands in my childhood, — a rather awkward, near-sighted man. His life was not a long one. A sister of his, Julia Sands, wrote a biographical sketch of her brother, and was spoken of as a literary woman.

It must have been in the twenties that James K. Paulding united with Washington Irving in editing a comic periodical called *Salmagundi*. The motto of this announced its character and intention: —

"In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokeses,  
Et roastum, toastum, boilum folkses."

William Cullen Bryant took a prominent part in politics, but mingled little in general society, being much absorbed in his duties as editor of *The Evening Post*, of which he was also the founder.

I first heard of Fitz-Greene Halleck as the author of various satirical pieces of verse relating to personages and events of nearly eighty years ago. He is now best remembered by his *Marco Bozzaris*, a noble lyric, which we have heard quoted in view of recent lamentable encounters between Greeks and barbarians.

Among the lecturers who visited New York I recall Professor Silliman of Yale

College; Dr. Follen, who spoke of German literature; George Combe and Sir Charles Lyell.

Charles King, for many years editor of a daily paper entitled *The New York American*, was a man of much literary taste. He had been a pupil at Harrow when Scott and Byron were there. He was an appreciative friend of my father, although as convivial in his tastes as my father was the reverse. One evening when a temperance meeting was going on in one of our large parlors Mr. King called, and, finding my father thus engaged, began to frolic with us young people. He even dared to say, "Now I should like to open those folding doors just wide enough to fire off a bottle of champagne at those temperance people." He was the patron of my early literary ventures, and kindly allowed my fugitive pieces to appear in his paper. He always advocated the abolition of slavery, and could never forgive Henry Clay his part in effecting the Missouri Compromise, confirming the rights of slaveholders below Mason and Dixon's line. He and his brother James, my father's junior partner, were sons of Rufus King, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. I was a child of perhaps eight years when I heard my elders say with regret that "old Mr. King was dying." Quite late in life Mr. Charles King became president of Columbia College, which then, with the homes of its officers, occupied the greater part of Park Place. Its professors were well known in society, and the college was very conservative in its management. The professor of mathematics, when he was asked one day by one of his class whether the sun did not really stand still in answer to the prayer of Joshua, laughed at the ques-



tion, and was in consequence reprimanded by the faculty.

Professor Anthon, of the college, became known through his school and college editions of many Latin classics. Professor Morse, in the department of Hellenics, was popular among the undergraduates, — partly, it was said, on account of his very indulgent method of conducting examinations. Professor MacVickar, in the chair of philosophy, was one of the early admirers of Ruskin. The families of these gentlemen mingled a good deal in the society of the time, and contributed, no doubt, to impart to it a tone of polite culture. I should say that before the forties the sons of the best families were usually sent to Columbia College. My own brothers, three in number, were among its graduates. New York parents in those days looked upon Harvard as a Unitarian institution, and shunned its influence for their children.

The venerable Lorenzo Da Ponte was for many years a resident of New York, and a teacher of the Italian language and literature. When Dominick Lynch introduced the first opera troupe to the New York public, some time in the twenties, the audience must surely have comprised some of the old man's pupils well versed in the language of the librettos. In earlier life he had furnished the text of several of Mozart's operas, among them *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

Charles Augustus Davis, the author of *Jack Downing's Letters*, was a gentleman well known in the New York society of my youth. The letters in question contained imaginary reports of a tour which the writer professed to have made with General Jackson, when the latter was a candidate for reelection to the presidency. They were very popular at the time, but have long since passed into oblivion. In one of them Major Downing describes an occasion on which it was important that the general should interlard his address with a few Latin quotations.

Not possessing any learning of that kind, he concluded his speech with, "*E pluribus unum, gentlemen, sine qua non.*"

The great literary boast of the city, at the time of which I speak, was undoubtedly Washington Irving. I was still a child in the nursery when I heard of his return to America, after a residence of some years in Spain. A public dinner was given in honor of this event. One of the guests told of Mr. Irving's embarrassment when he was called upon for a speech. He rose, waved his hand in the air, and could only utter a few sentences, which were heard with difficulty. Many years after this time, I was present, with other ladies, at a public dinner given in honor of Charles Dickens by prominent citizens of New York. The ladies were not bidden to the feast, but were allowed to occupy a small anteroom which, through an open door, commanded a view of the tables. When the speaking was about to begin, a message came suggesting that we should take possession of some vacant seats at the great table. This we were glad to do. Washington Irving was president of the evening, and upon him devolved the duty of inaugurating the proceedings by an address of welcome to the distinguished guest. People who sat near me whispered, "He'll break down, — he always does." Mr. Irving rose and uttered a sentence or two. His friends interrupted him by applause, which was intended to encourage him, but which entirely overthrew his self-possession. He hesitated, stammered, and sat down, saying, "I cannot go on." It was an embarrassing and painful moment, but Mr. John Duer, an eminent lawyer, came to his friend's assistance, and with suitable remarks proposed the health of Charles Dickens, to which Mr. Dickens promptly responded. This he did in his happiest manner, covering Mr. Irving's defeat by a glowing eulogy of his literary merits.

"Whose books do I take to bed with me, night after night? Washington Ir-

ving's, as one who is present can testify." This one was evidently Mrs. Dickens, who was seated beside me. Mr. Dickens proceeded to speak of international copyright, saying that the prime object of his visit to America was the promotion of this important measure.

I met Washington Irving several times at the house of John Jacob Astor. He was silent in general company, and usually fell asleep at the dinner table. This occurrence was, indeed, so common with him that the other guests noticed it only with a smile. After a nap of some ten minutes he would open his eyes and take part in the conversation, apparently unconscious of having been asleep.

In his youth Mr. Irving had traveled extensively in Europe. While in Rome he had received marked attention from the banker Torlonia, who repeatedly invited him to dinner parties, the opera, and so on. He was at a loss to account for this, until his last visit to the bank, when Torlonia, taking him aside, said, "Pray tell me, is it not true that you are a grandson of the great Washington?" Mr. Irving in early life had given offense to the descendants of old Dutch families in New York by the publication of Knickerbocker's History of New York, in which he had presented some of their forbears in a humorous light. The solid fame which he acquired in later days effaced the remembrance of this old-time grievance, and in the days in which I had the pleasure of his acquaintance he held an enviable position in the esteem and affection of the community. He always remained a bachelor, owing, it was said, to an attachment the object of which had been removed by death. I have even heard that the lady in question was a beautiful Jewess, the same one whom Walter Scott has depicted in his well-known Rebecca.

It has been explained that the continued prosperity of France under varying forms of government is due to the fact that the municipal administration of the

country is not affected by these changes, but continues much the same under king, emperor, and republican president. I find something analogous to this in the permanence of certain underlying tendencies in the society of New York, despite the continual variations which diversify the surface of the domain of fashion. The earliest social function which I remember is a ball given by my parents when I must have been about four years of age. Quite late in the evening I was taken out of bed and arrayed in an embroidered cambric slip. Some one tried to fasten a pink rosebud on the waist of my dress, but did not succeed to her mind. I was brought into the drawing-rooms, which had undergone a surprising transformation. The floors were bare, and from the ceiling of either room was suspended a circle of wax lights and artificial flowers. The orchestra included a double bass. I surveyed the company of dancers, but soon curled myself up on a sofa, where one of the dowagers fed me with ice cream. This entertainment took place at our house on Bowling Green, a neighborhood which has long been given up to business.

In the days of my childhood silver forks were in use at dinner parties, though on ordinary occasions we used the three-pronged steel fork, which is now rarely seen. My father sometimes admonished my maternal grandmother not to put her knife into her mouth, but in her youth every one had used the knife in this way. Meats were carefully roasted in what was called a tin kitchen, before an open fire. Desserts on state occasions consisted of pastry, wine jelly, and blanc mange, with pyramids of ice cream, which was always supplied by a French resident, Jean Contoit by name, whose very modest garden long continued to be the only place at which such a dainty could be obtained. It may have been M. Contoit who, speaking to a compatriot of his first days in America, said, "Imagine! When I first came to this



place people cooked vegetables with water only, *and the calf's head was thrown away!*"

The ladies of that period wore white cambric gowns, finely embroidered, in winter as well as in summer, and walked abroad in thin morocco slippers. Pelisses were worn in cold weather, often of some bright color, rose pink or blue. I have found in a family letter of that time the following description of a bride's toilet: "Miss E. was married in a frock of white merino, with a full suit of steel, comb, ear-rings, and so on." I once heard Mrs. William Astor, née Armstrong, tell of a pair of brides, twin sisters, who appeared at church dressed in pelisses of white merino trimmed with chinchilla, with caps of the same fur. They were much admired at the time.

Among the festivities of old New York the observance of New Year's Day held an important place. In every house of any pretension the ladies of the family sat in the drawing-room, arrayed in their best dresses, and the gentlemen of their acquaintance made short visits, during which wine and rich cakes were offered. It was allowable to call as early as ten o'clock in the morning, but the visitor sometimes did little more than appear and disappear, hastily muttering something about the "compliments of the season." The gentlemen prided themselves upon the number of visits paid, the ladies upon the number received. Girls at school vexed one another with emulative boasting.

"We had fifty callers on New Year's Day."

"Oh! but *we* had sixty-five."

This perfunctory performance grew very tedious by the time that the calling hours were ended, but apart from this the day was one on which families were greeted by distant relatives rarely seen, while old friends met and revived their pleasant memories. In our house the rooms were all thrown open, and bright fires burned in the grates. My father,

after his adoption of temperance principles, forbade the offering of wine to visitors, and ordered it to be replaced by hot coffee, — a prohibition at which we were rather chagrined, but his will was law. I recall a New Year's Day, early in the thirties, on which a yellow chariot stopped before our door. A stout elderly gentleman descended from it, and came in to pay his compliments to my father. This gentleman was John Jacob Astor, who was already known to be possessed of great wealth.

The pleasant custom just described was said to have originated with the Dutch settlers of the olden time. As the city grew in size, it became difficult and well-nigh impossible for gentlemen to make the necessary number of visits. Finally, a number of young men of the city took it upon themselves to call in squads at houses which they had no right to molest, consuming the refreshments provided for other guests, and making themselves disagreeable in various ways. This offense against good manners led to the discontinuance, by common consent, of the New Year's receptions.

Mrs. Jameson's visit to the United States in the year 1835 gave me the opportunity of making acquaintance with that very accomplished lady and author. I was then a girl of sixteen summers, but I had read *The Diary of an Ennuyée*, which first brought Mrs. Jameson into literary prominence. I afterward read with avidity the two later volumes in which she gives so good an account of modern art works in Europe. In these she speaks with enthusiasm of certain frescoes in Munich, which I was sorry, many years later, to be obliged to consider less remarkable than her description of them had warranted me in supposing. When I perused these works, having myself no practical knowledge of art, their graphic style gave me a vision of the things described. The beautiful Pinakothek and Glyptothek of Munich became to me as if I actually saw them; and when it was

my good fortune to visit them, I seemed, especially in the case of the marbles, to meet with old friends. Mrs. Jameson's connoisseurship was not limited to pictorial and sculptural art; she was passionately fond of music, also. I still remember her account of one evening passed with the composer Wieck in his German home. In this she mentions his daughter Clara, and her lover, young Schumann. Clara Wieck became well known in Europe as a pianist of eminence, and of Schumann as a composer there is now no need to speak.

There were various legends regarding Mrs. Jameson's private history. It was said that her husband, marrying her against his will, parted from her at the church door, and thereafter left England for Canada, where he was residing at the time of her visit. I first met her at an evening party at the house of a friend. I was invited to make some music, and sang, among other things, a brilliant bravura air from *Semiramide*. When I would have left the piano Mrs. Jameson came to me and said, "*Altra cosa*, my dear." My voice had been cultivated with care, and though not of great power was considered pleasing in quality, and was certainly very flexible. I met Mrs. Jameson at several other entertainments devised in her honor. She was of middle height and red blonde in color; her face was not handsome, but sensitive and sympathetic in expression, and her want of taste in dress somewhat scandalized the elegant dames of New York. I actually heard one of them say, "How like the devil she does look!" After a winter passed in Canada, Mrs. Jameson again visited New York, on her way to England. She called upon me one day with a friend, and asked to see my father's pictures. Two of these, portraits of Charles I. and his queen, were supposed to be by Vandyke, but Mrs. Jameson doubted their genuineness. She spoke of her intimacy with the celebrated Mrs. Somerville, and said, "I think of

her as a dear little woman who is very fond of drawing." When I went to return her visit, I found her engaged in earnest conversation with a son of Sir James Mackintosh. When he had taken leave she said to me, "Mr. Mackintosh and I were almost at daggers drawn." So far as I could learn, their dispute related to democratic forms of government and the society therefrom resulting, which he viewed with favor and she with bitter dislike. I inquired about her winter in Canada. She replied, "As the Irishman said, I had everything that a pig could want." Soon after this time her volume entitled *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles* appeared; her work on *Sacred and Legendary Art* and her *Legends of the Madonna* were not published, however, until after a long interval of time.

My first peep at the gay world in grown-up days was at a dinner party given by the lady mentioned above, a daughter of General Armstrong married to the eldest son of the original John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Astor was a person of very elegant taste. She had received a part of her education in Paris at the time when her father represented our government at the court of France, and her notions of propriety in dress were stringent. According to these, jewels were not to be worn in the daytime; glaring colors and striking contrasts were also to be avoided. Much that is in favor to-day would have been ruled out by her as inadmissible. At the dinner of which I speak the ladies were in evening dress, which in those days did not exceed modest limits. One pretty married lady wore a white turban, which was much admired. Another lady was adorned with a coronet of fine stone cameos, which has recently been presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts by a surviving member of her family. My head was dressed for this occasion by Martel, a dainty half Spanish or French octoroon, endowed with exquisite taste, a ready wit, and a saucy tongue. He was



the Figaro of the time, and his droll sayings were often quoted among his lady customers. The hair was then worn low at the back of the head, woven into elaborate braids and darkened with French pomade, and upon the forehead, or just above it, there was usually an ornament called a *féronière*. This was sometimes a string of pearls with a diamond star in the middle, oftener a gold chain or band ornamented with a jewel. The fashion, while it prevailed, was so general that evening dress was scarcely considered complete without it.

Not long after the dinner party just mentioned my eldest brother married the eldest daughter of the Astor family. I officiated at the wedding as first bridesmaid, the others being a sister of the bride and one of my own sisters. The bride wore a dress of rich white silk, and was coifed with a scarf of some precious lace in lieu of a veil. On her forehead shone a diamond star, the gift of her grandfather, Mr. John Jacob Astor. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white moire, then a material of the newest vogue. I had begged my father to give me a *féronière* for this occasion, and he had presented me with a very pretty string of pearls, with a pearl pansy and drop in the centre. This fashion, I afterward learned, was ill suited to the contour of my face; at the time, however, I had the comfort of supposing that I looked uncommonly well. The ceremony took place in the evening, at the house of the bride's parents, and an elaborate supper was afterward served, at which the first groomsman proposed the health of the bride and groom, which was drunk, I remember, without response. A wedding journey was not a *sine qua non* in those days, but a wedding reception was usual. In this instance it took the form of a brilliant ball, every guest being in turn presented to the bride. On the floor of the ballroom a floral design had been traced in colored chalks. The evening was at its height

when my father gravely admonished me that it was time to go home; and since paternal authority was without appeal, in those days, I sadly withdrew. In my character of bridesmaid, I was allowed to attend one or two of the entertainments given in honor of this marriage. The gayeties of New York were then limited to balls, dinners, and evening parties, for the afternoon tea was not invented, or imported, until a much later period. A very few extra *élégantes* received on stated afternoons. A dear uncle of mine, taking up a card left for me, with the inscription, "Mrs. S. at home on Thursday afternoons," remarked, "At home on Thursday afternoons? I am glad to learn that she is so domestic." This lady, who was a leading personage in the social world, used also to receive privileged friends one evening in the week, when she served only a cup of chocolate and some cakes or biscuits.

Young as my native city was in my youth, it still retained some fossils of an earlier period. Conspicuous among these were two sisters, of whom the elder had been a recognized beauty and belle at the time of the war of independence. Miss Charlotte White was what was called "a character" in those days. She was tall and of commanding figure, and was always attired after an ancient fashion, but with great care. I remember her calling upon my aunt, one morning, in company with a lady friend much inclined to embonpoint. The lady's name was Euphemia, and Miss White addressed her thus: "Feme, thou female Falstaff." She took some notice of me, and began to talk of the gayeties of her youth, and especially of a ball given at Newport during the war, at which she had received special attention. "I was unwilling," she said, "to have my hair, which was the finest I ever saw, touched by a hairdresser. It was considered necessary, however, and I consented." I cannot now remember the

names of the distinguished officers with whom she had danced, though they impressed me at the time. On returning the visit we found the sisters in the quaintest little sitting-room imaginable, the floor covered with a green Brussels carpet that had a medallion of flowers in the centre, evidently woven to order and in one piece. The furniture was of enameled whitewood, and we were entertained with cake and wine. The younger sister was much afraid of lightning, and had devised a curious little refuge to which she always betook herself when a thunderstorm appeared imminent. This was a wooden platform standing on glass feet, with a seat and a silken canopy; the latter the good lady drew closely around her, remaining thus enveloped until the dreaded danger was past.

My father sometimes endeavored to overcome my fear of lightning by taking me up to the cupola of our house and bidding me admire the beauty of the storm. Wishing to impress upon me the absurdity of giving way to fear, he told me of a lady whom he had known in his youth, who, being overtaken by a thunderstorm at a place of public resort, so lost her head that she seized the wig of a gentleman standing near her and waved it wildly in the air, to his great wrath and discomfiture. I am sorry to say that this dreadful warning provoked my laughter, but did not increase my courage.

My brother and his bride came to reside with us shortly after their marriage. In their company I often visited the Astor mansion, which was made delightful by good taste, good manners, and hospitable entertainments. Mr. William B. Astor, the head of the family, was a rather shy and silent man. He had received the best education that a German university could offer. The Chevalier Bunsen had been his tutor, and Schopenhauer, then a student at the same university, had been his friend.

He had a love for letters, and might perhaps have followed his natural leaning to advantage had he not become his father's man of business, and thus been forced to devote much of his life to the management of the great estate. At the time of which I speak he resided on the unfashionable side of Broadway, not far below Canal Street. I was often invited to the house of his father, Mr. John Jacob Astor, — a house which the old gentleman had built for himself, situated on Broadway, between Prince and Spring streets. Adjoining it was one he had built for a favorite granddaughter, Mrs. Boreel. He was very fond of music, and sometimes engaged the services of a professional pianist. I remember that he was much pleased at recognizing, one evening, the strains of a brilliant waltz, of which he said, "I heard it at a fair in Switzerland, years ago. The Swiss women were whirling round in their red petticoats." On another occasion we sang the well-known song *Am Rhein*, and Mr. Astor, who was very stout and infirm of person, rose and stood beside the piano, joining with the singers.

"*Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachset süßes Leben,*"

he sang, instead of "*unsrer Leben.*"

My sister-in-law, Emily Astor Ward, was gifted with a voice whose unusual power and beauty had been enhanced by careful training. We sometimes sang together or separately at old Mr. Astor's musical parties, and at one of them he said to us, as we stood together, "You are my singing birds." Of our two repertoires, mine was the more varied, as it included French and German songs, while she sang mostly operatic music; the rich volume of her voice, however, carried her hearers quite away. Her figure and carriage were fine, and in her countenance beauty of expression lent a great charm to features which in themselves were not handsome. The presence of the opera in New York had



done much to create a taste for Italian, and especially for operatic music. One or two of the artists who accompanied Garcia's troupe remained in the city after his departure, and found occupation in cultivating the voices of amateur singers. Garcia's eldest daughter, the signorina so much admired in her early performances, had married a French resident of New York, Malibran by name. He was supposed to be very rich, but went into bankruptcy soon after his marriage, and his young wife was obliged to work for her own support. She gave singing lessons in families, and sang in the choir of Grace Church, which was then by far the best in New York. I remember attending a special service held there in commemoration of John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York, then recently deceased. A soprano solo was introduced, of which the words were, "When the eye saw him, it blessed him, and when the ear heard him, it gave witness of him." A female voice, rich, powerful, wonderful, seemed to fill the building with pathetic melody. Every heart was thrilled, and those who listened whispered, "Malibran."

Although the elder Astor had led a life mainly devoted to business interests, he found great pleasure in the society of literary men. Fitz-Greene Halleck and Washington Irving were among his familiar visitors, and he conceived so high a regard for Dr. Cogswell, the founder and former principal of Round Hill School, as to insist upon his becoming one of his household. Dr. Cogswell made his home with us for some years after the closing of his famous school, but finally went to reside with Mr. Astor, attracted partly by the latter's promise to endow a public library in the city of New York. This was accomplished after some delay, and the doctor was for many years director of the Astor Library. He used to relate some humorous anecdotes of excursions which he made with Mr. Astor. In the course

of one of these the two gentlemen took supper together at a hotel recently opened. Mr. Astor remarked, "This man will never succeed."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Don't you see," replied the financier, "what large lumps of sugar he puts in the sugar-bowl?"

As they were walking slowly to a pilot boat which the old gentleman had chartered for a trip down the harbor, Dr. Cogswell said, "Mr. Astor, I have just been calculating that this boat costs you twenty-five cents a minute." Mr. Astor immediately hastened his pace, reluctant to waste so much money.

In his own country Mr. Astor had been a member of the German Lutheran Church. He once mentioned this fact to a clergyman who called on him in the interest of some charity. The visitor congratulated Mr. Astor upon the increased ability to do good which his great fortune gave him. "Ah!" said Mr. Astor, "the disposition to do good does not always increase with the means." In the last years of his life he was afflicted with insomnia, and Dr. Cogswell often sat with him through a large part of the night; the coachman, William, being also in attendance. In these sleepless nights his mind appeared to be much exercised with regard to a future state. On one occasion, when the doctor had done his best to expound the theme of immortality, Mr. Astor suddenly said to his servant, "William, where do you expect to go when you die?" The man replied, "Why, sir, I always expected to go where the other people went."

The house of my young-ladyhood was situated at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway. When my father built it, the fashion of the city had not proceeded so far up town. The model of the house was a noble one. Three spacious rooms and a small study occupied the first floor. These were furnished with curtains of blue, yellow, and red silk. The red room was that in which

we took our meals. The blue room was the one in which we received visits and passed the evenings. The yellow room was thrown open only on high occasions, but my desk and grand piano were placed in it, and I was allowed to occupy it at will. This and the blue room were adorned with beautiful sculptured mantelpieces, the work of Thomas Crawford, afterward known as a sculptor of great merit. Many years after this time he became the husband of the sister next me in age, and the father of F. Marion Crawford, the now celebrated novelist. Our family was patriarchal in its dimensions. The aunt who had taken my dear mother's place lived with us thenceforth. She had married the young physician of whom my father was so fond. Their children, born in our house, were very dear to him. My maternal grandmother also passed much time with us. My two younger brothers, Henry and Marion, were at home with us after a term of years at Round Hill School. My eldest brother, Samuel (the Sam Ward of the Lobby), was sent to Europe immediately after graduating from Columbia College. He had shown an unusual aptitude for mathematics, and it was hoped that he would become eminent as a scientist. His residence in Europe, however, was not strictly devoted to mathematical studies. He returned home after an absence of some years, speaking French and German with fluency, — a most accomplished and agreeable young man. He had been permitted to collect a noble library, and my father, having added to his large house a spacious art gallery, added to this a study whose walls were entirely occupied by my brother's books. I had free access to them, and did not neglect to profit by it.

From what I have said it may rightly be inferred that my father was a man of fine tastes, inclined to generous and even lavish expenditure. He desired to give us the best educational opportunities, the best and most expensive mas-

ters. He filled his art gallery with the finest pictures that money could command in the New York of that day. He gave largely to public undertakings, and was one of the founders of the New York University and one of the foremost promoters of church building in the then distant West. He relucted only at expenses connected with dress and fashionable entertainment, for he always disliked and distrusted the great world.

Our way of living was simple; though the table was abundantly supplied, it was not with the richest food, and for many years no alcoholic stimulant appeared on it. My father gave away by dozens the bottles of costly wine stored in his cellar, but neither tasted it nor allowed us to do so. He was for a great part of his life a martyr to rheumatic gout, and a witty friend of his once said, "Ward, it must be the poor man's gout that you have, as you drink only water." We breakfasted at eight in the winter, at half past seven in the summer. My father read prayers before breakfast and before bedtime. If my brothers lingered over the morning meal, he would come in, hatted and booted for the day, and would say, "Young gentlemen, I am glad that you can afford to take life so easily! I am old and must work for my living," — a speech which broke up our coterie. Dinner was served at four o'clock, — a light lunch abbreviating the fast for those at home, — and at half past seven we sat down to tea, a meal of which toast, preserves, and cake formed the staple. In the evening we usually sat together, with books and needlework, often with an interlude of music. An occasional lecture, concert, or evening party varied this routine. My brothers went much into fashionable society, but my own participation in its doings came only after my father's death, and after the two years' mourning which, according to the usage of those days, followed it. He had retained the Puritan feeling with regard to Saturday evening,



and would remark that it was not a proper evening for company, but a time of preparation for the exercises of the day following, the order for which was very strict. We were indeed indulged on Sunday morning with coffee and muffins at breakfast, but, besides the morning and afternoon services at church, we young folks were expected to attend the two meetings of the Sunday school. We were supposed to read only Sunday books, and I must here acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs. Sherwood, an English writer now almost forgotten, whose religious stories and romances were supposed to come under this head. In the evening we sang hymns, and sometimes received a quiet visitor.

My readers may ask whether this restricted routine satisfied my mind, and whether I was at all sensible of the privileges which I really enjoyed or ought to have enjoyed. I must own now that, after my schooldays, I warmly coveted an enlargement of intercourse with the world. I did not desire to be counted among fashionables, but I did aspire to much greater freedom of association than was allowed me. I lived, indeed, much in my books, and my sphere of thought was a good deal enlarged by the foreign literatures, German, French, and Italian, with which I became familiar. Yet I seemed to myself like a young damsel of olden time, shut up within an enchanted castle, and I must say that my dear parent, with all his noble generosity and overweening affection, sometimes appeared to me as my jailer. My brother's return from Europe and his subsequent marriage opened the door a little for me. It was through his intervention that Mr. Longfellow first visited us, to become a valued and lasting friend. Through him, in turn, we formed an acquaintance with Professor Felton, Charles Sumner, and Dr. Howe. My brother was very fond of music, of which he had heard the best in Paris and in Germany. He often arranged

musical parties at our house, at which trios of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert were given. His wit, social talent, and literary taste unfolded a new world to me, and enabled me to share some of the best results of his long residence in Europe.

My father's extremely jealous care of us was by no means the result of a disposition tending to social exclusiveness. It proceeded, on the contrary, from an overanxiety concerning the moral and religious influences to which his children might become subjected. His ideas of propriety were very strict. He was, moreover, not only a strenuous Protestant, but also an ardent Evangelical, holding the Calvinistic views which then characterized that portion of the Episcopal Church in America. I remember that he once spoke to me of the anguish he had felt at the death of his own father, of the orthodoxy of whose religious opinions he had had no sufficient assurance. My grandfather, indeed, was supposed in the family to be of a rather skeptical and philosophizing turn of mind. He fell a victim to the first visitation of the cholera, in 1832.

Despite a certain austerity of character, my father was greatly beloved and honored in the business world. He did much to give to the firm of Prime, Ward & King the high position which it attained and retained during his lifetime. He told me once that when he first entered the office, he found it, like many others, a place where gossip circulated freely. He determined to put an end to this, and did so. Among the foreign correspondents of his firm were the Barings of London, and Hottinguer & Cie of Paris. In the great financial trouble which followed Andrew Jackson's overthrow of the Bank of the United States, several states became bankrupt, and repudiated the obligations incurred by their bonds, to the exceeding indignation of business people in both hemispheres. The state of New York was

at one time on the verge of pursuing this course, which my father strenuously opposed. He called meeting after meeting, and was unwearied in his efforts to induce the financiers of the state to hold out. When this appeared well-nigh impossible, he undertook that his firm should negotiate with English correspondents a loan to carry the state over the period of doubt and difficulty. This he was able to effect. My eldest brother came home one day and said to me, "As I walked up from Wall Street to-day, I saw a dray loaded with kegs on which were inscribed the letters 'P. W. & K.' " Those kegs contained the gold just sent to the firm from England, to help our state through this crisis.

My father once gave me some account of his early experiences in Wall Street. He had been sent, almost a boy, to New York, to try his fortune. His connection with Block Island families, through his grandmother, Catherine Ray Greene, had probably aided in securing for him a clerk's place in the banking house of Prime & Sands, afterward Prime, Ward & King. He soon ascertained that the Spanish dollars brought to the port by foreign trading vessels could be sold in Wall Street at a profit. He accordingly employed his leisure hours in the purchase of those coins, which he carried to Wall Street and there sold. This was the beginning of his fortune.

A work published a score or more of years since, entitled *The Merchant Princes of Wall Street*, concluded a sketch of my father with the statement that he died without fortune. This was far from true. His death came indeed at a very critical moment, when, on account of extensive investments in real estate, his skill would have been requisite to carry this extremely valuable property over a time of great financial disturbance. His brother, our uncle, who be-

came the guardian of our interests, was familiar with the stock market, but little versed in real estate transactions. By forced and untimely sales, much of the valuable estate was scattered. Yet it gave to each of my father's six children a fair inheritance for that time; for the millionaire fever did not break out until long afterward.

The death of this dear and noble parent took place when I was a little more than twenty years of age. Six months later I attained the period of legal responsibility; but before this a new sense of the import of life had begun to alter the current of my thoughts. With my father's death came to me a realization of my lamentable insensibility to his great kindness, and of my ingratitude for the many comforts and advantages which his affection had secured to me. He had given me the most delightful home, the most careful training, the best masters and books. He had even built a picture gallery for my especial instruction and enjoyment. All this I had taken as a matter of course and as my natural right. He had done his best to keep me out of frivolous society, and had been extremely strict about the visits of young men to the house. Once, when I expostulated with him upon these points, he told me that he had early recognized in me a temperament and an imagination oversensitive to impressions from without, and that his wish had been to guard me from exciting influences until I should appear to him fully able to guard and guide myself. It was hardly to be expected that a girl in her teens, or just out of them, should acquiesce in this restrictive guardianship, tender and benevolent as was its intention. My little acts of rebellion were met with considerable severity, but I now recall my father's admonitions as "soft rebukes in blessings ended."

*Julia Ward Howe.*



## HOT-FOOT HANNIBAL.

"I HATE you and despise you! I wish never to see you or speak to you again!"

"Very well; I will take care that henceforth you have no opportunity to do either."

These words—the first in the passionately vibrant tones of my sister-in-law, and the latter in the deeper and more restrained accents of an angry man—startled me from my nap. I had been dozing in my hammock on the front piazza, behind the honeysuckle vine. I had been faintly aware of a buzz of conversation in the parlor, but had not at all awakened to its import until these sentences fell, or, I might rather say, were hurled upon my ear. I presume the young people had either not seen me lying there,—the Venetian blinds opening from the parlor windows upon the piazza were partly closed on account of the heat,—or else in their excitement they had forgotten my proximity.

I felt somewhat concerned. The young man, I had remarked, was proud, firm, jealous of the point of honor, and, from my observation of him, quite likely to resent to the bitter end what he deemed a slight or an injustice. The girl, I knew, was quite as high-spirited as young Murchison. I feared she was not so just, and hoped she would prove more yielding. I knew that her affections were strong and enduring, but that her temperament was capricious, and her sunniest moods easily overcast by some small cloud of jealousy or pique. I had never imagined, however, that she was capable of such intensity as was revealed by these few words of hers. As I say, I felt concerned. I had learned to like Malcolm Murchison, and had heartily consented to his marriage with my ward; for it was in that capacity that I had stood for a year or two to my wife's

younger sister, Mabel. The match thus rudely broken off had promised to be another link binding me to the kindly Southern people among whom I had not long before taken up my residence.

Young Murchison came out of the door, cleared the piazza in two strides without seeming aware of my presence, and went off down the lane at a furious pace. A few moments later Mabel began playing the piano loudly, with a touch that indicated anger and pride and independence and a dash of exultation, as though she were really glad that she had driven away forever the young man whom the day before she had loved with all the ardor of a first passion.

I hoped that time might heal the breach and bring the two young people together again. I told my wife what I had overheard. In return she gave me Mabel's version of the affair.

"I do not see how it can ever be settled," my wife said. "It is something more than a mere lovers' quarrel. It began, it is true, because she found fault with him for going to church with that hateful Branson girl. But before it ended there were things said that no woman of any spirit could stand. I am afraid it is all over between them."

I was sorry to hear this. In spite of the very firm attitude taken by my wife and her sister, I still hoped that the quarrel would be made up within a day or two. Nevertheless, when a week had passed with no word from young Murchison, and with no sign of relenting on Mabel's part, I began to think myself mistaken.

One pleasant afternoon, about ten days after the rupture, old Julius drove the rockaway up to the piazza, and my wife, Mabel, and I took our seats for a drive to a neighbor's vineyard, over on the Lumberton plankroad.

"Which way shall we go," I asked, — "the short road or the long one?"

"I guess we had better take the short road," answered my wife. "We will get there sooner."

"It's a mighty fine dribe roun' by de big road, Mis' Annie," observed Julius, "en it doan take much longer to git dere."

"No," said my wife, "I think we will go by the short road. There is a bay tree in blossom near the mineral spring, and I wish to get some of the flowers."

"I 'spec's you 'd find some bay trees 'long de big road, ma'am," said Julius.

"But I know about the flowers on the short road, and they are the ones I want."

We drove down the lane to the highway, and soon struck into the short road leading past the mineral spring. Our route lay partly through a swamp, and on each side the dark, umbrageous foliage, unbroken by any clearing, lent to the road solemnity, and to the air a refreshing coolness. About half a mile from the house, and about halfway to the mineral spring, we stopped at the tree of which my wife had spoken, and reaching up to the low-hanging boughs I gathered a dozen of the fragrant white flowers. When I resumed my seat in the rockaway, Julius started the mare. She went on for a few rods, until we had reached the edge of a branch crossing the road, when she stopped short.

"Why did you stop, Julius?" I asked.

"I did n', suh," he replied. "'T wuz de mare stop'. G' 'long dere, Lucy! W'at you mean by dis foolis'ness?"

Julius jerked the reins and applied the whip lightly, but the mare did not stir.

"Perhaps you had better get down and lead her," I suggested. "If you get her started, you can cross on the log and keep your feet dry."

Julius alighted, took hold of the bridle, and vainly essayed to make the mare move. She planted her feet with even more evident obstinacy.

"I don't know what to make of this,"

I said. "I have never known her to balk before. Have you, Julius?"

"No, suh," replied the old man, "I nebber has. It's a cu'ous thing ter me, suh."

"What's the best way to make her go?"

"I 'spec's, suh, dat ef I 'd tu'n her roun' she 'd go de udder way."

"But we want her to go this way."

"Well, suh, I 'low ef we des set heah fo' er fibe minutes, she 'll sta't up by herse'f."

"All right," I rejoined, "it is cooler here than any place I have struck to-day. We 'll let her stand for a while, and see what she does."

We had sat in silence for a few minutes, when Julius suddenly ejaculated, "Uh huh! I knows w'y dis mare doan go. It des flash 'cross my reccommemb'ance."

"Why is it, Julius?" I inquired.

"Ca'se she sees Chloe."

"Where is Chloe?" I demanded.

"Chloe's done be'n dead dese fo'ty years er mo'," the old man returned. "Her ha'nt is settin' ober yander on de udder side er de branch, unner dat wiler tree, dis blessed minute."

"Why, Julius!" said my wife, "do you see the haunt?"

"No 'm," he answered, shaking his head, "I doan see 'er, but de mare sees 'er."

"How do you know?" I inquired.

"Well, suh, dis yer is a gray hoss, en dis yer is a Friday; en a gray hoss kin alluz see a ha'nt w'at walks on Friday."

"Who was Chloe?" said Mabel.

"And why does Chloe's haunt walk?" asked my wife.

"It's all in de tale, ma'am," Julius replied, with a deep sigh. "It's all in de tale."

"Tell us the tale," I said. "Perhaps, by the time you get through, the haunt will go away and the mare will cross."

I was willing to humor the old man's



fancy. He had not told us a story for some time; and the dark and solemn swamp around us; the amber-colored stream flowing silently and sluggishly at our feet, like the waters of Lethe; the heavy, aromatic scent of the bays, faintly suggestive of funeral wreaths, — all made the place an ideal one for a ghost story.

"Chloe," Julius began in a subdued tone, "use' ter b'long ter ole Mars' Dugal' McAdoo — my ole marster. She wuz a lakly gal en a smart gal, en ole mis' tuk her up ter de big house, en l'arnt her ter wait on de w'ite folks, 'tel bimeby she come ter be mis's own maid, en 'peared ter 'low she run de house herse'f, ter heah her talk erbout it. I wuz a young boy den, en use' ter wuk about de stables, so I knowed ev'ythin' dat wuz gwine on roun' de plantation.

"Well, one time Mars' Dugal' wanted a house boy, en sont down ter de quarters fer hab Jeff en Hannibal come up ter de big house nex' mawnin'. Ole marster en ole mis' look' de two boys ober, en 'sco'sed wid deyse'ves fer a little w'ile, en den Mars' Dugal' sez, see-ze: —

"'We laks Hannibal de bes', en we gwine ter keep him. Heah, Hannibal, you'll wuk at de house fumm now on. En ef you're a good nigger en min's yo' bizness, I'll gib you Chloe fer a wife nex' spring. You other nigger, you Jeff, you kin go back ter de quarters. We ain' gwine ter need you.'

"Now Chloe had be'n standin' dere behin' ole mis' dyoin' all er dis yer talk, en Chloe made up her min' fum de ve'y fus' minute she sot eyes on dem two dat she did n' lak dat nigger Hannibal, en wa'n't nebber gwine keer fer 'im, en she wuz des ez sho' dat she lak Jeff, en wuz gwine ter set sto' by 'im, whuther Mars' Dugal' tuk 'im in de big house er no; en so co'se Chloe wuz monst'us sorry w'en ole Mars' Dugal' tuk Hannibal en sont Jeff back. So she slip' roun' de house en waylaid Jeff on de way back

ter de quarters en tol' 'im not ter be downhea'ted, fer she wuz gwine ter see ef she could n' fin' some way er 'nuther ter git rid er dat nigger Hannibal, en git Jeff up ter de house in his place.

"De noo house boy kotch on monst'us fas', en it wa'n't no time ha'dly befo' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' bofe 'mence' ter 'low Hannibal wuz de bes' house boy dey eber had. He wuz peart en soopl', quick ez lightnin', en sha'p ez a razor. But Chloe did n' lak his ways. He wuz so sho' he wuz gwine ter git 'er in de spring, dat he did n' 'pear ter 'low he had ter do any co'tin', en w'en he 'd run 'cross Chloe 'bout de house, he 'd swell roun' 'er in a biggity way en say:

"'Come heah en kiss me, honey. You gwine ter be mine in de spring. You doan 'pear ter be ez fon' er me ez you oughter be.'

"Chloe did n' keer nuffin' fer Hannibal, en had n' keered nuffin' fer 'im, en she sot des ez much sto' by Jeff ez she did de day she fus' laid eyes on 'im. En de mo' fermilyus dis yer Hannibal got, de mo' Chloe let her min' run on Jeff, en one ebenin' she went down ter de quarters en watch', 'tel she got a chance fer ter talk wid 'im by hisse'f. En she tol' Jeff fer ter go down en see ole Aun' Peggy, de cunjuh'-oman down by de Wim'l'ton Road, en ax her fer ter gib 'im sump'n ter he'p git Hannibal out'n de big house, so de w'ite folks 'u'd sen' fer Jeff ag'in. En bein' ez Jeff did n' hab nuffin' ter gib Aun' Peggy, Chloe gun 'im a silber dollah en a silk han'kercher fer ter pay her wid, fer Aun' Peggy nebber lak ter wuk fer nobody fer nuffin'.

"So Jeff slip' off down ter Aun' Peggy's one night, en gun 'er de presents he brung, en tol' 'er all 'bout 'im en Chloe en Hannibal, en ax 'er ter he'p 'im out. Aun' Peggy tol' 'im she 'd wuk 'er roots, en fer 'im ter come back de nex' night, en she 'd tell 'im w'at she c'd do fer 'im.

"So de nex' night Jeff went back, en

Aun' Peggy gun 'im a baby-doll, wid a body made out'n a piece er co'n-stalk, en wid splinters fer a'ms en legs, en a head made out'n elderberry peth, en two little red peppers fer feet.

"Dis yer baby-doll,' sez she, 'is Hannibal. Dis yer peth head is Hannibal's head, en dese yer pepper feet is Hannibal's feet. You take dis en hide it unner de house, on de sill unner de do', whar Hannibal 'll hafter walk ober it ev'y day. En ez long ez Hannibal comes anywhar nigh dis baby-doll, he 'll be des lak it is — light-headed en hot-footed; en ef dem two things doan git 'im inter trouble mighty soon, den I 'm no cunjuh'-oman. But w'en you git Hannibal out'n de house, en git all thoo wid dis baby-doll, you mus' fetch it back ter me, fer it's monst'us powerful goopher, en is liable ter make mo' trouble ef you leabe it layin' roun'."

"Well, Jeff tuk de baby-doll, en slip' up ter de big house, en whistle' ter Chloe, en w'en she come out he tol' 'er w'at ole Aun' Peggy had said. En Chloe showed 'im how ter git unner de house, en w'en he had put de cunjuh-doll on de sill he went 'long back ter de qua'ters — en des waited.

"Nex' day, sho' 'nuff, de goopher 'mence' ter wuk. Hannibal sta'ted in de house soon in de mawnin' wid a armful er wood ter make a fier, en he had n' mo' d'n got 'cross de do'-sill befo' his feet begun ter bu'n so dat he drap' de armful er wood on de flo' en woke ole mis' up an hour sooner 'n yuzhal, en co'se ole mis' did n' lak dat, en spoke sha'p erbout it.

"W'en dinner-time come, en Hannibal wuz help'n' de cook kyar de dinner f'm de kitchen inter de big house, en wuz gittin' close ter de do' whar he had ter go in, his feet sta'ted ter bu'n en his head begun ter swim, en he let de big dish er chicken en dumplin's fall right down in de dirt, in de middle er de ya'd, en de w'ite folks had ter make dey dinner dat day off'n col' ham en sweet per-taters.

"De nex' mawnin' he overslep' his-se'f, en got inter mo' trouble. Atter breakfus', Mars' Dugal' sont 'im ober ter Mars' Marrabo Utley's fer ter borry a monkey wrench. He oughter be'n back in ha'f an hour, but he come pokin' home 'bout dinner-time wid a screw-driver stidder a monkey wrench. Mars' Dugal' sont ernudder nigger back wid de screw-driver, en Hannibal did n' git no dinner. 'Long in de atternoon, ole mis' sot Hannibal ter weedin' de flowers in de front gyahden, en Hannibal dug up all de bulbs ole mis' had sont erway fer, en paid a lot er money fer, en tuk 'em down ter de hawg-pen by de ba'nya'd, en fed 'em ter de hawgs. W'en ole mis' come out in de cool er de ebenin', en seed w'at Hannibal had done, she wuz mos' crazy, en she wrote a note en sont Hannibal down ter de oberseah wid it.

"But w'at Hannibal got fum de oberseah did n' 'pear ter do no good. Ev'y now 'en den 'is feet 'd 'mence ter torment 'im, en 'is min' 'u'd git all mix' up, en his conduc' kep' gittin' wusser en wusser, 'tel fin'ly de w'ite folks could n' stan' it no longer, en Mars' Dugal' tuk Hannibal back down ter de qua'ters.

"Mr. Smif,' sez Mars' Dugal' ter de oberseah, 'dis yer nigger has tu'nt out so triflin' yer lately, dat we can't keep 'im at de house no mo', en I 's fotch' 'im ter you ter be straighten' up. You 's had 'casion ter deal wid 'im once, so he knows w'at ter expec'. You des take 'im in han', en lemme know how he tu'ns out. En w'en de han's comes in fum de fiel' dis ebenin' you kin sen' dat yaller nigger Jeff up ter de house. I 'll try 'im, en see ef he 's any better 'n Hannibal."

"So Jeff went up ter de big house, en pleas' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' en de res' er de fambly so well dat dey all got ter lakin' 'im fus'rate, en dey 'd 'a' fergot all 'bout Hannibal ef it had n' be'n fer de bad repo'ts w'at come up fum de qua'ters 'bout 'im fer a mont' er so. Fac' is dat Chloe en Jeff wuz so int'usted in one ernudder sence Jeff



be'n up ter de house, dat dey fergot all about takin' de baby-doll back ter Aun' Peggy, en it kep' wukkin fer a w'ile, en makin' Hannibal's feet bu'n mo' er less, 'tel all de folks on de plantation got ter callin' 'im Hot-Foot Hannibal. He kep' gittin' mo' en mo' triffin', 'tel he got de name er bein' de mos' no 'countes' nigger on de plantation, en Mars' Dugal' had ter th'eaten ter sell 'im in de spring; w'en bimeby de goopher quit wukkin', en Hannibal 'mence' ter pick up some en make folks set a little mo' sto' by 'im.

"Now, dis yer Hannibal was a monst'us sma't nigger, en w'en he got rid er dem so' feet his min' kep' runnin' on 'is udder troubles. Heah th'ee er fo' weeks befo' he 'd had a' easy job, waitin' on de w'ite folks, libbin off'n de fat er de lan', en promus' de fines' gal on de plantation fer a wife in de spring, en now heah he wuz back in de co'nfiel', wid de oberseah a-cussin' en a r'arin' ef he did n' get a ha'd tas' done; wid nuffin' but co'n bread en bacon en merlasses ter eat; en all de fiel-han's makin' rema'ks, en pokin' fun at 'im ca'se he be'n sont back fum de big house ter de fiel'. En de mo' Hannibal studied 'bout it de mo' madder he got, 'tel he fin'ly swo' he wuz gwine ter git eben wid Jeff en Chloe ef it wuz de las' ac'.

"So Hannibal slipped 'way fum de quarters one Sunday en hid in de co'n up close ter de big house, 'tel he see Chloe gwine down de road. He way-laid her, en sezee: —

"Hoddy, Chloe?"

"I ain' got no time fer ter fool wid fiel'-han's,' sez Chloe, tossin' her head; 'w'at you want wid me, Hot-Foot?"

"I wants ter know how you en Jeff is gittin' 'long."

"I 'lows dat's none er yo' bizness, nigger. I doan see w'at 'casion any common fiel'-han' has got ter mix in wid de 'fairs er folks w'at libs in de big house. But ef it'll do you any good ter know, I mought say dat me en Jeff is gittin' 'long mighty well, en we gwine ter git

married in de spring, en you ain' gwine ter be 'vited ter de weddin' nuther."

"No, no!" sezee, 'I would n' 'spec' ter be 'vited ter de weddin', — a common, low-down fiel'-han' lak I is. But I's glad ter heah you en Jeff is gittin' 'long so well. I did n' knowed but w'at he had 'mence' ter be a little ti'ed."

"Ti'ed er me? Dat's rediklus!" sez Chloe. 'W'y, dat nigger lubs me so I b'liebe he 'd go th'oo fier en water fer me. Dat nigger is des wrop' up in me."

"Uh huh,' sez Hannibal, 'den I reckon it mus' be some udder nigger w'at meets a 'oman down by de crick in de swamp ev'y Sunday ebenin', ter say nuffin' 'bout two er th'ee times a week."

"Yas, hit is ernudder nigger, en you is a liah w'en you say it wuz Jeff."

"Mebbe I is a liah, en mebbe I ain' got good eyes. But 'less'n I is a liah, en 'less'n I ain' got good eyes, Jeff is gwine ter meet dat 'oman dis ebenin' long 'bout eight o'clock right down dere by de crick in de swamp 'bout halfway betwix' dis plantation en Mars' Marrabo Utley's."

"Well, Chloe tol' Hannibal she did n' b'liebe a wud he said, en call' 'im a low-down nigger who wuz tryin' ter slander Jeff 'ca'se he wuz mo' luckier 'n he wuz. But all de same, she could n' keep her min' fum runnin' on w'at Hannibal had said. She 'membered she 'd heared one er de niggers say dey wuz a gal ober at Mars' Marrabo Utley's plantation w'at Jeff use' ter go wid some befo' he got 'quainted wid Chloe. Den she 'mence' ter figger back, en sho' 'nuff, dey wuz two er th'ee times in de las' week w'en she 'd be'n he'p'n' de ladies wid dey dressin' en udder fixin's in de ebenin', en Jeff mought 'a' gone down ter de swamp widout her knowin' 'bout it at all. En den she 'mence' ter 'member little things w'at she had n' tuk no notice of befo', en w'at 'u'd make it 'pear lak Jeff had sump'n on his min'."

"Chloe set a monst'us heap er sto' by Jeff, en would 'a' done mos' anythin'

fer 'im, so long ez he stuck ter her. But Chloe wuz a mighty jealous 'oman, en w'iles she did n' b'liebe w'at Hannibal said, she seed how it *could* 'a' be'n so, en she 'termine' fer ter fin' out fer herse'f whuther it *wuz* so er no.

"Now, Chloe had n' seed Jeff all day, fer Mars' Dugal' had sont Jeff ober ter his daughter's house, young Mis' Ma'g'ret's, w'at libbed 'bout fo' miles fum Mars' Dugal's, en Jeff wuz n' 'spected home 'tel ebenin'. But des atter supper wuz ober, en w'iles de ladies wuz settin' out on de piazzer, Chloe slip' off fum de house en run down de road, — dis yer same road we come; en w'en she got mos' ter de crick — dis yer same crick right befo' us — she kin' er kep' in de bushes at de side er de road, 'tel fin'ly she seed Jeff settin' on de back on de udder side er de crick, — right under dat ole willer tree droopin' ober de watah yander. En ev'y now en den he'd git up en look up de road to'ds Mars' Marrabo's on de udder side er de swamp.

"Fus' Chloe felt lak she'd go right ober de crick en gib Jeff a piece er her min'. Den she 'lowed she better be sho' befo' she done anythin'. So she helt herse'f in de bes' she could, gittin' madder en madder ev'y minute, 'tel bimeby she seed a 'oman comin' down de road on de udder side fum to'ds Mars' Marrabo Utle's plantation. En w'en she seed Jeff jump up en run to'ds dat 'oman, en th'ow his a'ms roun' her neck, po' Chloe did n' stop ter see no mo', but des tu'nt roun' en run up ter de house, en rush' up on de piazzer, en up en tol' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' all 'bout de baby-doll, en all 'bout Jeff gittin' de goopher fum Aun' Peggy, en 'bout w'at de goopher had done ter Hannibal.

"Mars' Dugal' wuz monst'us mad. He did n' let on at fus' lak he b'liebed Chloe, but w'en she tuk en showed 'im whar ter fin' de baby-doll, Mars' Dugal' tu'nt w'ite ez chalk.

"'W'at debil's wuk is dis?' sezee. 'No wonder de po' nigger's feet eetched.

Sump'n got ter be done ter l'arn dat ole witch ter keep her han's off'n my niggers. En ez fer dis yer Jeff, I 'm gwine ter do des w'at I promus', so de darkies on dis plantation 'll know I means w'at I sez.'

"Fer Mars' Dugal' had warned de han's befo' 'bout foolin' wid cunju'ation; fac', he had los' one er two niggers hisse'f fum dey bein' goophered, en he would 'a' had ole Aun' Peggy whip' long ago, on'y Aun' Peggy wuz a free 'oman, en he wuz 'feard she'd cunjuh him. En w'iles Mars' Dugal' say he did n' b'liebe in cunj'in' en sich, he 'peared ter 'low it wuz bes' ter be on de safe side, en let Aun' Peggy alone.

"So Mars' Dugal' done des ez he say. Ef ole mis' had ple'd fer Jeff he mought 'a' kep' 'im. But ole mis' had n' got ober losin' dem bulbs yit, en she nebber said a wud. Mars' Dugal' tuk Jeff ter town nex' day en' sol' 'im ter a spekila-ter, who sta'ted down de ribber wid 'im nex' mawnin' on a steamboat, fer ter take 'im ter Alabama.

"Now, w'en Chloe tol' ole Mars' Dugal' 'bout dis yer baby-doll en dis udder goopher, she had n' ha'dly 'lowed Mars' Dugal' would sell Jeff down Souf. Howsomeber, she wuz so mad wid Jeff dat she 'suaded herse'f she did n' keer; en so she hilt her head up en went roun' lookin' lak she wuz rale glad 'bout it. But one day she wuz walkin' down de road, w'en who sh'd come 'long but dis yer Hannibal.

"W'en Hannibal seed 'er he bus' out laffin' fittin' fer ter kill: 'Yah, yah, yah! ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! Oh, hol' me, honey, hol' me, er I 'll laf myse'f ter def. I ain' nebber laf' so much sence I be'n bawn.'

"'W'at you laffin' at, Hot-Foot?'

"'Yah, yah, yah! W'at I laffin' at? W'y, I 's laffin' at myse'f, tooby sho', — laffin' ter think w'at a fine 'oman I made.'

"Chloe tu'nt pale, en her hea't come up in her mouf.



“ ‘W’at you mean, nigger?’ sez she, ketchin’ holt er a bush by de road fer ter stiddy herse’f. ‘W’at you mean by de kin’ er ’oman you made?’ ”

“ ‘W’at do I mean? I means dat I got squared up wid you fer treatin’ me de way you done, en I got eben wid dat yaller nigger Jeff fer cuttin’ me out. Now, he ’s gwine ter know w’at it is ter eat co’n bread en merlasses once mo’, en wuk fum daylight ter da’k, en ter hab a oberseah dribin’ ’im fum one day’s een’ ter de udder. I means dat I sont wud ter Jeff dat Sunday dat you wuz gwine ter be ober ter Mars’ Marrabo’s visitin’ dat ebenin’, en you want ’im ter meet you down by de crick on de way home en go de rest er de road wid you. En den I put on a frock en a sun-bonnet en fix’ myse’f up ter look lak a ’oman; en w’en Jeff seed me comin’ he run ter meet me, en you seed ’im, — fer I had be’n watchin’ in de bushes befo’ en ’skivered you comin’ down de road. En now I reckon you en Jeff bofe knows w’at it means ter mess wid a nigger lak me.’ ”

“ Po’ Chloe had n’ hearded mo’ d’n half er de las’ part er w’at Hannibal said, but she had hearded ’nuff to l’arn dat dis nigger had fooled her en Jeff, en dat po’ Jeff had n’ done nuffin’, en dat fer lovin’ her too much en goin’ ter meet her she had cause’ ’im ter be sol’ erway whar she ’d nebber, nebber see ’im no mo’. De sun mought shine by day, de moon by night, de flowers mought bloom, en de mawkin’-birds mought sing, but po’ Jeff wuz done los’ ter her fereber en fereber. ”

“ Hannibal had n’ mo’ d’n finish’ w’at he had ter say, w’en Chloe’s knees gun ’way unner her, en she fell down in de road, en lay dere half a’ hour er so befo’ she come to. W’en she did, she crep’ up ter de house des ez pale ez a ghos’. En fer a mont’ er so she crawled roun’ de house, en ’peared ter be so po’ly dat Mars’ Dugal’ sont fer a doctor; en de doctor kep’ on axin’ her questions ’tel he foun’ she wuz des pinin’ erway fer Jeff. ”

“ W’en he tol’ Mars’ Dugal’, Mars’ Dugal’ lafft, en said he ’d fix dat. She could hab de noo house boy fer a husban’. But ole mis’ say, no, Chloe ain’ dat kinder gal, en dat Mars’ Dugal’ should buy Jeff back. ”

“ So Mars’ Dugal’ writ a letter ter dis yer spekilater down ter Wim’l’ton, en tol’ ef he ain’ done sol’ dat nigger Souf w’at he bought fum ’im, he ’d lak ter buy ’m back ag’in. Chloe ’mence’ ter pick up a little w’en ole mis’ tol’ her ’bout dis letter. Howsomeber, bimeby Mars’ Dugal’ got a’ answer fum de spekilater, who said he wuz monst’us sorry, but Jeff had fell ove’boa’d er jumped off’n de steamboat on de way ter Wim’l’ton, en got drowneded, en co’s he could n’ sell ’im back, much ez he ’d lak ter ’bleedge Mars’ Dugal’. ”

“ Well, atter Chloe hearded dis she pu’tended ter do her wuk, en ole mis’ wa’n’t much mo’ use ter nobody. She put up wid her, en hed de doctor gib her medicine, en let ’er go ter de circus, en all so’ts er things fer ter take her min’ off’n her troubles. But dey did n’ none un ’em do no good. Chloe got ter slippin’ down here in de ebenin’ des lak she ’uz comin’ ter meet Jeff, en she ’d set dere unner dat willer tree on de udder side, en wait fer ’im, night atter night. Bimeby she got so bad de w’ite folks sont her ober ter young Mis’ Ma’-g’ret’s fer ter gib her a change; but she runned erway de fus’ night, en w’en dey looked fer ’er nex’ mawnin’ dey foun’ her co’pse layin’ in de branch yander, right ’cross fum whar we ’re settin’ now. ”

“ Eber sence den,” said Julius in conclusion, “ Chloe’s ha’nt comes eve’y ebenin’ en sets down unner dat willer tree en waits fer Jeff, er e’s she walks up en down de road yander, lookin’ en lookin’, en’ waitin’ en waitin’, fer her sweethea’t w’at ain’ nebber, nebber come back ter her no mo’. ”

There was silence when the old man had finished, and I am sure I saw a tear

in my wife's eye, and more than one in Mabel's.

"I think, Julius," said my wife after a moment, "that you may turn the mare around and go by the long road."

The old man obeyed with alacrity, and I noticed no reluctance on the mare's part.

"You are not afraid of Chloe's haunt, are you?" I asked jocularly.

My mood was not responded to, and neither of the ladies smiled.

"Oh no," said Annie, "but I've changed my mind. I prefer the other route."

When we had reached the main road and had proceeded along it for a short distance, we met a cart driven by a young negro, and on the cart were a trunk and a valise. We recognized the man as Malcolm Murchison's servant, and drew up a moment to speak to him.

"Who's going away, Marshall?" I inquired.

"Young Mistah Ma'colm gwine 'way on de boat ter Noo Yo'k dis ebenin', suh, en I'm takin' his things down ter de wharf, suh."

This was news to me, and I heard it with regret. My wife looked sorry, too, and I could see that Mabel was trying hard to hide her concern.

"He's comin' 'long behin', suh, en I 'spec's you'll meet 'im up de road a piece. He's gwine ter walk down ez fur ez Mistah Jim Williams's, en take de buggy fum dere ter town. He 'spec's ter be gone a long time, suh, en say prob'ly he ain' nebber comin' back."

The man drove on. There were a few words exchanged in an undertone between my wife and Mabel, which I did not catch. Then Annie said: "Julius, you may stop the rockaway a mo-

ment. There are some trumpet-flowers by the road there that I want. Will you get them for me, John?"

I sprang into the underbrush, and soon returned with a great bunch of scarlet blossoms.

"Where is Mabel?" I asked, noting her absence.

"She has walked on ahead. We shall overtake her in a few minutes."

The carriage had gone only a short distance when my wife discovered that she had dropped her fan.

"I had it where we were stopping. Julius, will you go back and get it for me?"

Julius got down and went back for the fan. He was an unconscionably long time finding it. After we got started again we had gone only a little way, when we saw Mabel and young Murchison coming toward us. They were walking arm in arm, and their faces were aglow with the light of love.

I do not know whether or not Julius had a previous understanding with Malcolm Murchison by which he was to drive us round by the long road that day, nor do I know exactly what motive influenced the old man's exertions in the matter. He was fond of Mabel, but I was old enough, and knew Julius well enough, to be skeptical of his motives. It is certain that a most excellent understanding existed between him and Murchison after the reconciliation, and that when the young people set up housekeeping over at the old Murchison place Julius had an opportunity to enter their service. For some reason or other, however, he preferred to remain with us. The mare, I might add, was never known to balk again.

*Charles W. Chesnutt.*



## AUTUMN IN FRANCONIA.

## I.

FIVE or six hours of pleasant railway travel, up the course of one river valley after another, — the Merrimac, the Pemigewasset, the Baker, the Connecticut, and finally the Ammonoosuc, — not to forget the best hour of all, on the shores of Lake Winnepisaukee, the spacious blue water now lying full in the sun, now half concealed by a fringe of woods, with mountains and hills, Chocorua, Paugus, and the rest, shifting their places beyond it, appearing and disappearing as the train follows the winding track, — five or six hours of this delightful panoramic journey, and we leave the cars at Littleton. Then a few miles in a carriage up a long, steep hill through a glorious autumn-scented forest, the horses pausing for breath as one water-bar after another is surmounted, and we are at the height of land, where two or three highland farmers have cleared some rocky acres, built houses and painted them, and planted gardens and orchards. As we reach this happy clearing all the mountains stand facing us on the horizon, and below, between us and Lafayette, lies the valley of Franconia, toward which, again through stretches of forest, we rapidly descend. At the bottom of the way Gale River comes dancing to meet us, babbling among its boulders, — more boulders than water at this end of the summer heats, — in its cheerful uphill progress. Its uphill progress, I say, and repeat it; and if any reader disputes the word, then he has never been there and seen the water for himself, or else he is an unfortunate who has lost his child's heart (without which there is no kingdom of heaven for a man), and no longer lives by faith in his own senses. On the spot I have called the attention of many to it, and they have

every one agreed with me. Mountain rivers have attributes of their own; or, possibly, the mountains themselves lay some spell upon the running water or upon the beholder's eyesight. Be that as it may, Lafayette all the while draws nearer and nearer, we going one way and Gale River the other, until, after leaving the village houses behind us, we alight almost at its base. Solemn and magnificent, it is yet most companionable, standing thus in front of one's door, the first thing to be looked at in the morning, and the last at night.

The last thing to be *thought* of at night is the weather, — the weather and what goes with it and depends upon it, the question of the next day's programme. In a hill country meteorological prognostications are proverbially difficult; but we have learned to "hit it right" once in a while; and, right or wrong, we never omit our evening forecast. "It looks like a fair day to-morrow," says one. "Well," answers the other, with no thought of discourtesy in the use of the subjunctive particle, "if it is, what say you to walking to Bethlehem by the way of Wallace Hill, and taking in Mount Agassiz on our return after dinner?" Or the prophet speaks more doubtfully, and the other says, "Oh well, if it is cloudy and threatening, we will go the Landaff Valley round, and see what birds are in the larch swamp. If it seems to have set in for a steady rain, we can try the Butter Hill road."

And so it goes. In Franconia it must be a very bad half day indeed when we fail to stretch our legs with a five or six mile jaunt. I speak of those of us who foot it. The more ease-loving, or less uneasy members of the party, who keep their carriage, are naturally less independent of outside conditions. When it rains they amuse themselves indoors;

a pitch of sensibleness which the rest of us may sometimes regard with a shade of envy, perhaps, though we have never admitted as much to each other, much less to any one else. To plod through the mud is more exhilarating than to sit before a fire; and we leave the question of reasonableness and animal comfort on one side. Time is short, and we decline to waste it on theoretical considerations.

Our company, as I say, is divided: carriage people and pedestrians, we may call them; or, if you like, drivers and footmen. The walkers are now no more than the others. Formerly — till this present autumn — they were three. Now, alas, one of them walks no longer on earth. The hills that knew him so well know him no more. The asters and goldenrods bloom, but he comes not to gather them. The maples redden, but he comes not to see them. Yet in a better and truer sense he is with us still; for we remember him, and continually talk of him. If we pass a sphagnum bog, we think how at this point he used to turn aside and put a few mosses into his box. Some professor in Germany, or a scholar in New Haven, had asked him to collect additional specimens. In those days of his sphagnum absorption we called him sometimes the "sphagnostic."

If we come down a certain steep pitch in the road from Garnet Hill, we remind each other that here he always stopped to look for *Aster Lindleyanus*, telling us meanwhile how problematical the identity of the plant really was. Professor So-and-So had pronounced it Lindleyanus, but Doctor Somebody-Else believed it to be only an odd form of a commoner species. In the Wallace Hill woods, I remember how we spent an afternoon there, he and I, only two years ago, searching for an orchid which just then had come newly under discussion among botanists, and how pleased he was when for once my eyes were luckier than his. If we are on the Landaff

road, my companion asks, "Do you remember the Sunday noon when we went home and told E—— that this wood was full of his rare willow? And how he posted over here by himself, directly after dinner, to see it? And how he said, in a tone of whimsical entreaty, 'Please don't find it anywhere else; we must n't let it become too common'?" Oh yes, I remember; and my companion knows he has no need to remind me of it; but he loves to talk of the absent, — and he knows I love to hear him.

That willow I can never see anywhere without thinking of the man who first told me about it. Whether I pass the single small specimen between Franconia and the Profile House, so close upon the highway that the road-menders are continually cutting it back, or the one on the Bethlehem road, or the great cluster of stems on Wallace Hill, it will always be *his* willow.

And indeed this whole beautiful hill country is his. How happy he was in it! I used sometimes to talk to him about the glories of our Southern mountains, — Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia; but he was never to be enticed away even in thought. "I think I shall never go out of New England again," he would answer, with a smile; and he never did, though in his youth he had traveled more widely than I am ever likely to do. The very roadsides here must miss him, and wonder why he no longer passes, with his botanical box slung over his shoulder and an opera-glass in his hand, — equally ready for a plant or a bird. He was always looking for something, and always finding it. With his happiness, his goodness, his gentle dignity, his philosophic temper, his knowledge of his own mind, his love of all things beautiful, he has made Franconia a dear place for all of us who knew him here.

To me, as to all of us, it is dear also for its own sake. This season I returned to it alone, — with no walking



mate, I mean to say. He was to join me later, but for eight or ten days I was to follow the road by myself. At night I must make my own forecast of the weather and lay out my own morrow.

The first day was one of the good ones, fair and still. As I came out upon the piazza before breakfast and looked up at Lafayette, a solitary vireo was phrasing sweetly from the bushes on one side of the house, and two or three vesper sparrows were remembering the summer from the open fields on the other side. It was the 22d of September, and by this time the birds knew how to appreciate a day of brightness and warmth.

Seeing them in such a mood, I determined to spend the forenoon in their society. I would take the road to Sinclair's Mills, — a woodsy jaunt, yet not too much in the forest, always birdy from one end to the other.

"This is living!" I found myself repeating aloud, as I went up the longish hill to the plateau above Gale River, on the Bethlehem road. "This is living!" No more books, no more manuscripts, — my own or other people's, — no more errands to the city. How good the air was! How glorious the mountains, unclouded, but hazy! How fragrant the ripening herbage in the shelter of the woods! — an odor caught for an instant, and then gone again; something that came of itself, not to be detected, much less traced to its source, by any effort or waiting. The forests were still green, — I had to look closely to find here and there the first touch of red or yellow; but the flowering season was mostly over, a few ragged asters and golden-rods being the chief brighteners of the wayside. About the sunnier patches of them, about the asters especially, insects were hovering, still drinking honey before it should be too late: yellow butterflies, bumble-bees (of some northern kind, apparently, marked with orange, and not so large as our common Massachusetts fellow), with swarms of smaller

creatures of many sorts. If I stopped to attend to it, each aster bunch was a world by itself. And more than once I did stop. There was no haste; I had chosen my route partly with a view to just such idling; and the birds were, and were likely to be, nothing but old favorites. And they proved to be not many, after all. The best of them were the winter wrens, which I thought I had never seen more numerous; every one fretting, *tut, tut*, in their characteristic manner, without a note of song.

On my way back, the sun being higher, there were many butterflies in the road, flat on the sand, with wings outspread. If ever there is comfort in the world, the butterfly feels it at such times. Here and there half a dozen or more of yellow ones would be huddled about a damp spot. There were mourning-cloaks, also, and many small angle-wings, some species of *Grapta*, I knew not which, of a peculiarly bright red. Once or twice, wishing a name for them, I essayed to catch a specimen under my hat; but it seemed a small business, at which I was only half ashamed to find myself grown inexpert.

The forenoon was not without its tragedy, nevertheless. As I came out into the open, on my return from the river woods toward the Bethlehem road, a carriage stopped across the field; a man jumped out, gun in hand, ran up to an unoccupied house standing there by itself, with a tract of low meadow behind it, peeped cautiously round the corner, lifted his gun, leveled it upon something with the quickness of a practiced marksman, and fired. Then down the grassy slope he went on the run out of sight, and in a minute reappeared, holding a crow by its claw. He took the trophy into the carriage with him, — two ladies and a second man occupying the other seats, — and as I emerged from the pine wood, fifteen minutes afterward, I found it lying in the middle of the road. Its shining feathers would

fly no more; but its death had brightened the day of some of the lords and ladies of creation. What happier fate could a crow ask for?

One of my first desires, this time (there is always something in particular on my mind when I go to Franconia), was to revisit Lonesome Lake, a romantic sheet of water lying deep in the wilderness on the back side of Mount Cannon, at an elevation of perhaps twenty-eight hundred feet, or something less than a thousand feet above the level of Profile Notch. One of its two owners, fortunately, is of our Franconia company; and when I spoke of my intention of visiting it again, he bade me drive up with his man, who would be going that way within a day or two. Late as the season was getting, he still went up to the lake once or twice a week, it appeared, keeping watch over the cabin, boat-house, and so forth. The plan suited my convenience perfectly. We drove to the foot of the bridle path, off the Notch road; the man put a saddle on the horse and rode up, and I followed on foot.

The climb is longer or shorter, as the climber may elect. A pedestrian would do it in thirty minutes, or a little less, I suppose; a nature-loving stroller may profitably be two hours about it. There must be at least a hundred trees along the path, which a sensitive man might be glad to stop and commune with: ancient birches, beeches, and spruces, any one of which, if it could talk, or rather if we had ears to hear it, would tell us things not to be read in any book. Hundreds of years many of the spruces must have stood there. Some of them, in all likelihood, were of a good height long before any white man set foot on this continent. Many of them were already old before they ever saw a paleface. What dwarfs and weaklings these restless creatures are, that once in a while come puffing up the hillside, halting every few minutes to get their breath and stare

foolishly about! What murderer's curse is on them, that they have no home, no abiding-place, where they can stay and get their growth?

It is a precious and solemn stillness that falls upon a man in these lofty woods. Across the narrow pass, as he looks through the branches, are the long, rugged upper slopes of Lafayette, torn with slides and gashed into deep ravines. Far over his head soar the trees, tall, branchless trunks pushing upward and upward, seeking the sun. In their leafy tops the wind murmurs, and here and there a bird is stirring. Now a chickadee lisps, or a nuthatch calls to his fellow. Out of the tangled, round-leaved hobble-bushes underneath an occasional robin may start with a quick note of surprise, or a flock of white-throats or snowbirds will fly up one by one to gaze at the intruder. In one place I hear the faint smooth-voiced signals of a group of Swainson thrushes and the chuck of a hermit. A few siskins (rarer than usual this year, it seems to me) pass overhead, sounding their curious, long-drawn whistle, as if they were blowing through a fine-toothed comb. Further up, I stand still at the tapping of a woodpecker just before me. Yes, there he is, on a dead spruce. A sapsucker, I call him at the first glance. But I raise my glass. No, it is not a sapsucker, but a bird of one of the three-toed species; a male, for I see his yellow crown-patch. His back is black. And now, of a sudden, a second one joins him. I am in great luck. This is a bird I have never seen before except once, and that many years ago on Mount Washington, in Tuckerman's Ravine. The pair are gone too soon, and, patiently as I linger about the spot, I see no more of them. A pity they could not have broken silence. It is little we know of a bird or of a man till we hear him speak.

At the lake there are certain to be numbers of birds; not water birds, for the most part, — though I steal forward



quietly at the last, hoping to surprise a duck or two, or a few sandpipers, as sometimes I have done, — but birds of the woods. The water makes a break in the wilderness, — a natural rendezvous, as we may say; it lets in the sun, also, and attracts insects; and birds of many kinds seem to enjoy its neighborhood. I do not wonder. To-day I notice first a large flock of white-throats, and a smaller flock of cedar-birds. The latter, when I first discover them, are in the conical tops of the tall spruces, whence they rise into the air, one after another, with a peculiar motion, as if a hand had tossed them aloft. They are catching insects, a business at which no bird can be more graceful, I think, though some may have been at it longer and more exclusively. Their behavior is suggestive of play rather than of a serious occupation. Near the white-throats are snowbirds, and in the firs by the lakeside chickadees are stirring, among which, to my great satisfaction, I presently hear a few Hudsonian voices. *Sick-a-day-day*, they call, and soon a little brown-headed fellow is directly at my elbow. I stretch out my hand, and chirp encouragingly. He comes within three or four feet of it, and looks and looks at me, but is not to be coaxed nearer. *Sick-a-day-day-day*, he calls again ("I don't like strangers," he means to tell me), and away he flits. He is almost always here, and right glad I am to see him on my annual visit. I have never been favored with a sight of him further south.

The lake is like a mirror, and I sit in the boat with the sun on my back (as comfortable as a butterfly), listening and looking. What else can I do? I have pulled out far enough to bring the top of Lafayette into view above the trees, and have put down the oars. The birds are mostly invisible. Chickadees can be heard talking among themselves, a flicker calls *wicker, wicker*, whatever that means, and once a kingfisher springs his

rattle. Red squirrels seem to be ubiquitous, full of sauciness and chatter. How very often their clocks need winding! A few big dragon-flies are still shooting over the water. But the best thing of all is the place itself: the solitude, the brooding sky (the lake's own, it seems to be), the solemn mountain top, the encircling forest, the musical woodsy stillness. The rowan trees were never so bright with berries. Here and there one still holds full of green leaves, with the ripe red clusters shining everywhere among them.

After luncheon I must sit for a while in the forest itself. Every breath in the treetops, unfelt at my level, brings down a sprinkling of yellow birch leaves, each with a faint rustle, like a whispered good-by, as it strikes against the twigs in its fall. Every one preaches its sermon, and I know the text, — "We all do fade." May the rest of us be as happy as the leaves, and fade only when the time is ripe. A nuthatch, busy with his day's work, passes near me. Small as he is, I hear his wing-beats. A squirrel jumps upon the very log on which I am seated, but is off in a jiffy on catching sight of so unexpected a neighbor. So short a log is not big enough for two of us, he thinks. By and by I hear a bird stirring on a branch overhead, and look up to find him a red-eyed vireo. One of the belated, he must be, according to my almanac. He peers down at me with inquisitive, sidelong glances. A man! — in such a place! — and sitting still! I like to believe that he, as well as I, feels a pleasurable surprise at the unlooked-for encounter. We call him the preacher, but he is not sermonizing to-day, perhaps because the falling leaves have taken the words out of his mouth.

It is one of the best things about a place like this that it gives a man a most unusual feeling of remoteness and isolation. To be here is not the same as to be in some equally wild and silent spot nearer to human habitations. The

sense of the climb we have made, of the wilderness we have traversed, still folds us about. The fever and the fret, so constant with us as to be mostly unrealized or taken for the normal state of man, are for the moment gone, and peace settles upon the heart. For myself, at least, there is an unspeakable sweetness in such an hour. I could stay here forever, I think, till I became a tree. That feeling I have often had, — a state of ravishment, a kind of absorption into the life of things about me. It will not last, and I know it will not; but it is like heaven, for the time it is on me, — a foretaste, perhaps, of the true Nirvana.

Yet to-day — so self-contradictory a creature is man — there were some things I missed. The dreamer was still a hobbyist, and the hobbyist had been in the Lonesome Lake woods before; and he wondered what had become of the crossbills. The common red ones were always here, I should have said, and on more than one visit I had found the rarer and lovelier white-winged species. Now, in all the forest chorus, not a crossbill's note was audible.

One day, bright like this, I was sitting at luncheon on the sunny stoop of the cabin, facing the water, when I caught a sudden glimpse of a white-wing, as I felt sure, about some small decaying gray logs on the edge of the lake just before me, the remains of a disused landing. The next moment the bird dropped out of sight between two of them. I sat motionless, glass in hand, and eyes fixed (so I could almost have made oath) upon the spot where he had disappeared. I fancied he was at his bath. Minute after minute elapsed. There was no sign of him, and at last I left my seat and made my way stealthily down to the shore. Nothing rose. I tramped over the logs, with no result. It was like magic, — the work of some evil spirit. I began almost to believe that my eyes had been made the fools of the other senses. If I had seen a

bird there, where in the name of reason could it have gone? It could not have dropped into the water, seeking winter quarters in the mud at the bottom, according to the notions of our old-time ornithologists!

Half an hour afterward, having finished my luncheon, I went into the woods along the path; and there, presently, I discovered a mixed flock of crossbills, — red ones and white-wings, — feeding so quietly that till now I had not suspected their presence. My waterside bird was doubtless among them; and doubtless my eyes had not been fixed upon the place of his disappearance quite so uninterruptedly as I had imagined. It was not the first time that such a thing had happened to me. How frequently have we all seen a bird dart into a bit of cover, and never come out! If we are watchful and clever, we are not the only ones.

Luck has no little to do with a bird-lover's success or failure in any particular walk. If we go and go, patience will have its wages; but if we can go but once or twice, we must take what Fortune sends, be it little or much. So it had been with me and the three-toed woodpeckers, that morning. I had chanced to arrive at that precise point in the path just at the moment when they chanced to alight upon that dead spruce, — one tree among a million. What had been there ten minutes before, and what came ten minutes after, I shall never know. So it was again on the descent, which I protracted as much as possible, for love of the woods and for the hope of what I might find in them. I was perhaps halfway down when I heard thrush calls near by: the whistle of an olive-back and the chuck of a hermit, both strongly characteristic, slight as they seem. I halted, of course, and on the instant some large bird flew past me and perched in full sight, only a few rods away. There he sat facing me, a barred owl, his black eyes staring straight into



mine. How big and solemn they looked! Never tell me that the barred owl cannot see by daylight.

The thrushes had followed him. It was he, and not a human intruder, to whom they had been addressing themselves. Soon the owl flew a little further away (it was wonderful how large he looked in the air), the thrushes still after him; and in a few minutes more he took wing again. This time several robins joined the hermit and the olive-back, and all hands disappeared up the mountain side. Probably the pursuers were largely reinforced as the chase proceeded, and I imagined the big fellow pretty thoroughly mobbed before he got safely away. Every small bird has his opinion of an owl.

What interested me as much as anything connected with the whole affair was the fact that the olive-back, even in his excitement, made use of nothing but his mellow staccato whistle, such as he employs against the most inoffensive of chance human disturbers. Like the chickadee, and perhaps some other birds, he is musical, and not over-emphatic, even in his anger.

Again and again I rested to admire the glory of Mount Lafayette, which loomed more grandly than ever, I was ready to declare, seen thus partially and from this point of vantage. Twice, at least, I had been on its summit in such a fall day, — once on the 1st of October, and again, the year afterward, on a date two days earlier. That October day was one of the fairest I ever knew, both in itself (and perfect weather is a rare thing, try as we may to speak nothing but good of the doings of Providence) and in the pleasure it brought me.

For the next year's ascent, which I remember more in detail, we chose — a brother Franconian and myself — a morning when the tops of the mountains, as seen from the valley lands, were white with frost or snow. We wished to find out for ourselves which it was, and just

how the mountain looked under such wintry conditions.

The spectacle would have repaid us for a harder climb. A cold northwest wind (it was still blowing) had swept over the summit and coated everything it struck, foliage and rocks alike, with a thick frost (half an inch or more in depth, if my memory is to be trusted), white as snow, but almost as hard as ice. The effect was strangely beautiful. A dwarf fir tree, for instance, would be snow white on one side and bright green on the other. As we looked along the sharp ridge running to the South Peak, so called (the very ridge at the face of which I was now gazing from the Lonesome Lake path), one slope was white, the other green. Summer and winter were divided by an inch.

We nestled in the shelter of the rocks, on the south side of the summit, courting the sun and avoiding the wind, and lay there for two hours, exulting in the prospect, and between times nibbling our luncheon, which latter we "topped off" with a famous dessert of berries, gathered on the spot: three sorts of blueberries, and, for a sour, the mountain cranberry. The blueberries were *Vaccinium uliginosum*, *V. cespitosum*, and *V. Pennsylvanicum* (there is no doing without the Latin names), their comparative abundance being in the order given. The first two were really plentiful. All of them, of course, grew on dwarf bushes, matting the ground between the boulders. At that exposed height not even a blueberry bush ventures to stand upright. One of them, *V. cespitosum*, was both a surprise and a luxury, the small berries having a most deliciously rich fruity flavor, like the choicest of bananas! Probably no botanical writer has ever mentioned the point, and I have great satisfaction in supplying the deficiency, apprehending no rush of epicures to the place in consequence. About the fact itself there can be no manner of doubt. My companion fully agreed with me,

and he is not only a botanist of international repute, but a most capable gastronome. Much the poorest berry of the three was the Pennsylvanian, the common low blueberry of Massachusetts. "Strawberry huckleberry" it used to be called in my day by Old Colony children, with a double disregard of scientific proprieties. Even thus late in the season the Greenland sandwort was in perfectly fresh bloom; but the high cold wind made it a poor "bird day," though I remember a white-throated sparrow singing cheerily near Eagle Lake, and a large hawk or eagle floating high over the summit. At the sight my fellow traveler broke out, —

"My heart leaps up when I behold  
An eagle in the sky."

On that point, as concerning the fine qualities of the cespitose blueberry, we were fully agreed.

Even in Franconia, however, most of our days are spent, not in mountain paths, but in the valley and lower hill roads. We keep out of the mountains, partly because we love to look at them, and partly, perhaps, because the paths to their summits have seemed to fall out of repair, and even to become steeper, with the lapse of years. One of my good trips, this autumn, was over the road toward Littleton, and then back in the direction of Bethlehem as far as the end of the Indian Brook road. That, as I planned it, would be no more than six or seven miles, at the most, and there I was to be met by the driving members of the club, who would bring me home for the midday meal, — an altogether comfortable arrangement. It is good to have time to spare, so that one can dally along, fearful only of arriving at the end of the way too soon. Such was now my favored condition, and I made the most of it. If I crossed a brook, I stayed awhile to listen to it and moralize its song. If a flock of bluebirds and sparrows were twittering about a farmer's barn, I lingered a little to watch their

doings. When a white-crowned sparrow or a partridge showed itself in the road in advance of me, that was reason enough for another halt. It is a pretty picture: a partridge caught unexpectedly in the open, its ruff erect, and its tail, fully spread, snapping nervously with every quick, furtive step. And the fine old trees in the Littleton hill woods were of themselves sufficient, on a warm day like this, to detain any one who was neither a worldling nor a man sent for the doctor. They detained me, at all events; and very glad I was to sit down more than once for a good season with them.

And so the hours passed. At the top of the road, in the clearing by the farms, I met a pale, straight-backed young fellow under a military hat. "You look like a man from Cuba or from Chickamauga," I ventured to say. "Chickamauga," he answered laconically, and marched on. Whether it was typhoid fever or simple "malaria" that had whitened his face there was no chance to inquire. He was munching an apple, which at that moment was also my own occupation. I had just stopped under a promising-looking tree, whose generous branches spilled their crop over the roadside wall, — excellent "common fruit," as Franconians say, mellow, but with a lively, ungrafted tang. Here in this sunny stretch of road were more of my small Grapta butterflies, and presently I came upon a splendid tortoise-shell (*Vanessa Milberti*). That I would certainly have captured had I been armed with a net. I had seen two like it the day before, to the surprise of my friends the carriage people, ardent entomological collectors both of them. They had found not a single specimen the whole season through. "There are some advantages in beating out the miles on foot," I said to myself. I have never seen this strikingly handsome butterfly in Massachusetts, as I once did its rival in beauty, the banded purple (*Arthemis*); and even here in the hill country it is never so



common as to lose that precious bloom which rarity puts upon whatever it touches.

As I turned down the Bethlehem road, the valley and hill prospects on the left became increasingly beautiful. Here I passed hermit thrushes (it was good to see them already so numerous again, after the destruction that had wasted them a few winters ago), a catbird or two, and a few ruby-crowned kinglets, — some of them singing, — and before long found myself within the limits of a rich man's red farm; fences, houses, barns, poultry coops, and the rest, all painted of the same deep color, as if to say, "All this is mine." I remembered the estate well, and have never grudged the owner of it his lordly possessions. I enjoy them, also, in my own way. He keeps his roads in apple-pie order, without meddling with their natural beauty (I wish our Massachusetts "highway surveyors" all worked under his orders, or were endowed with his taste), and is at pains to save his woods from the hands of the spoiler. "Please do not peel bark from the birch trees," — so the signs read; and I say Amen. He has splendid flower gardens, too, and plants them well out upon the wayside for all men to enjoy. Long may it be before his soul is required of him.

By this time I was in the very prettiest of the red-farm woods. Hermit thrushes were there, also, standing upright in the middle of the road, and in the forest hylas were peeping, one of them a real champion for the loudness of his tone. How full of glory the place was, with the sunlight sifting through the bright leaves and flickering upon the shining birch trunks! If I were an artist, I think I would paint wood interiors.

My forenoon's walk was ended. Another turn in the road, and I saw the carriage before me, the driver minding the horses, and the passengers' seat vacant. The entomologists had gone into the woods looking for specimens, and

there I joined them. They were in search of beetles, they said, and had no objection to my assistance; I had better look for decaying toadstools. This was easy work, I thought; but, as is always the way with my efforts at insect collecting, I could find nothing to the purpose. The best I could do was to bring mushrooms full of maggots (larvæ, the carrier of the cyanide and alcohol bottles called them), and what was desired was the beetles which the larvæ turned into. Once I announced a small spider, but the bottle-holder said, No, it was not a spider, but a mite; and there was no disputing an expert, who had published a list of Franconia spiders, — one hundred and forty-nine species! (She had wished very much for one more name, she told me, but her friend and assistant had remarked that the odd number would look more honest!) However, it is a poor sort of man who cannot enjoy the sight of another's learning, and the exposure of his own ignorance. It was worth something to see a first-rate, thoroughly equipped "insectarian" at work and to hear her talk. I should have been proud even to hold one of her smaller phials, but they were all adjusted beyond the need, or even the comfortable possibility, of such assistance. There was nothing for it but to play the looker-on and listener. In that part I hope I was less of a failure.

The enthusiastic pursuit of special knowledge, persisted in year after year, is a phenomenon as well worth study as the song and nesting habits of a thrush or a sparrow; and I gladly put myself to school, not only this forenoon, but as often as I found the opportunity. One day my mentor told me that she hoped she had discovered a new flea! She kept, as I knew, a couple of pet deer-mice, and it seemed that some almost microscopic fleas had left them for a bunch of cotton wherein the mice were accustomed to roll themselves up in the daytime. These minute creatures the entomologist had pounced upon, clapped

into a bottle, and sent off straightway to the American flea specialist, who lived somewhere in Alabama. In a few days she should hear from him, and perhaps, if the species were undescribed, there would be a flea named in her honor.<sup>1</sup>

Distinctions of that nature are almost every-day matters with her. How many species already bear her name she has never told me. I suspect they are so numerous and so frequent that she herself can hardly keep track of them. Think of the pleasure of walking about the earth and being able to say, as an insect chirps, "Listen! that is one of my species, — named after me, you know." Such *specific* honors, I say, are common in her case, — common almost to satiety. But to have a *genus* named for her, — that was glory of a different rank, glory that can never fall to the same person but once; for generic names are unique. Once given, they are patented, as it were. They can never be used again — for genera, that is — in any branch of natural science. To our Franconia entomologist this honor came, by what seemed a poetic justice, in the Lepidoptera, the order in which she began her researches. Hers is a genus of moths. I trust they are not of the kind that "corrupt."

Thinking how above measure I should be exalted in such circumstances, I am surprised that she wears her laurels so meekly. Not that she affects to conceal her gratification; she is as happy over her genus, perhaps, as over the new *édition de luxe* of her most famous story;

for an entomologist may be also a novelist, if she has a *mind* to be, as Charles Lamb would have said; but she knows how to carry it off lightly. She and the botanist of the party, my "walking mate," who, I am proud to say, is similarly distinguished, often laugh together about their generic namesakes (his is of the large and noble Compositæ family); and then, sometimes, the lady will turn to me.

"It is too bad *you* can never have a genus," she will say in her bantering tone; "the name is already taken up, you know."

"Yes, indeed, I know it," I answer her. An older member of the family, a —th cousin, carried off the prize many years ago, and the rest of us are left to get on as best we can, without the hope of such dignities. When I was in Florida I took pains to see the tree, — the family evergreen, we may call it. Though it is said to have an ill smell, it is handsome, and we count it an honor.

"But then, perhaps you would never have had a genus named for you, anyhow," the entomologist continues, still bent upon mischief.

And there we leave the matter. Let the shoemaker stick to his last. Some of us were not born to shine at badinage, or as collectors of beetles. For myself, in this bright September weather I have no ambitions. It is enough, I think, to be a follower of the road, breathing the breath of life and seeing the beauty of the world.

Bradford Torrey.

<sup>1</sup> The species was not new. A Maine collector had anticipated her, I believe. Whether

his name was given to the flea I did not learn or have forgotten.



## PSYCHOLOGY AND MYSTICISM.

MYSTICISM — that is, the belief in supernatural connections in the physical and psychical worlds — has always been an interesting object of observation for the psychologist. When the human mind believes that it has reached the realm unseen, psychology can analyze its inner experiences and follow up the devious paths from empirical knowledge to the knowing of the mysterious Unknowable. From this point of view, psychology finds a wonderful field of work in the mystical systems from the earliest Hindoo speculation to the spiritualistic doctrines of to-day; and its interest in mysticism is the deeper and more spontaneous, the more complicated the motives which push the soul beyond the limits of natural insight. Religious emotion and hysterical rapture, mysterious fears and superstitious habits, pathological disturbances and surprising experiences, abnormal credulity and dissatisfaction with science, and very many other true and half true impulses come in question. Even the pseudo-mystic, who deceives the world because he knows that the world wishes to be deceived, becomes an attractive object for psychological analysis; fanaticism regarding the church and greed for bread and butter, hysterical pleasure in irritating tricks and sensuous pleasure in power over others, are here among the most characteristic features. What a difference between the neoplatonistic philosopher, who sinks into the Absolute and finds the supernatural reality by his feeling of unity with God, and the modern member of a Society for Psychical Research, who discovers the supernatural world by his mathematical calculations on the probable error in telepathic answers about playing-cards! What a difference between the mediæval monk, who becomes convinced of the mystical sphere because the Vir-

gin appears to him in the clouds, and the modern scholar, who is converted because a pathological woman is able to chat about his personal secrets at the rate of twenty francs a sitting! Yet psychology recognizes the common features and understands the mental laws which make mysticism a never failing element of the social consciousness; the wilder its eccentricities, the more interesting the psychological material.

But the claims of mysticism suggest to the psychologist another attitude less peaceable than that of the observer, the attitude of a rival. If mystics believed only that heavy chairs sometimes fly through the air, that invisible bells ring, and that objects disappear into the fourth dimension, they would have to fight it out with the physicists, but psychology would not interfere. If, inspired by occult advisers, they proposed a new metaphysical theory of the ultimate substratum of the physical universe, the philosophers might stand up as indignant competitors, but the psychologists, again, would have nothing to do with it. The physicians may dispute with the mystics whether the waters of Lourdes are helpful, whether the comets are causes of pestilence, and whether men die on account of being thirteenth at table. There is, perhaps, not a single science, from geometry to theology, which has not its private conflicts with the mystical doctrines; but psychology has no reason to enter the quarrel so long as the mystic does not undertake to answer psychological questions. In this field, however, mysticism has never shown too much modesty. It has at all times, by preference, rioted in the proclamation of mental facts which did not fit into the descriptions and explanations of a sober empirical psychology. If mysticism is right with its old claims, psychology, even

with its newest discoveries, is wrong ; and thus arises the question, What has the psychologist to say of the claims of mysticism concerning mental processes and the laws of mental action ?

These claims have been different at different periods and in different nations, and are still so divergent that no scientist can contend more sharply with the mystical creeds than they contend with one another in the different sets to-day. The telepathists annihilate the theosophists, and the spiritualists belittle the telepathists ; and when the Christian scientists and metaphysical healers on the one side, the mind curers and faith curers on the other side, have spoken of each other, there remain few abusive words at the disposal of us outsiders. The average mystic of to-day is a man of high logical ambitions. He looks with contempt on the gypsy who reads your character from the grounds in a coffee-cup, and smiles over the astrological belief that the position of the stars in the hour of your birth has decided your success in love. The medical remedies which have to be cooked at midnight at the churchyard gate are in discredit ; and as we live in an enlightened age, it even appears doubtful whether the witches of early time were really under Satanic influences, as their witchcraft can now be "explained" by the telepathic action of mediums, by malicious spirits and materializations. The requirements of mysticism thus shrink to the following main demands. First, the human mind must sometimes be able to perceive in an incomprehensible way the ideas and thoughts of others. By gradual approaches, this telepathic talent seems also connected with the power to have knowledge of distant physical occurrences ; and if our concessions have reached this point, we ought not to strain at the little addendum, the vision of the future. In all cases of this kind the exceptional talents of the soul are receptive and passive. A second

group of mystical powers may be formed by the corresponding active influences. In an inconceivable way, it is assumed, the human mind can control the thoughts and actions of others ; and here, again, small steps lead soon to greater and greater mysteries. The mental influence may reach not only the soul, but also the body of the other person, and may restore his disturbed health ; even a child may produce such metaphysical healing of consumption and heart trouble, cancer and broken legs. The mind which by "love" brings together the fragments of a neighbor's broken bones ought surely to have no serious difficulties with the movements of inorganic bodies : at the bidding of such a mind, tables fly to the ceiling, and a little stick in the hands of a weak woman cannot be moved by the strongest man. A third group refers to the functions of a deeper self, which is usually hidden under our regular personality. In the most different trance states, in crystal vision and automatic writing, this mysterious self appears, and remembers all that we have forgotten, knows many things which we never knew, writes and acts without our control, and shows connections which go far beyond our powers, and mostly even beyond our tastes. Nearly related to these facts is a fourth circle of mystical doctrines, which deal with the psychical deeds of the human spirit after the earthly death. According to these doctrines, the spirits are ready to enter into communication with living men by the help of mediums, with or without materialization, by noises or by table tilting, by slate drawing, and recently even by typewriting. This creed becomes, of course, the starting point for many denominational divergences.

The most natural question is, How far can the regular empirical psychology acknowledge the claimed phenomena ? Where is the exact limit which the scientific psychologist is unwilling to pass ? He does not discredit perception of



voices from far distances if a telephone is included, and he does not doubt that one person may have influence over another in a hundred ways. We must carefully consider where the mystery begins. The attitude of common sense, however, must not be allowed to dictate this line of demarcation; otherwise the psychologist would be bound to denounce all facts which are rare and surprising to the naïve consciousness, or incapable of explanation to the dilettante. Let us remember that it counts for little whether a fact occurs once a day or once in a century, and that many facts of physiological and pathological psychology must appear to the naïve mind much more surprising and alarming than do the pretensions of the spiritualist. It seems much simpler and more natural to grant that a little word or figure may wander by mere thought transference from one's mind into the mind of a bystander, than to believe in the startling features of the more complicated cases of hypnotism and somnambulism, hysteria and insanity, all of which find legitimate place in the system of modern psychology.

If we begin with the first two groups of the claims of mystics, — the passive reception of outer psychical and physical events, and the active influence upon other souls and organisms, — we can easily state the general principle which here controls the psychological attitude, though it may often be far from easy to follow up the principle in specific cases. The psychologist insists that every perception of occurrences outside of one's own body and every influence beyond one's own organism must be intermediated by an uninterrupted chain of physical processes. The justice of this apparently arbitrary decision may be examined later; at first we ask only for its precise meaning and its consequences. With regard to perception, the limit is certainly sharply drawn, and yet it may be often difficult to recognize it. We

perceive only objects which directly or indirectly stimulate our physical sense organs, and which stimulate them by physical means. The perception of a man's body is therefore the primary process; the perception of his thoughts and feelings is secondary, as they must be somehow physically expressed in order to act as stimuli for the sense organs.

In two directions the case may become abnormal: the transmitter or the receiver may differ from the usual type of communicating persons. The transmitter himself, for instance, may not be conscious that he expresses his ideas, or, better, that his ideas discharge themselves in perceptible physical processes. He may blush without knowing it, and thus betray his inner shame; or he may contract the muscles which turn his body toward the outer point he is thinking of; or his breathing or pulse may change through his excitement over a question; and the receiver may be in a situation to become aware of these unintended signals of inner states. Here belongs the well-known stage piece of muscle reading, which is often carelessly confused with real telepathy. It certainly is one of the easily explicable forms of psychophysical communication. Here belong as well all the slight hints by which nervous persons make it possible again and again for confessed impostors to play the rôles of successful mind readers. The pseudo-mediums need only to seek for information in desultory chatting, which, under the high tension of expectancy, suffices to bring about all kinds of unintended expressions which show the clever juggler the way.

The receiver of the physical impressions, also, may differ from the average. We think primarily of the possibility that the receiving instruments — that is, the sense organs or the sensory brain parts and nerve paths — may have become abnormally sensitive, by training or by pathological variations. Through

the touch sensation of his face the blind man perceives distant obstacles in his way, to which our untrained central sense apparatus is unresponsive; but that does not conflict with the propositions of psychology, and is not mystical. We know that the threshold for just perceptible sensations is often surprisingly lowered for hypnotic and hysterical subjects, who can thus perceive faint impressions and signals which must escape the normal consciousness. Even if a man were so gifted as to discriminate smells like a dog, or to see the ultra-violet rays, or to perceive solids by the Roentgen rays, or if he had a sense organ for electric currents more sensitive than the finest galvanometer, the psychologist would have no reason for skepticism so long as the physical nature of the transmission from the outer object to the brain is admitted. Other variations in the receiver may be determined by his state of attention. An outer stimulus may reach his brain by the door of his senses without producing an apperceived idea at the moment, but not without influence on his later feelings and actions; a molecular alteration of the brain disposition may last and work as after effect of the stimulation without having attracted the attention at all. This occurrence, also, which in narrow limits is familiar and usual enough, may be pathologically exaggerated, and may then, as for instance in hysterical cases, produce surprising results, if the subject shows undoubted knowledge of facts which he could never have acquired consciously; but this, likewise, nowhere transcends the psychological probabilities.

Still more complicated, perhaps, are the variations in the active power of the mind, within the limits which psychologists willingly acknowledge, or at least ought to acknowledge. Our thoughts and volitions certainly have influence on other minds; we should not speak a word nor write a line if we did not believe that. But again we consider the psychical ef-

fects which we produce in others as intermediated by physical processes. We stimulate the optic and acoustic and tactual nerves of others with the purpose of reaching their central nervous system, and of producing there the ideas with which we started. These ideas must then work for themselves; they stir up their associations and awaken their inhibitions, but the outsider cannot add anything further. He can only communicate the ideas, and let them work in the receiver from a psychological point of view; that is all the influence we have on our fellow men.

There is one complication of this trivial process of communication which seems to touch the borderland of mysticism, — hypnotic suggestion. The hypnotized subject must do whatever the hypnotizer suggests to him. Here the will of one mind seems to have an incomprehensible influence over the other, and as if it were only a short way from the hypnotic rapport to the influences of mystical character; that is, of a kind which excludes the possibility of physical intermediation. The resemblance is deceptive, however; even the most complicated case of hypnotic influence is based only on elementary actions which occur every moment in our normal mental life. If we want some one to do a thing, we communicate our wish to him, trusting that the idea proposed will discharge itself in the desired motor action. That corresponds fully to our general knowledge that every sensory mental state is at the same time the starting point of motor impulses. If we say to our neighbor, "Please pass me the cream," we take for granted that the communicated idea will discharge itself in the little action. But if we say, "Please jump out of the window," the result will not be the same. The communicated idea by itself alone would have the effect of producing the action demanded, but it awakens by the regular associative mechanism a set of ideas on the folly of the demand and the



danger of the undertaking, and all these associations are starting points for antagonistic impulses which are finally reinforced by the whole personality: the proposed action is thus inhibited, and the man does not jump. He would jump if the antagonistic idea could be kept down; and in this case the foolish action would be just as necessarily determined by the conditions and just as natural as the reasonable one. But we all know that this power of ideas to overcome antagonistic associations is quite a normal thing, active in the most varying measure everywhere in our normal mental life.

We call an idea which thus checks the antagonistic one a suggestion, and we may be sure that no education or art, no politics or church life, would be possible without such suggestions. The idea may become a suggestion by the way in which it is presented, but it may also acquire this character by the disposition of the receiver. We know there are stubborn men who contradict every proposition, and there are others who are open to every new idea without inner resistance, and ready to believe everything they hear, or even everything they see in print. They are thus more at the mercy of suggestions; we say they show greater suggestibility. On the other hand, every man's suggestibility is variable; it is increased by fear and other emotions, by alcohol and other nervines, and under special conditions it may reach a pathological intensity. This abnormal degree of suggestibility, in which the antagonistic associations of the suggested ideas are more or less completely inhibited, is the mental state we call hypnotism. If this state of increased suggestibility is reached, the outer action which fulfills the proposed suggestion becomes, through the regular psychophysical mechanism, unavoidable. The final results, to be sure, may appear surprisingly different from the normal actions of the personality, but even the most absurd hypnotic ac-

tion is based on these simple psychological principles. As, theoretically, everybody can hypnotize everybody, it is obvious that no special mystical power need be invoked at this point; and even if we induce the hypnotized subject to do a criminal action, it is no mysterious power with which we overcome his honesty, but a combination of processes which are neither clearer nor more obscure than normal attention and association. There is not the slightest reason to consider hypnotism, with all its ramifications, as in any degree mystical because of its weird and alarming results. We may not understand every detail as yet, but nothing need suggest any doubt that other principles are involved than those in daily mental activity. Hypnotism is free from responsibility for mystical theories. Mysticism, on the other hand, cannot hope to pass through the entrance door of science on account of its superficial similarity to some hypnotic cases.

Practically, the two may be mixed till they are indistinguishable. In spiritualistic séances the plain hypnotic phenomena are not seldom used to smooth the way for telepathic mysticism, as criticism of the latter will be less sharp if the first part of the performance is undoubtedly reliable. If there is no physical intermediation between the transmitter and the receiver, thought transference remains mystical, and whether the receiver is hypnotized or not has nothing to do with the case. No change is involved by the belief of the subject, no matter how sincere, that he is under such mystical influence from far distances. Only a short time ago I had such a case under my observation. There came to me, late at night, a stranger, in wildest despair, resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him. He had been a physician, but had given up his practice because his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence, troubling him from over the sea with voices

which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had he eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic forces. I soon found the source of his trouble. In treating himself for a wound he had misused cocaine in an absurd way, and the hallucination of voices was the chief symptom of his cocaineism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic idea grew in him and permeated his whole life. I hypnotized him, and suggested to him with success to have sleep and food and a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks. After ten days he gave up cocaine entirely, after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not, however, until the end that the telepathic theory was exploded. Even when the voices had gone, he felt for a while that his movements were controlled from over the ocean; and after six weeks, when I had made him quite well again, he laughed over his telepathic absurdities, but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical interpretation, so vividly had he felt the distant influences.

This case may bring us to another main group of personal influences, the therapeutical ones. The man of common sense is more suspicious of fraud in this field than anywhere else, and yet the psychologist must here concede as possible a greater part of the claimed facts than in the other domains of mysticism. He will reject a good deal, it is true, and in acknowledging the rest of the facts he will not think of committing himself to the theories; yet he must feel sorry that truth demands from him the acknowledgment of anything, not because he thinks himself bound to advertise the regular practicing physician, but because he

knows how these facts carry with them a flock of contagious confusing ideas. Seen from the standpoint of the psychologist, the line between the possible and the mysterious healing influences of personality is fairly though not absolutely sharp. We have seen that every normal psychophysical state has the tendency to go over into peripheral bodily processes. We have so far noticed only the processes in the voluntary muscles, the so-called actions, and we have found that there is no special power involved and that no mystery need be invoked, but that every idea discharges itself in an action provided the antagonistic ideas are checked. But the motor nerves and muscular apparatus represent only a part of the central and centrifugal system which can be stimulated by sensory processes. The researches of physiology have fully proved that our involuntary muscles and our blood-vessels, our glands and our internal organs, are under the influence of our central system. Our whole body in every instant resounds in every part to the variations of our brain activity, and the normal functioning of our organism depends in a large degree on the right work of these central stimulations. Are they absent or inhibited, something must go wrong; and if the central stimulus can be enforced, if the antagonistic inhibition can be checked, the right tension and the normal functioning must return as necessarily and as naturally as the suggested action must occur when the contradicting ideas are removed. We have seen that hypnotism is nothing but a psychophysical state of increased suggestibility; that is, a state in which the suggested ideas find less resistance than in normal life. If the hypnotized patient receives suggestions which refer to those physiological functions which are dependent upon the central nervous system, the change and the readjustment of the organic functions by the removal of false inhibitions and by the reinforcement of useful central stimula-



tions are certainly no more obscure than the action of antipyrine and phenacetine. Even that which may be still obscure in the action of the suggestions can be only a matter of details, not of principles.

There are two methods of suggestion open: a more active and talkative way, which turns the subject's attention to the desired point by direct suggestions, and a more passive and silent way, which attempts a general quieting of the mind, in which a new balance of impulses may be inaugurated, and the desire for normal functions may work itself up to increased influence. Every good physician makes use of these two means to increase the effectiveness of his remedies. At the right time, they are almost a substitute for all other aid, and in the mystical therapy of all periods through four thousand years they have developed a high technique. To-day, the passive method of indirect suggestion is the vehicle of the Christian scientists and metaphysical healers; the active way of more direct suggestion belongs to the mind curers and mental healers.

Much of the success of both methods depends, of course, upon the ability of the transmitter to make the suggestions effective. His personal appearance and way of talking, his voice and temperament, must be persuasive, and his reputation and authority must reinforce the expectancy which prepares the inhibitions. Teachers and lawyers and ministers strengthen their influence by these silent servants of a dominant mind. Many of these personal qualities can be replaced, to be sure, by merely mechanical tricks which can be imitated and taught. Our mystical schools bring this technique to external virtuosity. But still more important are the antecedent conditions in the mind of the patient. Whoever has seen the patients in the clinic of a famous hypnotist (half hypnotized as soon as they pass the door of the hospital) knows how the fascination of the attention by belief — by any belief

— works favorably for the increase of suggestibility; so that the smallest additional intruder, perhaps the sensation of half-darkened light, of soft touch, of muscle strain in the eyes, is sufficient to bring about the new equilibrium of psychophysical impulses. The most vulgar and trivial belief will answer; the most absurd superstition can bring success, as everything depends upon the intensity of the subject's submission; and the more pitiable the intellectual powers of a creature, the greater may be his chance of a cure by idiotic manipulations. To deny this in the interest of science would be unscientific.

The most deep-seated form of belief is religious faith, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that religious emotion, from the lowest fetichism to the highest protestantism, has always been fertile soil for therapeutical suggestions. What we have called the active method appeals to the subjective faith with direct words; the passive method awakens the same fascination indirectly, lulling to sleep the antagonistic impulses by a feeling that the mind of the transmitter has reached by prayer and love a supernatural unity with the mind of the patient. We must not forget that it is not the solemn value of the religious revelation, nor the ethical and metaphysical bearing of its objects, which brings success, but solely the depth of the emotion. To murmur the Greek alphabet with the touching intonation and gesture of supplication is just as strengthening for the health as the sublimest prayer; and for the man who believes in the metaphysical cure, it may be quite unimportant whether the love curer at his bedside thinks of the psychical Absolute or of the spring hat she will buy with the fee for her metaphysical healing. From the psychological point of view, the direct method of healing by faith and the indirect method of healing by love are thus almost identical; both are confined to the narrow limits within which the nervous

system influences the pathological processes; but in these limits both have some chances of a transitory success, and both are liable to the same illusions on the part of sincere healers and to the same humbug on the part of impostors.

Our review has sought to examine the two large groups of facts which refer to the influence of mind on mind, and to separate in both, in those of active influence and in those of passive reception, the psychological possibilities from those claims which the psychologist at first rejects. There are two groups more which we must sift, — the facts which lead to the theory of double consciousness, and the spiritualistic facts which refer to the communication of the living with the souls of the dead. In the former group there is little fault to be found with the facts; only the theory is misleading. In the latter group, on the other hand, it may be difficult to decide whether the claims for the facts or the attempts at theories are the more objectionable. The phenomena which suggest that a deeper personality lies hidden under the experiences of our surface personality are to-day generally familiar and scientifically well studied. Typical of these phenomena are the interesting facts of automatic writing, apart from the attempts to give them a spiritualistic interpretation. Our hands may be brought to write truths of which we are not conscious, and to answer questions which we do not perceive; and these writings which we do not control may clearly belong to a special personality, with its own memory and its own wit and temper. Many similar facts which do not necessarily point in the same direction presuppose hysterical disturbances. It is true that the idea of a separated subject of consciousness offers itself to a superficial view as the simplest hypothesis, and the acceptance of this hypothesis gives a foothold for the most complicated mystical theories. But there are two groups of facts which

we must keep in mind. First, we know that all our complicated useful actions which are acquired under the control of the intellectual attention, as walking and eating, speaking and reading and writing, become slowly automatic, yet nobody thinks of putting them under the care of a deeper personality; we make the right movement in speaking without consciously intending the special tongue and lip movements, because the lower nerve centres steadily unburden the higher ones, and more and more easily transform the stimulus into the useful motor discharge. Even in the most complicated cases, therefore, the unconscious production of apparently chosen and adapted actions is no proof whatever that the whole process was not a merely physiological one. Secondly, a manifoldness of psychological personalities is in no way identical with a plurality of subjects of consciousness. Every one of us finds in his consciousness a bundle of social personalities. We are different men in the office and in the family circle, in the political meeting and in the theatre; one does not care for the others, and may even ignore them; each has his own memory connection and his own impulses. But they do not represent different subjects of consciousness, different groups of objects alternating in the same subject. Of course these various empirical personalities have always some elements in common, by which we can easily bridge over from one to the other, and remember our office anger in front of the stage of the theatre. No change in principle occurs when, by an abnormal brain process, these paths of association and connection are blocked, and one personality remains without relations with the other. In such a case several personalities alternate, each consisting of a set of associations and impulses without remembrance of the others. The student of hypnotism and hysteria is familiar with such phenomena.



These personalities alternate in consciousness in the same way that groups of ideas succeed one another; but the subject which is the bearer of all these personalities remains always the same, and the hypothesis that this subject itself changes when the content of the social personality changes is thus without support in the psychological interpretations of the normal idea of personality. The real source of these theories as to a deeper self and a double consciousness lies, indeed, not in the psychological facts, but in motives of a very different character. We shall turn presently to these more hidden impulses, as they will show us the real springs of mysticism; but we must first glance at our fourth and last group of claims, — the wonders of spiritualism.

So long as we consider spiritualism only from the point of view of its agreement with the system of scientific psychology, the discussion may be extremely short, for one sweeping word is sufficient. There are no subtle discriminations necessary, as in the other fields: the psychologist rejects everything without exception. We have here not the slightest relation to philosophical spiritualism, either to that of the Berkeleyan type or to that of Fichte. We are not on the height of philosophical thinking, but on the low ground of observation and explanation of empirical facts. The question is not whether the substance of the real world is spiritual; it is only whether the departed spirits enter into communication with living men by mediums and by incarnation. The scientist does not admit a compromise: with regard to this he flatly denies the possibility. Of course he does not say that all the claims are founded on fraud. He does not deny that sincere persons have frequently believed, through hallucinations, and still oftener through illusions, that they saw the apparitions of departed friends and heard their voices. The psychologist has no dearth of ex-

planations for this product of the psychophysical mechanism. In the same way, he need not doubt that many of the mediums really believe themselves to be under the control of departed souls; for this also exactly fits many well-known facts of nervous disturbance. But the facts as they are claimed do not exist, and never will exist, and no debate makes the situation better.

Our short survey of the wide domain of mysticism is finished. We have seen what part of its claims can be acknowledged by psychology, and what must be rejected. We have seen that many of those occurrences which appear mysterious and uncanny to the naïve mind are easily understood from a scientific point of view, and are often separated by an impassable chasm from happenings which on the surface look quite similar. We have seen especially that hypnotism and hysteria, muscle reading and hyperæsthesia, alternation of personality and the therapeutic influence of psychophysical inhibitions, hallucinations and illusions, and other mental states which psychology understands just as well as it does the normal associations and feelings, explain many of the observed events, and bring them from the domain of mysticism into the sphere of causally necessary processes. And yet all this is only a preamble for our real discussion. We have given decisions, but not arguments; we have shown that psychology is able to explain many of the facts, but we have not shown as yet why we have the right to reject other so-called facts and to deny their possibility; and everything must at last depend upon this right alone.

The modern mystic, if he is ready to follow us thus far, would not find the slightest argument against his position in any of our preceding points. He would say: "I accept your psychophysical explanations for the facts which you acknowledge; with regard to the others, I see only that you are unable to understand them, but that gives you no right

to deny them. There are many facts which are still puzzles for science. History must make us modest, showing that again and again the truth was at first ridiculed and the deeper insight derided. These very phenomena of hypnotism and automatism and hysteria were denied in their reality only a few generations ago. Science must give everything fair play, and a refusal even to examine the facts is unworthy of real science. It is narrowness and stubbornness to reject a fact because it does not fit into the scientific system of to-day, instead of striving toward the better system of to-morrow, which will have room for all the phenomena; and this the more if these facts are of vast importance, involving the immortality and the absolute unity of all minds, the spiritual harmony of the universe, and the very deepest powers of man."

This is the old text, indeed, preached from so often, and sometimes in so brilliant and fascinating a style that even the best men lowered the sword. Yet it is wrong and dangerous from beginning to end, and has endlessly more harm in it than a superficial view reveals, as it is in its last consequences not only the death of real science, but worse, — the death of real idealism.

First a word about the so-called facts. Our newspapers, magazines, and books are full to overflowing of the reports of happenings which no science can explain, and which may overwhelm the uncritical mind by their sheer bulk. But whoever stops to think for a moment how the psychological conditions favor and almost enforce the weedlike growth of mysterious stories will at least agree that a live criticism must sift the tales, even if they are backed by the authority of a most trustworthy sailor or a most excellent servant girl. If the glaring light of criticism is thrown on this twilight literature, the effect is often surprising. Some of the "facts" prove to be simply untrue, having grown up through gossip

and desire for excitement, through fear and curiosity, through misunderstandings and imagination. Another set of the "facts" turns out to be true, but not mysterious; being merely a checkered field of abnormal mental phenomena, such as hypnotism, somnambulism, hysteria, insanity, hyperæsthesia, automatic action, and so forth. Another large group is based on conscious or unconscious fraud, from the mildest form down through a long scale to the boldest spiritualistic forgery. If we take away these three large groups, there is a remainder which may deserve discussion as to its interpretation. Here belong the chance occurrences which appear alarmingly surprising if taken in isolation, but quite natural if considered as members of a long series, giving account of all the cases in which the surprising coincidences did not occur. The recent statistics of apparitions and hallucinations show clearly the difficulty of finding always the right basis for such calculation of mathematical probabilities. Here belong, further, the illusions of memory, by which present experiences are projected into the past, or past experiences are transformed by present sensations; the surprising coincidences illustrated by recent experiments, which are produced by the concordance of associations and other similarities of mental dispositions; and the illusions of perception which allow us to hear and see whatever we expect or whatever is suggested to us.

If we are ready to make full use of every means of possible explanation, there remains hardly an instance where it is impossible to tear aside the veil of mystery, and to explain psychologically either the occurrences of the facts themselves, or the development of the erroneous report about them. Even when long series of careful experiments on thought transference and similar problems were made, the cautious papers discreetly reported in most cases, not that a proof was furnished, but only that the evidence



seemed to point in a certain direction. And even the most ardent believer in telepathy, Mr. Podmore, concedes that "each particular case is susceptible of more or less adequate explanation by some well-known cause." Mr. Podmore considers it absurd to accumulate the strained and complicated explanations which thus become necessary, instead of accepting the simple wholesale interpretation that telepathy took place. But with the same right we might say that in an endless number of instances the lowest animals and plants rise from inorganic substances; each case taken separately could be explained by biologists from procreation, but since such explanation would involve an accumulation of complicated theories about the conditions of life for the lowest animals, it would be much simpler to believe in *generatio equivoca*.

Our presupposition was that a large proportion of the claims are false. Even the champions of mysticism are to-day ready to admit that the temptations and chances for deception are discouragingly numerous. Not only is there an abundance of money-making schemes which fit well the natural credulity and suggestibility of the public at large. Some lie and cheat merely for art's sake, getting pleasure from the fact that their fiction becomes real through the belief that it awakes, and some do the same merely in boyish trickery. Some elaborate their inventions to make themselves interesting, and some feast in the power they thus gain over men. Some begin by consciously embellishing the slender facts, and end with a sincere belief in their own superstructure; and others, through hysterical excitement, are unaware of their own cheating. Add to these causes the incorrectness with which most men observe and report on matters in which their feelings are interested, and the miserable lack of the feeling of responsibility with which average men and average papers put forth their

wild tales. Consider how again and again the honored leaders of mystical movements have been unmasked as cheap impostors and their admired wonders recognized as vulgar tricks, how telepathic performances have been reduced to a simple signaling by breathing or noises, and how seldom disbelievers have interrupted a materialization séance without putting their hands on a provision of beards and draperies. Think of all this, and the supposed facts dwindle more and more.

At this point of the discussion the friends of mysticism like to go over to a more personal attack. They say, "How do you dare to presuppose credulity and suggestibility in the observer, and intended or unintended tricks and dishonesty in the performer, when you have never taken part in such experiments, and when some brilliant scholars have examined them and found no fraud?" To such personal reproach I answer with personal facts. It is true, I have never taken part in a telepathic experiment or in a spiritualistic séance. It is not a nervous dislike of abnormalities which has kept me away, as I have devoted much time to the study of hypnotism and insanity. The experiences of some of my friends, however, made me cautious from the beginning; they had spent much energy and time and money on such mysteries, and had come to the conviction that all was humbug. Once, I confess, I wavered in my decision. I received a telegram from two famous telepathists in Europe, asking me to come immediately to a small town where they had discovered a medium of extraordinary powers. It required fifteen hours' traveling, and I hesitated; but the report was so inspiring that I finally packed my trunks. Just then came a second message with the laconic words, "All fraud." Since that time I do not take the trouble to pack. I wait quietly for the second message.

Why do I avoid these séances? It is

not because I am afraid that they would shake my theoretical views and convince me of mysticism, but because I consider it undignified to visit such performances, as one attends a variety show, for amusement only, without attempting to explain them, and because I know that I should be the last man to see through the scheme and discover the trick. I should certainly have been deceived by Madame Blavatsky, the theosophist, and by Miss Paladino, the medium. I am only a psychologist, not a detective. More than that, by my whole training I am absolutely spoiled for the business of the detective. The names of great scientists, like Zoellner, Richet, Crookes, and many others, do not impose on me in the least; for their daily work in scientific laboratories was a continuous training of an instinctive confidence in the honesty of their coöperators. I do not know another profession in which the suspicion of constant fraud becomes so systematically inhibited as it does in that of the scientist. He ought to be at once dismissed from the jury, and a prestidigitator substituted. Whether I personally take part in such meetings or not is, therefore, without any consequences; I take it for granted from the start that wherever there was fraud in the play, I should have been cheated like my brethren. The only thing that the other side can reasonably demand from us is that we be fully acquainted with their claims and with the evidence they furnish in their writings. I confess I have not had quite a good conscience in this respect; I had not really studied all the recorded Phantasms of the Living and all the Proceedings of the Societies for Psychical Research, and I am afraid I had forgotten to cut the leaves of some of the occult magazines on my own shelves. Now, however, my conscience is fully disburdened. I used — or ought I to say, misused? — my last summer vacation in working through more than a hundred volumes of the so-called evi-

dence. I passed through a whole series of feelings. Indeed, I had at first a feeling of mysterious excitement from all those uncanny stories, but that changed into a deep æsthetical and ethical disgust, which flattened finally into the feeling that there was about me an endless desert of absolute stupidity. I, for one, am to-day far more skeptical than before. I was driven to examine the evidence; I have studied the proofs, and now feel sure of what before I only suspected, — that they do not prove anything; and if we condemn science on such testimony, we do worse than those who condemned the witches and vampires.

In short, I believe that the facts, if they are examined critically, are never incapable of a scientific explanation; and yet even this is not the central point of the question. I must deny that the battle is waged over the facts which science understands and those which it does not understand. No scientist in the world feels uncomfortable over the confession that there are many — endlessly many — things in the world which we do not know; no sane man dreams that the last day of scientific progress has yet come, and that every problem has been solved. On the contrary, the springs of scientific enthusiasm lie in the conviction that we stand only at the beginning of knowledge, and that every day may unveil new elements of the universe. Even physiological psychology, which seems so conceited in the face of mysticism, admits how meagre is the knowledge it has so far gleaned. Almost every important question of our science is still unsettled, and yet that has never discouraged us in our work. The physicist and the astronomer, the chemist and the botanist, the physiologist and the psychologist, work steadily, with the conviction that there are many facts which they do not know, like the Roentgen rays ten years ago, and that many facts are not fully understood, like the Roentgen rays at present. If the mystical facts were



merely processes which we do not understand to-day, but which we may understand to-morrow, there would not be the slightest occasion for a serious dispute. But the situation is very different. The antithesis is not between the facts we can explain and the facts we cannot explain, and for which we seek an explanation of the same order. No; it is between the facts which are now explicable by causal laws, or may be so in any possible future, and those facts which are acknowledged as in principle outside of the necessary causal connections, and bound together by their values for our personal feelings instead of by mechanical laws. As Professor James puts it excellently: It is the difference between the personal emotional and the impersonal mechanical thinking, between the romantic and the rationalistic views of the world. Here lies the root of the problem, and here centres our whole interest. Indeed, all that is claimed by the mystic as such means, not that the causal connections of the world found so far are still incomplete and must be supplemented by others, but that the blanks in the causal connections allow us glimpses of another world behind, — an uncausal emotional world which shines through the vulgar world of mechanics.

If the astronomer calculated the movement of a star from the causally working forces, he might come to the hypothesis that there are centres of attraction existing which we have not yet discovered: it was thus Leverrier discovered Neptune. But his boldest theories operate only with quantities of the same order, with substances and forces which come under the categories of the mechanical world. If, on the other hand, he accepted some emotional view, perhaps the æsthetical one, that the star followed this curve because it is more beautiful, as indeed an older astronomy did; or the ethical one, that this movement of the star occurred because it served to make the moral progress of men possible, while the causal

movement would have thrown the earth into the sun; or the religious one, that the angels chose to pull the star this way rather than that; or the poetical one, that the star was obliged to move just so in order to delight the heart on a clear evening by its sparkling, — in none of these cases would he be doubtful whether his hypothesis were good or bad; he would be sure that it was not an astronomical hypothesis at all. He would not search with the telescope to find out whether or not his theory was confirmed by new facts. No; he would see that his thought denied the possibility of astronomy, and was a silly profanation of ethics and religion at the same time.

The naturalist knows, if he understands the philosophical basis of his work, and is not merely a technical craftsman, that natural science means, not a simple cast and copy of the reality, but a special transformation of reality, a conceptual construction of unreal character in the service of special logical purposes. The naturalist does not think that bodies are in reality made from atoms, and that the movements of the stars are really the products of all the elementary impulses into which his calculation disintegrates the causes. He knows that all his elements, the elementary substances and the elementary forces, are merely conceptions worked out for the purpose of representing the world as a causally connected mechanism. The real world is no mechanism, but a world of means and aims, objects of our will and of our personal purposes. But one of these purposes is to conceive the world as a mechanism, and so long as we work in the service of this purpose we presuppose that the world is a mechanism. In the effort to represent the world as a causal one — that is, in our character as naturalists — we know only a causal world, and no other. We may know little about that postulated causal world, but we are sure beforehand that whatever the future may discover about it must belong to the

causal system, or it is wrong. We are free to choose the point of view, but when we have chosen it we are bound by its presuppositions. A naturalist who begins to doubt whether the world is everywhere causal misunderstands his own aim and gives up his only end.

These simple facts from the methodology of science repeat themselves exactly, though in a more complicated form, for psychology. Psychology, also, is never a mere copy of the reality, but always a transformation in the service of a special logical purpose. Our real inner life is not a complex of elementary sensations as psychology may see it: it is a system of attitudes of will, which we do not perceive as contents of consciousness, but which we live through, and objects of will which are our means and ends and values. It becomes a special interest of the logical attitude of the will to transform this real will system in conceptual form into a causal system, too, and, in the service of this end, to put in the place of the teleological reality a mechanical artificial construction. This construction is psychology, and it is thus clear that in the psychological system itself every view which is not causal is contradictory to the presuppositions, and therefore scientifically untrue. Between the mental facts, in so far as they are considered as psychological phenomena, there exists no other possible connection than the causal one, though, to be sure, this causal view has not the slightest meaning for the inner reality, which never consists of psychological phenomena. This is the point which even philosophers so easily overlook: as soon as we speak of psychical objects, of ideas and feelings and volitions, as contents of consciousness, we speak of an artificial transformation to which the categories of real life no longer apply, — a transformation which lies in the direction of causal connection, and which has, therefore, a right to existence only if the right to extend the causal aspect of na-

ture to the inner life is acknowledged. The personal, the emotional, the romantic, in short the will view controls our real life, but from that standpoint mental life is never a psychical fact.

It is one of the greatest dangers of our time that the naturalistic point of view, which decomposes the world into elements for the purpose of causal connection, interferes with the volitional point of view of the real life, which can deal only with values, and not with elements. I have sought again and again to point out this unfortunate situation, and to show that history and practical life, education and art, morality and religion, have nothing to do with these psychological constructions, and that the categories of psychology must not intrude into their teleological realms. But that does not blind me to the fact that exactly the opposite transgression of boundaries is going on all the time, too. If the world of values is intruded into the causal world, if the categories which belong to reality are forced on the system of transformation which was framed in the service of causality, we get a cheap mixture which satisfies neither the one aim nor the other. Just this is the effort of mysticism. It is the personal, emotional view applied, not to the world of reality, where it fits, but to the physical and psychical worlds, both of which are constructed by the human logical will for the purpose of an impersonal, unemotional causal system. But to mix values with laws destroys not only the causal links, but also the values. The ideals of ethics and religion, instead of growing in the world of volitional relations, are now projected into the atomistic structure, and thus become dependent upon its nature. Intended to fill there the blanks in the causal system, they find their right of existence only where ignorance of nature leaves such blanks, and must tremble at every step of progress science makes. It is bad enough when the psychological categories are



wrongly pushed into ethics by the over-extension of psychology, but it is still more absurd when ethics leaves its home in the real world and creeps over to the field of psychology, satisfied with the few places to which science has not yet acquired a clear title. Our ethics and religion may thus be shaken to-morrow by any new result of laboratory research, and must be supported to-day by the telepathic performances of hysteric women. Our belief in immortality must rest on the gossip which departed spirits utter in dark rooms through the mouths of hypnotized business mediums, and our deepest personality comes to light when we scribble disconnected phrases in automatic writing. Is life then really still worth living?

We must here throw more light on some details which may be difficult to understand. We have said that the claims of mysticism impose the emotional teleological categories upon the psychological facts; that is, upon constructions which are formed for the purpose of the mechanical categories only. It may not be at once evident how this is true for special propositions of a mystical nature. Of course we cannot develop here the presuppositions of psychology; a few words to show the nature of the problems must be sufficient. Psychology tries to consider the mental life as a system of perceivable objects which are necessarily determined; every transformation which is serviceable for this purpose is psychologically true. If the mental facts are thought as determining one another, we must presuppose that they have characteristics to which this effective influence attaches. These characteristics are called their elements, and therefore, for psychologists, the mental life consists of elements. The psychical material is different from the physical by the presupposition that it exists for one subject only. It is therefore not communicable; since incommunicable, it is not determinable by communicable units, and

hence is not measurable, — not quantitative, but only qualitative. Consequently, it is incapable of entering into a mathematical equation, and is unfit to play the rôle of determinable causes and effects. Before psychical elements can be transformed into a system of causes and effects a further transformation must be made; they must be thought as amalgamated with physical processes which exist for many, and which are measurable, and therefore capable of forming a necessary causal system. The psychical facts are thus thought as accompaniments of physical processes, and in their appearance and disappearance fully determined by the physical events. There is no materialistic harm in this doctrine, as it aims at no reference to reality, but is merely a construction for a special purpose; within its sphere, however, there cannot be any exception. If the psychical facts are thought as accompaniments of the physical processes, they must be projected into the physical world, and must accept its forms of existence, space and time. The real inner life in its teleological reality is spaceless and timeless, — it knows space and time only as forms of its objects; the psychological phenomena themselves enter into space and time as soon as they are connected with the physical phenomena. They are now psychophysical elements which can determine one another only by the causal relations of the physical substratum. The working hypothesis of modern psychology — that every mental state is a complex of psychical elements, of which each is the accompaniment of a physical process in time and space, and influences others or is influenced by others merely through the medium of physical processes — is then not an arbitrary theory. It is the necessary outcome of the presuppositions which the human will has freely chosen for its logical purposes, and to which it is bound by its own decision.

From this point a full light of expla-

nation falls upon all our earlier decisions. We rejected every claimed fact in which the psychological facts were without a physical substratum, as in the case of departed spirits and those in which psychical facts influenced one another without physical intermediation, as in telepathy. If mental life is taken in its reality, it must not be considered as composed of elements, ideas, and feelings, but must be taken as a whole; then it is not in bodily personalities, not in space and not in time, — in short, is not a psychological fact at all. But if we take it as psychological fact in human bodies and in time, it must be thought in accordance with the psychological presuppositions, as bound to the physical events, communicated by their intermediation and disappearing at their destruction. Where these conditions are in part wanting, psychology declines to accept the propositions as truths, and demands a further transformation of the facts till the demands of psychology are satisfied. Mysticism, however, prefers an easier way. Wherever the conditions of psychological truth are absent, and, owing to the lack of physical substrata or of physical mediation, the psychical facts are disconnected or unexplained in their existence, there mysticism imports the teleological links of the prepsychological real world, and gives the illusion that the psychical facts have been thus explained and connected.

Perhaps most instructive in this respect are those claims of mysticism which refer to the healing influences of men, because here it appears most clearly that it is not the facts, but only the points of view, which constitute the mysticism. The facts from which these claims arise the psychologist does not deny at all; as we have seen, he takes them for granted. But he explains them by suggestion and other familiar laws of mental action, and thus links the psychical phenomena by an uninterrupted chain of physical processes. The mystic, on the

other hand, brings the same facts under the categories which belong to the world of values: prayer has now a healing influence, not because it is perceived by the senses of the patient, and works through association some inhibitory changes in his brain, but because prayer is ethically and religiously valuable. Not its physiological accompaniments which produce psychophysical effects, but its goodness and piety secure success, and, conversely, the illness which is cured by the prayer must be a symptom of moral and religious obliquity. The causal conception of a disturbance of physiological functions is thus transmuted into the ethical conception of sin. Exactly the same psychophysical facts, the prayer of the transmitter and the feeling of improvement in the receiver, are in this case, then, connected by the mystic and the scientist in different ways, without any need on either side of a further transformation of the facts. For the one, it is the causal process that a suggestion psychophysically overpowers nervous inhibition; for the other, it is the victory of sainthood over sin, by its religious values. If the scientist maintains that only the first is an explanatory connection, the second not, does he mean by this that goodness has no power over evil? Certainly not; he means something very different. Goodness and evil, he thinks, are relations and attitudes of will, which have their reality in being willed and lived through. They are not psychophysical facts, to be perceived as taking time, and going on in space in a special brain and nervous system. They belong to the world of willing subjects, not to the world of atomistic objects; they are primary, while suggestions and inhibitions and all the other psychophysical objects are unreal derived constructions. If prayer and sin are taken in their reality as we live through them, then of course their meaning and their value alone are in question, and it would be absurd to apply to them the relations



of causal connection. As realities, they are not brain processes; as such, they do not come in question as processes in time and space; as such, they are not transmuted into mere objects. If we take them in their reality as will attitudes, they have no relation to causality. If we take them as psychological processes which go on in time in physical personalities, then we have transformed them in the service of causality, and have pledged ourselves to the causal system. An ethical connection of psychophysical facts is a direct inner contradiction; it means applying the categories of will to objects which we have taken away from the will for the single purpose of putting them into a system of will-less categories. We might just as well demand that the figures of a painting should talk and move about.

Another case in which scientists and mystics agree in regard to the facts is that of double personality. The difference here, also, is only one of interpretation. We have seen that the psychologist understands this class of facts as various degrees of disaggregation of psychophysical elements, whereas the mystic introduces the ethical categories of different responsibility and dignity. It is otherwise with the telepathic or spiritualistic claims: here there is no agreement about the facts, and yet the principle is the same as in the other cases. The mystic applies the emotional personal links in this case, also, not to the reality, but to psychological facts in a stage of transformation which the psychologist does not accept because they do not allow causal connection. The psychologist calls the claimed facts untrue, because the transformation of reality is psychologically or physically true only when it has reached that form in which it fits into the causal system. It is the aim of science to find the true facts, — that is, to transform reality till the ends of causal ordering are attained; and if they are not attained, the objects

have not become a part of the existing psychological or physical world. An infinite number of facts appear to us in disconnected form, but we ignore them; they remain only propositions; they have not existence, because they do not fulfill the conditions upon which, according to the decision of the will which produces science, psychical or physical existence depends. That a fact is true in the world of psychical facts means that it is selected as fit for a special logical purpose; and if the telepathic facts, for instance, are not suited to that purpose, they are not true according to the only consistent standard of truth. They must become somehow otherwise; that is, they must be transformed until they can be accepted as existing. The history of science constantly demonstrates this necessity. It is absurd for the mystics to claim the backing of history, because it shows that many things are acknowledged as true to-day which were not believed in earlier times. The teaching of history, on the contrary, annihilates almost cruelly every claim of mysticism, as, far from a later approval of mystical wisdom, history has in every case remoulded the facts till they have become causal ones. If the scientists of earlier times disbelieved in phenomena as products of witchcraft, and believe to-day in the same phenomena as products of hypnotic suggestion and hysteria, the mystics are not victorious, but defeated. As long as the ethical category of Satanic influence was applied to the appearances they were not true; as soon as they were brought under the causal categories they were accepted as true, but they were then no longer mystical, — it was not witchcraft any more.

This process of transformation goes on steadily; millions of propositions which life suggests remain untrue till they are adjusted. Just this would be the fate of the telepathic propositions: they would remain below the threshold of the world of empirical facts, if a mistaken

emotional attitude did not awaken the illusion that there exists here a connection capable of satisfying the demand for explanation. The personal importance then links what ought to be linked by impersonal causality. A feeling of depression in the psychophysical organism and the death of a friend a thousand miles distant have for us no causal connection, but an emotional one. The two events have no relation in the sphere of objects; they are connected only in the sphere of will acts; and the link is not the goodness, as in the case of healing by prayer, but the emotional importance of the death for the friend's feeling attitude. By this will connection the two phenomena are selected and linked together, and offer themselves as one fact, while without that emotional unity they would remain disconnected, and therefore in this combination they would not be accepted in the sphere of empirical facts.

Does the scientist maintain, in his opposition to telepathy, that in reality mental communication between subjects is possible only by physical intermediation? Decidedly not. If I talk with others whom I wish to convince, there is no physical process in question; mind reaches mind, thought reaches thought; but in this aspect thoughts are not psychophysical phenomena in space and time, but attitudes and propositions in the sphere of the will. If we take our mental life in its felt reality, then the emotional conviction that no physical wall intervenes between mind and mind is the only correct one; it would be even meaningless to look for physical connection. But if we transform the reality into psychological objects in time and in bodies, then we are bound by the aim of the transformation, and we can acknowledge their connection as true only if it is a mechanical one.

Finally, the ethical demand for immortality, when applied to the artificial construction of psychology instead of to

the real life, brings out the most repulsive claim of mysticism, — spiritualism. The ethical belief in immortality means that we as subjects of will are immortal; that is, that we are not reached by death. For the philosophical mind which sees the difference between reality and psychological transformation, immortality is certain; for him, the denial of immortality would be even quite meaningless. Death is a biological phenomenon in the world of objects in time; how then can death reach a reality which is not an object, but an attitude, and therefore neither in time nor in space? Our real inner subjective life has its felt validity, not in time, but beyond time; it is eternal. We have seen why the purpose of psychology demands that this non-local and non-temporal subjectivity shall be transformed into a psychical object, and as such projected into the space and time filling organism. By that demand the mental life itself becomes a process in time; and if the ethical demand for immortality is now transplanted into this circle of constructed phenomena, there must result a clash between psychology and human emotion. Conceiving mental life as a process in time was done merely for the purpose of representing it as the accompaniment of physical phenomena, and now to demand that it should go on in time after the destruction of this physical substratum is absurd. In so far as we think mental life as an artificial psychological process in time, in so far we can think it only as part of a psychophysical phenomenon, and thus never without a body, disappearing when the body ceases to function. To the ethical idealist this impossibility of the psychological immortality is a revelation; for such pseudo-immortality could satisfy only the low and vulgar instincts of man, and not his ethical feelings. Only to a cheap curiosity can it appear desirable that the inner life viewed as a series of psychological facts shall go on and on, that we may be able to see what is to happen in



a thousand or in a million years. Life seen from a psychological point of view as a mere chain of psychological phenomena is utterly worthless. It would be intolerable for seventy years; who would desire it for seventy million years? Multiplication by zero always leads back to naught. And even if we perceive all the facts of the universe for all time to come, is that of any value? We should shiver at the thought of knowing all that is printed in one year, or all that men of a single town feel passing through their minds; how intolerable the thought of knowing even all that is and that will be! It is like the thought of endlessness in space: if we were to grow endlessly tall, so that we became large like the universe, reaching with our arms to the stars, physically almighty, would our life be more worth living, would it be better or nobler or more beautiful? No; extension in space and time has not the slightest ethical value, for it necessarily refers only to those objects which exist in space or time, and all our real values lie beyond it. The mortality of the psychological phenomena and the immortality of our real inner life belong necessarily together, and the claim that the deceased spirits go on with psychological existence is therefore not only a denial of the purposes for which the idea of psychological existence is constructed, but also a violation of the ethical belief in immortality.

Here, then, as everywhere, mysticism means nothing else than the attempt to force the emotional categories on an unreal construction, whose only presupposition was that it had to be constructed as an unemotional objective mechanism. The result is a miserable changeling,

which satisfies neither the one side nor the other. If mysticism is not contented with the childish or hysteric pleasure of throwing obstacles in the way of advancing science, it can have, indeed, little satisfaction from its own crippled products. Thousands and thousands of spirits have appeared; the ghosts of the greatest men have said their say, and yet the substance of it has been always the absurdest silliness. Not one inspiring thought has yet been transmitted by this mystical way; only the most vulgar trivialities. It has never helped to find the truth; it has never brought forth anything but nervous fear and superstition.

We have the truth of life. Its realities are subjective acts, linked together by the categories of personality, giving us values and ideals, harmony and unity and immortality. But we have, as one of the duties of life, the search for the truth of science which transforms reality in order to construct an impersonal system, and gives us causal explanation and order. If we force the system of science upon the real life, claiming that our life is really a psychophysical phenomenon, we are under the illusion of psychologism. If, on the other hand, we force the views of the real life, the personal categories, upon the scientific psychophysical phenomena, we are under the illusion of mysticism. The result in both cases is the same. We lose the truth of life and the truth of science. The real world loses its values, and the scientific world loses its order; they flow together in a new world controlled by inanity and trickery, unworthy of our scientific interests and unfit for our ethical ideals.

*Hugo Münsterberg.*

## THE TWENTY-FIRST MAN.

THORPE BEECKMAN sat in a hansom cab, watch in hand. When at last the cab turned off Fifth Avenue into one of the upper Fiftieths, and stopped before a large, brilliantly lighted house, Mr. Beeckman gave a sigh of relief. He did not wish to begin his career in New York society, after his seven years' absence, by being late at his first dinner party.

"You did it with two minutes to spare," he said to the driver as he jumped from the cab, and, thrusting a bill into the man's hand, he ran without a moment's delay up the canopied stone steps.

"That dude's in a hurry!" called an urchin from the crowd that pressed around the awning. "He's got no use for change."

"Hurry up, Al-ger-non, or you'll be in the soup," drawled a girl.

"I'm pretty close to being late for it, which is worse," he smiled to himself, as he gave his hat and coat to a tall footman in silk stockings, and followed another up the wide white marble staircase. The great hall above, with its pillars and statuary, opened into a vista of dazzling rooms, whence came the sound of laughter and talk. From a balcony above floated down the strains of the Hungarian orchestra.

"This seems more like London than New York," Beeckman thought, as he looked about him. "I had no idea Mrs. Thornton was such a tremendous swell." Then his name was announced. He stood for an instant at the doorway of the drawing-room, looking for his hostess. A tall and extremely handsome young woman, with a blaze of diamonds in her dark hair, stepped from the little group near the door and advanced a step toward him with outstretched hand.

"Ah, Mr. Bateman," she said, with a gentle cordiality, "I have been looking for you. My mother is very sorry not

to be able to welcome you herself, but she was badly frightened in a runaway accident this afternoon, and has been obliged to intrust her guests to my tender mercies."

Beeckman expressed a becoming regret at the accident.

"I am Mrs. Burke Heatherfield, you know, the daughter of the house," she added, with a smile, "and I have heard very pleasant things of you from my mother. I am not sure that you know every one here to-night, — I confess I don't myself; but there is one good friend of yours, Miss Muriel Dean, and I am going to ask you to take her in to dinner."

Beeckman was puzzled. "A clear case of mistaken identity," he said to himself; but before he could reply, Mrs. Heatherfield had turned to a pretty, rather audacious-looking girl who stood near her.

"Muriel," she said, "here is Mr. Bateman waiting to hear the dénouement of your yesterday's escapade. Be careful what you tell him, though, for he may put the whole thing into one of his clever stories." Another guest was announced, and she turned away.

Miss Dean looked at Thorpe Beeckman and smiled mischievously. "My cousin has certainly put her little tag on the wrong man," she said, evidently relishing the situation.

"She has simply put it on a Beeckman instead of a Bateman. It is merely the difference of a syllable," he replied.

She laughed. "That is a rather neat way of introducing yourself, Mr. Beeckman, though I don't as a rule approve of puns."

"The lowest form of wit," he admitted.

"The trouble is, the other man is sure to come, and as he also has been told that he is to take me in to dinner there might be complications."



"If I am offered as a substitute, I promise not to put you into a clever story. I can assure you that you would be entirely safe in my hands," he rejoined.

"But the other man is Frederick Waring Bateman, the novelist," she said triumphantly.

Beeckman bowed. "I acknowledge my utter insignificance. I must go at once and confess it to Mrs. Heatherfield."

"If she were any one but herself, she would be quite distracted this evening. She was summoned home from Lake-wood late this afternoon to act as hostess at this dinner of her mother's, and she found aunt Margaret too upset even to tell her who had been asked. And now, as a climax, Lord Burnside, who is to be lion of the evening, is desperately late. If *any* of us get taken in to dinner, it will be surprising."

Beeckman glanced from his lively companion to Mrs. Heatherfield's beautiful, serene face. Just then Mr. Bateman's name was announced. An expression of surprise, or perhaps of perplexity, passed over the face of the young hostess; but in an instant it was gone, and she greeted the newcomer with sweet graciousness. Then her eyes wandered for a moment to Beeckman.

"Evidently there is a hitch somewhere," he said to himself. Then an awful thought came to him. "By Jove! I believe I'm an extra man, and she is wondering what to do with me. I wish I could spare her this awkward moment by flying up the chimney."

Mr. Bateman had turned from Mrs. Heatherfield to Miss Dean, with whom he began a lively conversation. Just then the butler handed Mrs. Heatherfield a note. She read it hastily; then turning to the knot of people gathered about her said serenely, "This seems to be a day of accidents. Lord Burnside sprained his ankle on the golf links this afternoon and will not be able to be here."

"She is magnificent," thought Beeck-

man, as he watched her, — "a thoroughbred, if ever I saw one; and for all her poise, I don't believe she's over twenty-two. Strange that Mrs. Thornton never mentioned her to me by her married name." He approached her.

"Mrs. Heatherfield," he said, "I fear you mistook me for a more distinguished guest when you assigned me to take Miss Dean in to dinner. I am not Mr. Bateman, the novelist. I am Thorpe Beeckman, a painter."

Mrs. Heatherfield raised her long-lashed hazel eyes and regarded him with that direct gaze which one associates with childhood. Then she smiled radiantly. "Will you forgive my mistake, Mr. Beeckman, the artist, and will you take *me* in to dinner?"

He bowed and offered her his arm. "With such royal compensation, I can bear even the imputation of writing clever stories."

"She is perfect," he added to himself. "Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have attempted impossible explanations, and spoiled the situation."

As they led the way down the stairs to the dining-room, Muriel Dean said to Mr. Bateman, "In point of looks, Mr. Beeckman is a magnificent substitute for poor wabbly little Lord Burnside; but what I don't understand is whom he would have taken in if Burnside had n't sprained his ankle at the last minute, — or where he would have sat, for that matter, for there are just twenty covers."

While the guests were seating themselves Beeckman's eyes wandered about the superb room, his critical taste keenly appreciative of its beauty. There were great pictures on the wainscoted walls, a Gainsborough, a Veronese, and a splendid Rembrandt; there were richly carved Renaissance sideboards, old tapestries, old silver. In the centre of this rich setting, the table, with its banks of crimson roses and its weight of shining glass and silver, glowed and glittered in the

light of countless shaded candles. There was not a false note anywhere.

"The late lamented Mr. Thornton must have been an artist," Beeckman decided. "All this is a perfectly appropriate setting for that imperial girl; but I can't reconcile it with the thought of fat, jolly, bourgeoisie little Mrs. Thornton."

Thorpe Beeckman found himself next to Miss Dean. She chattered to him vivaciously for a few moments.

"You have your right label now, I see," she said, laughing, "and it has drawn a higher prize than the other."

"A double prize," he rejoined lightly, "since, after all, I am placed next you."

She turned her head to answer a sally of Mr. Bateman's, and Beeckman, with a feeling of relief, turned to look at his beautiful neighbor. She seemed lovelier than ever, with the soft light of the candles falling on her face and white shoulders, and gleaming on the diamonds in her hair.

"Mr. Beeckman, won't you help me out?" The clear, low voice, with its perfect modulations, fell like a benison on his ear. "Mr. Morley and I are discussing that beautiful portrait of Miss Grace Markham that was on exhibition at the Durand-Ruel gallery last spring. Mr. Morley says that it was by Constant, but I am quite sure that Mr. Beeckman was the artist." She looked directly at him and smiled interrogatively.

"Mr. Morley pays a very high compliment to a modest young painter," he replied. "I fear Constant would hardly be flattered at the imputation."

She turned to Mr. Morley with a little gesture of triumph. "I have the double pleasure of presenting the artist himself to you and of proving myself right, all in the same breath," she said, with the slow, alluring smile that Beeckman found himself waiting for.

When she turned again to Beeckman, their talk grew animated. She seemed to know all his favorite haunts.

"And do you remember the narrow lane behind the cathedral at Avalon, where the old sacristan lives in a queer fragment of a house covered with Provence roses? — roses like this," and she touched the crimson rose that glowed against the whiteness of her breast, its petals fluttering softly with her breathing.

"Indeed I do," he rejoined eagerly, bending slightly toward her. "Your rose has the same languorous fragrance. Old Pierre was a good friend of mine. I have a sketch of him and of his house that I hope you will let me show you some day. But you must have been a long time in Southern France, to become so familiar with all these out-of-the-way corners."

"Yes, we lived there for more than a year while my husband was ill," she said simply. "Mr. Heatherfield died there."

Beeckman found himself starting involuntarily. She was a widow, then. It was utterly absurd for him to be glad of it, but he could not deny the little thrill of pleasure that shot through him. How fresh her appreciations were, how simple and direct her way of looking at things! With all her poise and brilliance she was unconventional at heart. He even told himself that she would make an adorable Bohemian. When Mrs. Heatherfield gave the signal and the ladies rose, Beeckman was amazed.

"This is the shortest long dinner I have ever known!" he exclaimed, and so earnestly that she smiled again.

Just before he left the house, that evening, Mrs. Heatherfield said to him, "By the way, what do you think of Bonnat's portrait of my mother?"

Beeckman's eyes followed her gesture, and he stood looking confusedly at a fine, broadly handled portrait of a distinguished-looking woman with snow-white hair. Mr. Morley joined them. He was an old gentleman and garrulous.

"I call Mrs. Van Arminge still the handsomest woman in New York, bar none but her daughter."



Beeckman distinctly felt himself grow cold, then hot. At last a numb feeling came over him. Mrs. Van Arminge! He had heard the name many times that evening; he had seen it often in the newspapers, as who had not? He looked at the handsome, unfamiliar face in the picture.

"Yes, it's well worth your study, Mr. Beeckman," Mr. Morley was saying. "You young fellows can't do better than follow such a master hand. What breadth! What color!"

"Do you think it a good likeness?" Mrs. Heatherfield's low voice questioned.

"It is a very fine piece of work," Beeckman murmured weakly, — "superbly painted!"

When he said good-night, Mrs. Heatherfield raised the long curled lashes from her wide hazel eyes and gave him one of her direct looks.

"I am at home on Thursdays," she said, "and perhaps we may arrange for the visit to your studio after mother is well. Good-night."

As Beeckman walked down the steps he took a card out of his overcoat pocket and read it: —

"Mrs. Ezra Thornton requests the pleasure of Mr. Beeckman's company at dinner on Thursday evening, March the third, at eight o'clock.

"17 Fifty- —th Street, West."

He looked up at the great doorway. In the wrought ironwork of the lunette was the number "19."

Thorpe Beeckman groaned. "If it had been any one else, I could have endured it," he said. But to have intruded into *her* home, claimed her hospitality under false pretenses, caused her embarrassment, thrust himself upon her acquaintance, — how could he ever look at her again? He smiled grimly. She would probably take good care never to give him another opportunity. Even if she accepted his explanation, how flat and ridiculous he would appear in her eyes!

Perhaps Mrs. Van Arminge would say he had planned the whole thing, and would count the spoons.

Strange to say, he felt but slight compunction at the thought of his empty place at Mrs. Thornton's dinner table. He decided that he must write to Mrs. Heatherfield before she had had time to talk the dinner over with her mother. It was after three o'clock when he finally mailed his letters. He was still young.

A few days after this, he received a note that sent the blood to his face.

"MY DEAR MR. BEECKMAN, — "My mother and I will be at home, as usual, on Thursday, and we shall hope to see you then. Our old friend Mrs. Thornton will act as mistress of ceremonies.

Cordially yours,

GWENDOLEN HEATHERFIELD."

A year later, Thorpe Beeckman and his beautiful wife made a little pilgrimage to the house of the sacristan, behind the ancient cathedral at Avalon. Old Pierre was not at home, and the quiet lane was deserted. Gwendolen Beeckman stood under the rose arbor, the petals of the crimson Provence roses falling on her upturned face. She was tall, but her husband was taller, and he bent his head a little in order to look into her smiling eyes.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether I first fell in love with you when you told me I might take you in to dinner, or whether it happened when you touched that red rose in your gown and talked about old Pierre. I believe I waited till then," he added meditatively, picking a rose and tucking it into her dress. "That was the human touch; you had seemed so much of a calm goddess before."

Gwendolen laughed. "A terribly frightened goddess when she discovered that there was a twenty-first man. I believe I fell in love with you when I found you were only twentieth, after all."

*Madge Sutherland Clarke.*

## A MOTHER OF MARTYRS.

You would see only a small knot of people, say twenty; perhaps a flourish of wooden clubs in the air. Then the mob would move on, leaving the body of a dead Armenian behind. This was massacre. Not a sound signified the horrible business afoot. The shops were closed as if for a holiday; people, men and women, evidently all Turks, were quietly moving about the streets. The stillness of it seemed to me the most appalling part. One soon grew hardened to the sight of dead men. One came to expect that venerable Ulemas and ascetic young Softas, on their way from mosque to mosque, would kick the mangled bodies which blocked their paths, and curse them for dogs of Armenian traitors. The pools of blood in the streets, in some places actually dripping and trickling downhill, came in time, after you had stepped over and around a hundred of them, to remind you of some early visit to a slaughter house. Animal blood all seems the same: it was hard to realize that this had run in human veins.

Looking back upon those three terrible days in Constantinople, in August, 1896, when from seven to ten thousand Armenians were killed, it is difficult to believe that such things actually occurred. The first news of the outbreak came most unexpectedly. It found the diplomatic colony in the enjoyment of one of their delightful summers at Therapia. Both threats and entreaties had been received at the embassies from the Armenian revolutionary societies; but these had come to be so usual that they were not noticed, — so many threats had remained unfulfilled. Perhaps the culminating event of that season at this Oriental Newport was the very pretty *bal poudre* that was given at the British Embassy by the *chargé d'affaires* and his attrac-

tive American wife on the evening of August 25th. As our party separated in the early morning of the 26th, not one of us dreamed of what the day would bring. The passing of ten hours found some members of the party prisoners in the Imperial Ottoman Bank, at the mercy of a band of determined Armenian revolutionists, who threatened to blow up themselves and their prisoners with hundreds of pounds of dynamite. It found the rest of us hurrying, frightened, up and down the city, doing whatever we could to save them. It found the women weeping and terror-stricken, huddled together in small groups for comfort and consolation.

I did not go down to the city that morning. In the summer season, the presence of one of the members of the force in the American Legation each day was all that was necessary. As it happened to be the turn of Riddle, my colleague, the minister and I remained at Therapia, busily engaged with Washington correspondence. We had no news from town until about four o'clock in the afternoon; then one by one horrified messengers began to arrive. The first only knew that a general massacre was on; that the streets were filled with dead Armenians, and that bombs were being exploded all over town, especially wherever a squad of Turkish soldiery attempted to pass. Later came news of the taking of the great bank. Of course we had no details until days afterwards; at first we heard only that the bank was held by a band of twenty-five revolutionists, who threatened to blow it up with all of the two hundred employees inside, unless the Sultan promised immediate compliance with their demands. These called for the improvement of the political status of his Armenian subjects. Afterward we heard how



two strange Armenians had come to the receiving teller of the bank that morning and announced that, as agents of a silver mine in the interior, they wished to deposit a lot of silver bullion. This was a common occurrence, and they were told to bring in the bricks. What seemed to be the ordinary hamáls (porters) of the streets were given free admittance with the bags of supposed bullion on their backs. Then came the sudden killing of the two great Croatian porters, who stood in red and gold liveries at the door, and huge iron doors were swiftly closed and barred. In full possession of the bank, the alleged miners announced their terms to the frightened directors present, and sent out one of them as a messenger to the palace, bearing their demand and the fierce threat accompanying it. This was Wednesday afternoon. That night no one slept. Diplomatic launches were going up and down the Bosphorus all night. The ambassadors were sending their dragomans first to the bank, to parley with the revolutionists, and then to the palace, to insist there that immediate steps be taken for the release of the unfortunate men in the bank, and that a stop be put to the prevalent wholesale murder. Naturally, the women relatives of the directors and clerks in the bank were nearly distracted with fear. We caught ourselves listening for the sound of a great explosion. It was nearly day when Maximoff, the famous first dragoman of the Russian Embassy, brought the Sultan's promise of immunity to the revolutionists, as well as the immediate proclamation of the political reforms, if they would give up the bank. Surrendering, as they said, not to save their wretched lives, but to secure the desired irade (proclamation), they were taken, carefully guarded, to the French launch in the Golden Horn, and carried out to the private yacht of Sir Edgar Vincent, governor-general of the bank, anchored in the Sea of Marmora, to

await there the coming of an outbound passenger boat which would take them to Marseilles. In this way the ambassadors secured their first point. The bank employees, save the poor doorkeepers who had been killed at first, came out uninjured, and told us wonderful tales of their fifteen hours' imprisonment. During that time a continual fusillade went on between the soldiers surrounding the bank without and the Armenians within. One of the band accidentally dropped a piece of dynamite, and was torn to pieces in the explosion which followed. He died after hours of stoic suffering, refusing all aid offered him by the clerks: he was glad, he said, to die for his country.

Next day we were early in town. In the clear August sunlight the outlook was ghastly. We stopped by the bullet-battered bank, on our way to the Legation. We saw pools of blood dotting the cobble pavement, and lines of soldiers standing silently about. We were just concluding that the massacre had stopped when a rattle of shots attracted our attention to a side street, where a crowd of rough-looking Turks were gathered before a barred and barricaded house. We passed several similar scenes, all of them in front of Armenian houses. The shots came from the owners, who were vainly trying to defend themselves against the rapacious mob. The stolid Turkish soldiers, standing about meanwhile, acted as if they were wholly unconscious of what was going on. The only moving vehicles in the empty streets were carts and carriages loaded down with dead men, — the bodies piled in any fashion, arms and legs hanging out, — on their way to the cemeteries. There was prompt system evident in every direction. The dead were being taken out of sight almost before they grew cold; the battered Armenian shops were being closed up with rough boards; lines of patrol were established in all of the principal streets. Every-

thing was done save the one thing essential: no one raised his hand to save an Armenian life. Wherever two Turks, or even one, met a luckless Armenian or ferreted out his hiding-place, they beat him over the head with the wooden clubs which all the Turks carried, and an Armenian never attempted to resist. With a submission that was wonderful, he bowed his head to the blows. Only when he was in his home, barricaded, and felt that he could kill several Turkish soldiers, did he ever make any show of resistance.

When we reached the Legation, we heard unnumbered stories of the day and night before. Many people, among them rich Armenian bankers and merchants, were gathered there for protection, and each had some terrible personal experience to relate. Most of them had lost relatives, and all had lost friends. Lemme, our second dragoman, who lived over in Psamatia, the Armenian quarter of Stamboul, told of the awful butchery going on there, because the place was known as a hotbed of revolution. Many of the revolutionists were armed with dynamite, and were throwing bombs wherever Turkish soldiers tried to arrest them. He told how one band barricaded itself in a church, and kept off the soldiers for hours. Finally, by promising to surrender, they tempted the soldiers in, until the church was filled; then, exploding a great amount of powder and dynamite, they killed themselves and their enemies. Of course many of the stories were exaggerated. One, subsequently verified, was of ten Turks who, armed with wooden clubs, entered the general railway station in Stamboul and killed thirteen Armenians, who were working with iron crowbars upon the track. It was in a discussion that arose over this incident that I heard one of the most prominent of the Armenian bankers of the city say to the minister, who could not understand the sheeplike submission of a whole race to death, that

every Armenian was ready to die, if assured that his death would arouse Europe to the extermination of the Turk. We had often heard this threat of national suicide, but could never before believe it. A letter from the venerable missionary, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, published in our Red Book for 1895, quoted it as coming from a leader of the revolution. Only after this experience was its appalling truth forced upon us.

As it was well established that the murderers were seeking none but Armenians, and were offering not the slightest injury to other Christians, we were also convinced of what it has been so hard for the Western world to understand. This is that these massacres were in no sense religious, but were wholly political. They had no connection with the Moslem church, except in so far as all political movements have their centre in the priesthood. Armenians were killed because the Turks were convinced that they were conspiring against the holy government; and they were permitted to be killed because that same holy government did not dare to add to its well-established unpopularity by interfering with its infuriated subjects. Undoubtedly the priesthood had much to do with inciting the murderers.

Thursday afternoon, convinced of the safety of all other Christians, Riddle and I, accompanied by Cabell, a young Virginian, a chance tourist in Constantinople, took a long walk, wholly undefended and unarmed, over into Stamboul, where we knew the massacre was still unrestrained. Here again we saw the silent groups and the dead bodies they left behind when they moved on. We also saw, to be perfectly just, bands of cavalry in the open places, dispersing the mobs with riding-whips. But never a Turkish soldier dared to fire on a ruffian. And the soldiers seemed totally blind to many murders that went on in the smaller side streets.

Thursday night the killing continued;



so, also, all night long, the rattle of the death carts through the streets carrying the dead to the burying trenches. Not until Friday night did the continual pressure of the ambassadors force the government to issue orders to the soldiers to fire on all mobs. Then the massacre came promptly to an end. A visit made on Saturday morning to the Armenian cemetery at Chichli gave the best idea of the awful extent of the deadly work. Here the American and the Belgian ministers estimated that they saw from fifteen hundred to two thousand bodies, laid out in long lines, awaiting the completion of the trenches. Many of them had been lying in the hot sun since Wednesday, and were so swollen that their arms and legs were thrust up stark and stiff into the air.

Is it to be wondered at that, after this experience, ordinary stories of suffering and death seemed trivial, and only the extraordinary moved us to attention? For weeks there was a constant stream of petitioners to the American Legation asking for protection and aid to leave the country. Since we had been directed by the government to give aid to all who could prove their American citizenship (many Armenians have secured naturalization from us, only to return home to live), as well as to the women relatives of Armenian citizens in America, the idea got abroad that we were befriending the whole race. Therefore hundreds who could establish no claim upon us were turned away, weeping and bitter. Every morning there were sure to be groups of them sitting about the hall of the Legation, awaiting the arrival of the minister. They all came to be of the same type, and to attract little of our attention.

One afternoon, on coming in from luncheon, I saw sitting just outside the minister's room, where so often I had seen the black-draped figures, widowed or childless, a large woman with a markedly strong face. She was not bowed

down in grief, as many of them had been, but sat straight up, looking ahead as if she saw nothing of the passing visitors. If there was some ideal of incarnate motherhood about her, there was also a firm expression of self-reliance. Her story, I felt, would not be of the usual tearful type. Her clear eyes were of a sort that yields few tears. As she waited for an audience I watched her, convinced that hers would be no ordinary story.

I spoke to Lemme about her. Lemme knew all the prominent Armenians in town. "Oh yes," he said, "that is old Madame Manelian. I would have sworn that she was mixed up in the troubles in some way. She is a very famous character in Psamatia, and I heard the other day that all three of her sons were killed in the massacre. Her father was Agop Agopian, one of the best known Armenians in this country under the reign of Abdul Medjid. He was one of the Sultan's secretaries, and for a long time one of those favorites such as we still have, and who, as you know, are often the real power. He once saved the Sultan's life, when a young officer, for some grievance, attacked his Majesty. Agopian snatched a gun and killed the youngster. He grew old and rich and, it was said, very corrupt in the service. His daughter, the lady there in the hall, married Manelian, a professor in the military school near St. Sofia. At the time of the deposition of Murad in '76 Manelian was charged with fomenting a conspiracy among the students, and was sent to die at work on the fortifications somewhere on the frontier. Ever since then Madame Manelian has been very bitter, and does not hesitate to call down curses on the head of the present Sultan openly and everywhere. I wonder the authorities have not laid hands on her long before this."

This determined me to hear her story, and when I spoke to her she replied, as do most Armenians, in bad Levantine

French. Fortunately a prominent Armenian came in for a visit to the minister just at this time, and she was enabled to tell her story fluently in her own language, which he interpreted, as she went slowly along, in perfect English. It was written down that night into a long memorandum, and I am therefore able to give it here almost in her own language :—

“I come to ask your Excellency to be so graciously kind as to assist me, as you have assisted so many of my poor people, to leave this burial ground of our race. If I were a man I would stay here and fight for my rights. But I am only a poor woman, sixty years old. I have given my husband and my sons to the cause, and what more can a woman give? The police know me and watch me, but they do not dare to hurt me. The bloody monster of Yildiz, base as he is, will not allow them to touch me. He remembers what his father, Abdul Medjid, owed to my father Agopian. He would have arrested me, but he is superstitious and therefore frightened. My father saved his father’s life; he fears that he would lose his own if I were harmed. I am safe. But my strength is almost gone; I have no further sons to urge against him; my days are almost run, and I would die in peace. My only remaining child, a daughter, is married and living in Bucharest; I come, therefore, to your Excellency, to ask your protection in leaving, and a small assistance which will enable me to reach Roumania.”

Questioned as to what claim she had upon the United States, she knew of none. She understood that we were giving assistance to all Armenians who wished to leave. Assured that this was a mistake, she seemed very much disappointed, though she gave no sign of the tearful pleading usual at this point. But in his kindness the minister promised to use his good offices for her, and to do what he could, unofficially,

to assist her departure. Then, because he was anxious to gather all the information possible concerning the massacres, he asked her of her experience. Very slowly and calmly, with but slight punctuation of sighs, she told this remarkable story :—

“I had no cause to raise my sons to love the Sultan. Their poor father was sent to cruel imprisonment and a slow death, only because he was a friend of the brave, good Murad, whose place this usurper now holds. They knew his history. But to save them I sent them away as soon as they had been properly educated. Serkis, the elder, went to Athens, where he followed his father’s profession and taught. Hagop went first to Marseilles, then to Paris, and finally to Berne, where he was actively engaged in furthering the work of the revolutionary committee. But this, I assure your Excellency, was against my advice. Only Mardiros, their milk brother, the child of my sister, who died in giving him birth, remained with me. My daughter Anna was married two years ago. Almost before I knew it my boys became very much involved and very enthusiastic in the Huntchagist cause. The government knew it. The police came to see me and questioned me about them. They followed Mardiros, but he, poor boy, knew nothing of the cause until my sons returned.

“I was ignorant of their plans until one night in July they knocked at my door. I should never have known them, they were so grown and changed. Both had heavy beards, and their oldest friends passed them in the street unnoticed. We sat that whole night through talking of their plans. They had returned for a grand demonstration in favor of the reforms. Mardiros was soon their enthusiastic companion. He helped to conceal their presence; and he gave it out among the neighbors that I had taken in two of his companions of the Regie [tobacco monopoly] to board.



We thought we had completely deceived the police. Serkis and Hagop came and went undisturbed for a month. They were so brave and so unselfish. My pride in them was very great. I knew the whole plan. I had helped with my own hands to store the explosives in the cellar of my own house. They went out each night to meetings of the revolutionists, and spent the day in the manufacture of bombs, which Hagop had learned in Switzerland, and which he soon taught to Serkis and Mardiros. They planned that one band, as has come to pass, should seize the bank in Galata. Another, on the same day, was to occupy the great building of the administration of the Ottoman debt in Stamboul. In this last party were my boys. I saw them go forth on the morning of the day, and kissed them good-by as proudly as if they went to battle. I had well nursed my hatred through the long years; I almost wished, old woman that I am, to go with them. Then I waited.

“Now that I see more clearly than I did through the youthful enthusiasm of my boys’ eyes, I believe that we are not a fit people for self-government. Long submission has propagated in us all the meaner vices, and the virtues have had little nourishment. I have long known we are a race despised by the world. My boys knew it also. They told me how the people in other countries judge Armenians; but they were filled with enthusiasm to prove their bravery and their honor, and I shared in their ardor. Now I have greater faith in the judgment of the world. In spite of the long cruelty of the Turks to my people as a race, in spite of what we have all suffered as individuals under the present reign, there were actually Armenians so base that for a little of the Sultan’s gold they betrayed their brothers. Some there were who, attending all of the meetings, promptly made plain to the authorities all that passed.

The government knew of the whole plan days before it came to be carried out. They could have prevented the whole demonstration. But it pleased them to permit the attack on the bank to be made, in order to justify in the eyes of the world a wholesale massacre. And they have well succeeded.

“It happened that one of the chief traitors was to lead the attack on the debt building. He failed to appear at the proper time, and sent messengers postponing the attack and deceiving my boys, who were there ready. Then came the news, like lightning, of the taking of the bank. My boys hurried home and thought themselves still safe. They little knew, as I know now, that the police, thanks to their traitorous colleagues, had been watching them for days. On the evening of Wednesday one of the chief police of Psamatia, at the head of a squad of soldiers, came to my house and demanded my sons. By this time the killing was well on in the streets, and all of our houses were closed. I opened a window in the upper story and denied that my sons were in the country. He replied that I was lying, and then began to tell me how long they had been there, what they had been doing, and even where they had been in the morning. The boys, who were listening behind me, knew then that some one had proven traitor. I still denied their presence. Then the officer ordered the men to batter in the door. They struck it not more than once, when Serkis seized some bombs which were under the divan and began to let them fall among the soldiers. Two, I think, were killed. But as they began to shoot I could no longer watch them. I ran to aid Mardiros in bringing the bombs from the cellar into the second story. Before we had carried them all upstairs the soldiers came back reinforced and the battle began again. One of their bullets made a fine hole for me to look through. How I rejoiced to

see the bragging police officer, who was directing the attack, die! Three times during the night they returned, and each time went back carrying their dead with them. None of us spoke a word. We all remained at our posts without food and without drink. We saw them kill the neighbors. They even set fire to the near-by houses in the hope of reaching ours. But, for a time at least, God was with us and the houses would not burn. Though none of us said a word of it during all that night and the next morning, we all seemed to know what was to be done. I have often wondered how the same idea came into the minds of all three of my boys, though there had been no plans for this circumstance beforehand. Meanwhile we all worked with a will, repulsing each attack as it was made, and killing I should say at least ten soldiers and wounding as many more. Turks are brave. They never fear death. When I was not watching I was distributing the ammunition in three little piles behind each of my boys. I also watched for an attack on the back door. It never came. We had but to open the wooden shutter for a moment whenever the soldiers tried to enter the door and let the bombs fall. The noise was so great as completely to deafen me. I remember wondering why the last made so little noise. There was a deep pit dug in front of the house where the bombs had fallen.

"It was just at sunset on Thursday when the last attack was made. I had not thought of the time when our ammunition would give out, but the boys had. They did not tell me, perhaps thinking that I would oppose them. I was trying to count the dead from the last bomb when I heard a different and a nearer report in the room. My first-born, Serkis, had shot himself in the temple. Then I saw to my horror that

all of the ammunition was gone. I heard the blows of the soldiers raining upon the door, as I ran to pick up my dying son. I had not noticed that Hagop had taken the pistol from his hand until another shot in the room took my eyes from Serkis. Hagop lay at my feet. He died immediately. None of us said a word. The blows came thicker and thicker upon the door below, but it was strong. I saw little Mardiros take the pistol out of Hagop's hand, and I did not try to stop him. He looked straight at me and smiled as he pressed the barrel against his temple. I did not seem to hear the sound of the shot that killed him, for there was a great crashing noise made by the falling in of the door. I heard them entering below with loud hurrahs and curses. Serkis' head was in my lap. As I heard them searching downstairs, I put out all my strength and drew my other dead babies to me, and, leaning my back against the wall, pillowed their heads in my lap. I was smoothing their hair with my fingers when the soldiers entered the room. It was nearly dark, and one held a lighted torch. Five or six of them came, but somehow they all stopped as soon as they saw us. They stood there for some time looking at me, saying nothing, and I spoke not to them, but I smoothed the hair of my boys. Then one said, 'Leave the old she-dog alone with her dead puppies.' And they went away."

We all sat for some minutes in silence after the story was told. The desolate mother had the same clear look in her eyes, wherein was never a tear. She scarcely breathed a sigh, but the interpreter was weeping softly, — weeping, I suppose, over this fine remaining monument of his degenerate race. And surely such a one should leaven a multitude despised!

*Chalmers Roberts.*



## SALUTATION.

TO NICHOLAS II.

1898.

SALUTE the soul that dares, though royal born,  
 Become knight errant of the hope forlorn;  
 Disdain the sneer that curls the curving lip,  
 Arrest a world's doubt by the sceptre tip.  
 As sure as crawling slug within the wood,  
 The lowest reading of the highest mood.  
 As surely as the skies the caverns crown,  
 The noble deed shall live the base thought down.  
 As certain as the dawn to stir the dark,  
 The arrow of the age flies to its mark.  
 Dividing years and years to be shall know  
 Whose was the hand that held and bent the bow.  
 Now, then, and ever well the great law wears:  
 All souls high-born salute the soul that dares.

Mighty the voices of powers  
 Pent in the prisoned world;  
 Mighty the forces of nations,  
 Peoples on peoples hurled.  
 Strong are the hands of the masters  
 Moulding the minds of men;  
 Gray is the wisdom of statecraft,  
 Old is the poisoned pen.

Mightier the cry of the human  
 Wakening from his sleep;  
 Mightier the woe of the ages  
 Wailing up from the deep.  
 Stronger the ache of the yearning  
 Arms that were torn apart;  
 Wiser the science of loving,  
 Older the smitten heart.

Policy, thronecraft, and deathcraft,  
 Cursèd and choked with blood;  
 Codes and traditions, delusions,  
 Evil intent for good, —  
 Great was your day. But there cometh  
 Greater than that, or this.  
 Lean on the strength of the State, where  
 Peace the archangel is.

Deep is the truth as mid-ether,  
 Fixed as the suns above;  
 Laurels of death bud no roses  
 Of joy and of gentle love.  
 Challenge the drum-throbs to tell it!  
 Bugles, oh, sing it wild!  
 Worth the world, dear are the kisses  
 Of wife and of clinging child.

Spirits of men who have yielded  
 Hopes of their youth and prime;  
 Scorning for flag and for country.  
 Dreams and the deeds of time, —  
 An army invincible marcheth,  
 Moveth with soundless tramp,  
 Glittering, and serried, and awful,  
 Out of an unknown camp.

“Where are the visions we died for?  
 Gone with the gift of breath;  
 Dim as the standards we followed.  
 Grant us the rights of death!  
 Blood-bought the protest we enter;  
 Crimson, our brief is unfurled.  
 Who hears the vanished complainants  
 Hushed in the courts of the world?”

“Nay! Add no more to our legions!  
 Piteous their number rolls.  
 Ghosts of the slaughtered quintillions, —  
 Countless the sum of our souls.  
 We, doomed by a brutal beast doctrine  
 Blind from its hated birth,  
 Arraign it! arraign it! appealing  
 Up from the courts of the earth.”

But vaster another pale army, —  
 Fearful their ranks appear;  
 Sweeping on, sacred, resistless,  
 The broken of heart draw near.  
 Phalanxes terrible, gentle,  
 Crying with outstretched hands:  
 “Alas, for the anguish of women,  
 Wide as the seas and sands!”

“Sobs of the wife, of the mother,  
 Moans of the widowed maid;  
 Our soldiers did sleep in their trenches.  
 We have lived on,” they said.



"Ancient our suit is. Present it.

Who rights us, desolate?

Man's is the crime: we arraign him.

God's is the bar: we wait."

Compassionate of soul! Fused from an iron race,  
Elect of heaven and thine own heart, sustain the case.  
Peace, conquering, warred with war within thy regal veins;  
The bounding artery of mercy strong remains.  
Be blest! For grateful tears of living and of dead  
Shall melt and mist into a rainbow round thy head.  
Crown of the Romanoffs on colder brows has shone;  
But *this*, of all thy House, thou proudly wear'st alone.

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

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## A NEGRO SCHOOLMASTER IN THE NEW SOUTH.

ONCE upon a time I taught school in the hills of Tennessee, where the broad dark vale of the Mississippi begins to roll and crumple to greet the Alleghanies. I was a Fisk student then, and all Fisk men think that Tennessee — beyond the Veil — is theirs alone, and in vacation time they sally forth in lusty bands to meet the county school commissioners. Young and happy, I too went, and I shall not soon forget that summer, ten years ago.

First, there was a teachers' Institute at the county-seat; and there distinguished guests of the superintendent taught the teachers fractions and spelling and other mysteries, — white teachers in the morning, Negroes at night. A picnic now and then, and a supper, and the rough world was softened by laughter and song. I remember how — But I wander.

There came a day when all the teachers left the Institute, and began the hunt for schools. I learn from hearsay (for my mother was mortally afraid of firearms) that the hunting of ducks and bears and men is wonderfully interesting, but I am sure that the man who has never hunted a country school has something to learn of the pleasures of

the chase. I see now the white, hot roads lazily rise and fall and wind before me under the burning July sun; I feel the deep weariness of heart and limb, as ten, eight, six miles stretch relentlessly ahead; I feel my heart sink heavily as I hear again and again, "Got a teacher? Yes." So I walked on and on, — horses were too expensive, — until I had wandered beyond railways, beyond stage lines, to a land of "varmint" and rattlesnakes, where the coming of a stranger was an event, and men lived and died in the shadow of one blue hill.

Sprinkled over hill and dale lay cabins and farmhouses, shut out from the world by the forests and the rolling hills toward the east. There I found at last a little school. Josie told me of it; she was a thin, homely girl of twenty, with a dark brown face and thick, hard hair. I had crossed the stream at Wassertown, and rested under the great willows; then I had gone to the little cabin in the lot where Josie was resting on her way to town. The gaunt farmer made me welcome, and Josie, hearing my errand, told me anxiously that they wanted a school over the hill; that but once since the war had a teacher been there;

that she herself longed to learn, — and thus she ran on, talking fast and loud, with much earnestness and energy.

Next morning I crossed the tall round hill, lingered to look at the blue and yellow mountains stretching toward the Carolinas; then I plunged into the wood, and came out at Josie's home. It was a dull frame cottage with four rooms, perched just below the brow of the hill, amid peach trees. The father was a quiet, simple soul, calmly ignorant, with no touch of vulgarity. The mother was different, — strong, bustling, and energetic, with a quick, restless tongue, and an ambition to live "like folks." There was a crowd of children. Two boys had gone away. There remained two growing girls; a shy midget of eight; John, tall, awkward, and eighteen; Jim, younger, quicker, and better looking; and two babies of indefinite age. Then there was Josie herself. She seemed to be the centre of the family: always busy at service or at home, or berry-picking; a little nervous and inclined to scold, like her mother, yet faithful, too, like her father. She had about her a certain fineness, the shadow of an unconscious moral heroism that would willingly give all of life to make life broader, deeper, and fuller for her and hers. I saw much of this family afterward, and grew to love them for their honest efforts to be decent and comfortable, and for their knowledge of their own ignorance. There was with them no affectation. The mother would scold the father for being so "easy;" Josie would roundly rate the boys for carelessness; and all knew that it was a hard thing to dig a living out of a rocky side hill.

I secured the school. I remember the day I rode horseback out to the commissioner's house, with a pleasant young white fellow, who wanted the white school. The road ran down the bed of a stream; the sun laughed and the water jingled, and we rode on. "Come in," said the commissioner, — "come in.

Have a seat. Yes, that certificate will do. Stay to dinner. What do you want a month?" Oh, thought I, this is lucky; but even then fell the awful shadow of the Veil, for they ate first, then I — alone.

The schoolhouse was a log hut, where Colonel Wheeler used to shelter his corn. It sat in a lot behind a rail fence and thorn bushes, near the sweetest of springs. There was an entrance where a door once was, and within, a massive rickety fireplace; great chinks between the logs served as windows. Furniture was scarce. A pale blackboard crouched in the corner. My desk was made of three boards, reinforced at critical points, and my chair, borrowed from the landlady, had to be returned every night. Seats for the children, — these puzzled me much. I was haunted by a New England vision of neat little desks and chairs, but, alas, the reality was rough plank benches without backs, and at times without legs. They had the one virtue of making naps dangerous, — possibly fatal, for the floor was not to be trusted.

It was a hot morning late in July when the school opened. I trembled when I heard the patter of little feet down the dusty road, and saw the growing row of dark solemn faces and bright eager eyes facing me. First came Josie and her brothers and sisters. The longing to know, to be a student in the great school at Nashville, hovered like a star above this child woman amid her work and worry, and she studied doggedly. There were the Dowells from their farm over toward Alexandria: Fanny, with her smooth black face and wondering eyes; Martha, brown and dull; the pretty girl wife of a brother, and the younger brood. There were the Burkes, two brown and yellow lads, and a tiny haughty-eyed girl. Fat Reuben's little chubby girl came, with golden face and old gold hair, faithful and solemn. "Thenie was on hand early, — a jolly, ugly, good-hearted girl, who slyly dipped snuff and looked



after her little bow-legged brother. When her mother could spare her, "Tildy came, — a midnight beauty, with starry eyes and tapering limbs; and her brother, correspondingly homely. And then the big boys: the hulking Lawrences; the lazy Neills, unfathered sons of mother and daughter; Hickman, with a stoop in his shoulders; and the rest.

There they sat, nearly thirty of them, on the rough benches, their faces shading from a pale cream to a deep brown, the little feet bare and swinging, the eyes full of expectation, with here and there a twinkle of mischief, and the hands grasping Webster's blue-back spelling-book. I loved my school, and the fine faith the children had in the wisdom of their teacher was truly marvelous. We read and spelled together, wrote a little, picked flowers, sang, and listened to stories of the world beyond the hill. At times the school would dwindle away, and I would start out. I would visit Mun Eddings, who lived in two very dirty rooms, and ask why little Eugene, whose flaming face seemed ever ablaze with the dark red hair uncombed, was absent all last week, or why I missed so often the inimitable rags of Mack and Ed. Then the father, who worked Colonel Wheeler's farm on shares, would tell me how the crops needed the boys; and the thin, slovenly mother, whose face was pretty when washed, assured me that Eugene must mind the baby. "But we 'll start them again next week." When the Lawrences stopped, I knew that the doubts of the old folks about book-learning had conquered again, and so, toiling up the hill, and getting as far into the cabin as possible, I put Cicero pro Archia Poeta into the simplest English with local applications, and usually convinced them — for a week or so.

On Friday nights I often went home with some of the children; sometimes to Doc Burke's farm. He was a great, loud, thin Black, ever working, and trying to buy the seventy-five acres of hill

and dale where he lived; but people said that he would surely fail, and the "white folks would get it all." His wife was a magnificent Amazon, with saffron face and shining hair, uncorseted and barefooted, and the children were strong and beautiful. They lived in a one-and-a-half-room cabin in the hollow of the farm, near the spring. The front room was full of great fat white beds, scrupulously neat; and there were bad chromos on the walls, and a tired centre-table. In the tiny back kitchen I was often invited to "take out and help" myself to fried chicken and wheat biscuit, "meat" and corn pone, string beans and berries. At first I used to be a little alarmed at the approach of bedtime in the one lone bedroom, but embarrassment was very deftly avoided. First, all the children nodded and slept, and were stowed away in one great pile of goose feathers; next, the mother and the father discreetly slipped away to the kitchen while I went to bed; then, blowing out the dim light, they retired in the dark. In the morning all were up and away before I thought of awaking. Across the road, where fat Reuben lived, they all went outdoors while the teacher retired, because they did not boast the luxury of a kitchen.

I liked to stay with the Dowells, for they had four rooms and plenty of good country fare. Uncle Bird had a small, rough farm, all woods and hills, miles from the big road; but he was full of tales, — he preached now and then, — and with his children, berries, horses, and wheat he was happy and prosperous. Often, to keep the peace, I must go where life was less lovely; for instance, "Tildy's mother was incorrigibly dirty, Reuben's larder was limited seriously, and herds of untamed bedbugs wandered over the Eddingses' beds. Best of all I loved to go to Josie's, and sit on the porch, eating peaches, while the mother bustled and talked: how Josie had bought the sewing-machine; how

Josie worked at service in winter, but that four dollars a month was "mighty little" wages; how Josie longed to go away to school, but that it "looked like" they never could get far enough ahead to let her; how the crops failed and the well was yet unfinished; and, finally, how "mean" some of the white folks were.

For two summers I lived in this little world; it was dull and humdrum. The girls looked at the hill in wistful longing, and the boys fretted, and haunted Alexandria. Alexandria was "town," — a straggling, lazy village of houses, churches, and shops, and an aristocracy of Toms, Dicks, and Captains. Cuddled on the hill to the north was the village of the colored folks, who lived in three or four room unpainted cottages, some neat and homelike, and some dirty. The dwellings were scattered rather aimlessly, but they centred about the twin temples of the hamlet, the Methodist and the Hard-Shell Baptist churches. These, in turn, leaned gingerly on a sad-colored schoolhouse. Hither my little world wended its crooked way on Sunday to meet other worlds, and gossip, and wonder, and make the weekly sacrifice with frenzied priest at the altar of the "old-time religion." Then the soft melody and mighty cadences of Negro song fluttered and thundered.

I have called my tiny community a world, and so its isolation made it; and yet there was among us but a half-awakened common consciousness, sprung from common joy and grief, at burial, birth, or wedding; from a common hardship in poverty, poor land, and low wages; and, above all, from the sight of the Veil that hung between us and Opportunity. All this caused us to think some thoughts together; but these, when ripe for speech, were spoken in various languages. Those whose eyes thirty and more years before had seen "the glory of the coming of the Lord" saw in every present hindrance or help a

dark fatalism bound to bring all things right in His own good time. The mass of those to whom slavery was a dim recollection of childhood found the world a puzzling thing: it asked little of them, and they answered with little, and yet it ridiculed their offering. Such a paradox they could not understand, and therefore sank into listless indifference, or shiftlessness, or reckless bravado. There were, however, some such as Josie, Jim, and Ben, — they to whom War, Hell, and Slavery were but childhood tales, whose young appetites had been whetted to an edge by school and story and half-awakened thought. Ill could they be content, born without and beyond the World. And their weak wings beat against their barriers, — barriers of caste, of youth, of life; at last, in dangerous moments, against everything that opposed even a whim.

The ten years that follow youth, the years when first the realization comes that life is leading somewhere, — these were the years that passed after I left my little school. When they were past, I came by chance once more to the walls of Fisk University, to the halls of the chapel of melody. As I lingered there in the joy and pain of meeting old school friends, there swept over me a sudden longing to pass again beyond the blue hill, and to see the homes and the school of other days, and to learn how life had gone with my school-children; and I went.

Josie was dead, and the gray-haired mother said simply, "We 've had a heap of trouble since you 've been away." I had feared for Jim. With a cultured parentage and a social caste to uphold him, he might have made a venturesome merchant or a West Point cadet. But here he was, angry with life and reckless; and when Farmer Durham charged him with stealing wheat, the old man had to ride fast to escape the stones which the furious fool hurled after him. They told



Jim to run away; but he would not run, and the constable came that afternoon. It grieved Josie, and great awkward John walked nine miles every day to see his little brother through the bars of Lebanon jail. At last the two came back together in the dark night. The mother cooked supper, and Josie emptied her purse, and the boys stole away. Josie grew thin and silent, yet worked the more. The hill became steep for the quiet old father, and with the boys away there was little to do in the valley. Josie helped them sell the old farm, and they moved nearer town. Brother Dennis, the carpenter, built a new house with six rooms; Josie toiled a year in Nashville, and brought back ninety dollars to furnish the house and change it to a home.

When the spring came, and the birds twittered, and the stream ran proud and full, little sister Lizzie, bold and thoughtless, flushed with the passion of youth, bestowed herself on the tempter, and brought home a nameless child. Josie shivered, and worked on, with the vision of schooldays all fled, with a face wan and tired, — worked until, on a summer's day, some one married another; then Josie crept to her mother like a hurt child, and slept — and sleeps.

I paused to scent the breeze as I entered the valley. The Lawrences have gone; father and son forever, and the other son lazily digs in the earth to live. A new young widow rents out their cabin to fat Reuben. Reuben is a Baptist preacher now, but I fear as lazy as ever, though his cabin has three rooms; and little Ella has grown into a bouncing woman, and is ploughing corn on the hot hillside. There are babies a plenty, and one half-witted girl. Across the valley is a house I did not know before, and there I found, rocking one baby and expecting another, one of my schoolgirls, a daughter of Uncle Bird Dowell. She looked somewhat worried with her new duties, but soon bristled into pride over

her neat cabin, and the tale of her thrifty husband, the horse and cow, and the farm they were planning to buy.

My log schoolhouse was gone. In its place stood Progress, and Progress, I understand, is necessarily ugly. The crazy foundation stones still marked the former site of my poor little cabin, and not far away, on six weary boulders, perched a jaunty board house, perhaps twenty by thirty feet, with three windows and a door that locked. Some of the window glass was broken, and part of an old iron stove lay mournfully under the house. I peeped through the window half reverently, and found things that were more familiar. The black-board had grown by about two feet, and the seats were still without backs. The county owns the lot now, I hear, and every year there is a session of school. As I sat by the spring and looked on the Old and the New I felt glad, very glad, and yet —

After two long drinks I started on. There was the great double log house on the corner. I remembered the broken, blighted family that used to live there. The strong, hard face of the mother, with its wilderness of hair, rose before me. She had driven her husband away, and while I taught school a strange man lived there, big and jovial, and people talked. I felt sure that Ben and 'Tildy would come to naught from such a home. But this is an odd world; for Ben is a busy farmer in Smith County, "doing well, too," they say, and he had cared for little 'Tildy until last spring, when a lover married her. A hard life the lad had led, toiling for meat, and laughed at because he was homely and crooked. There was Sam Carlon, an impudent old skinflint, who had definite notions about niggers, and hired Ben a summer and would not pay him. Then the hungry boy gathered his sacks together, and in broad daylight went into Carlon's corn; and when the hard-fisted farmer set upon him, the angry boy flew at him

like a beast. Doc Burke saved a murder and a lynching that day.

The story reminded me again of the Burkes, and an impatience seized me to know who won in the battle, Doc or the seventy-five acres. For it is a hard thing to make a farm out of nothing, even in fifteen years. So I hurried on, thinking of the Burkes. They used to have a certain magnificent barbarism about them that I liked. They were never vulgar, never immoral, but rather rough and primitive, with an unconventionality that spent itself in loud guffaws, slaps on the back, and naps in the corner. I hurried by the cottage of the misborn Neill boys. It was empty, and they were grown into fat, lazy farm hands. I saw the home of the Hickmans, but Albert, with his stooping shoulders, had passed from the world. Then I came to the Burkes' gate and peered through; the inclosure looked rough and untrimmed, and yet there were the same fences around the old farm save to the left, where lay twenty-five other acres. And lo! the cabin in the hollow had climbed the hill and swollen to a half-finished six-room cottage.

The Burkes held a hundred acres, but they were still in debt. Indeed, the gaunt father who toiled night and day would scarcely be happy out of debt, being so used to it. Some day he must stop, for his massive frame is showing decline. The mother wore shoes, but the lionlike physique of other days was broken. The children had grown up. Rob, the image of his father, was loud and rough with laughter. Birdie, my school baby of six, had grown to a picture of maiden beauty, tall and tawny. "Edgar is gone," said the mother, with head half bowed, — "gone to work in Nashville; he and his father could n't agree."

Little Doc, the boy born since the time of my school, took me horseback down the creek next morning toward Farmer Dowell's. The road and the stream

were battling for mastery, and the stream had the better of it. We splashed and waded, and the merry boy, perched behind me, chattered and laughed. He showed me where Simon Thompson had bought a bit of ground and a home; but his daughter Lana, a plump, brown, slow girl, was not there. She had married a man and a farm twenty miles away. We wound on down the stream till we came to a gate that I did not recognize, but the boy insisted that it was "Uncle Bird's." The farm was fat with the growing crop. In that little valley was a strange stillness as I rode up; for death and marriage had stolen youth, and left age and childhood there. We sat and talked that night, after the chores were done. Uncle Bird was grayer, and his eyes did not see so well, but he was still jovial. We talked of the acres bought, — one hundred and twenty-five, — of the new guest chamber added, of Martha's marrying. Then we talked of death: Fanny and Fred were gone; a shadow hung over the other daughter, and when it lifted she was to go to Nashville to school. At last we spoke of the neighbors, and as night fell Uncle Bird told me how, on a night like that, 'Thenie came wandering back to her home over yonder, to escape the blows of her husband. And next morning she died in the home that her little bow-legged brother, working and saving, had bought for their widowed mother.

My journey was done, and behind me lay hill and dale, and Life and Death. How shall man measure Progress there where the dark-faced Josie lies? How many heartfuls of sorrow shall balance a bushel of wheat? How hard a thing is life to the lowly, and yet how human and real! And all this life and love and strife and failure, — is it the twilight of nightfall or the flush of some faint-dawning day?

Thus sadly musing, I rode to Nashville in the Jim Crow car.

*W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.*



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

## THE CORPS OF PAGES.

## IV.

THE years 1857–61 were years of rich growth in the intellectual forces of Russia. All that had been whispered for the last decade, in the secrecy of friendly meetings, by the generation represented in Russian literature by Turguéneff, Tolstoy, Hérzen, Bakúnin, Ogaróff, Kávélin, Dostoévsky, Grigoróvich, Ostróvsky, and Nekrásoff, began now to leak out in the press. Censorship was still very rigorous; but what could not be said openly in political articles was smuggled in under the form of novels, humorous sketches, or veiled comments on west European events, and every one read between the lines and understood.

Having no acquaintances at St. Petersburg apart from the school and a narrow circle of relatives, I stood outside the radical movement of those years, — miles, in fact, away from it. And yet, this was, perhaps, the main feature of the movement, — that it had the power to penetrate into so “well meaning” a school as our corps was, and to find an echo in such a circle as that of my Moscow relatives.

I used at that time to spend my Sundays and holidays at the house of my aunt, mentioned in a previous chapter under the name of Princess Mírski. Prince Mírski thought only of extraordinary lunches and dinners, while his wife and their young daughter led a very gay life. My cousin was a beautiful girl of nineteen, of a most amiable disposition, and nearly all her male cousins were madly in love with her. She, in turn, fell in love with one of them, and wanted to marry him. But to marry a cousin is considered a great sin by the Russian Church, and the old princess tried in vain to obtain a special permis-

sion from the high ecclesiastical dignitaries. Now she brought her daughter to St. Petersburg, hoping that she might choose among her many admirers a more suitable husband than her own cousin. It was labor lost, I must add; but their fashionable apartment was full of brilliant young men from the Guards and from the diplomatic service.

Such a house would be the last to be thought of in connection with revolutionary ideas; and yet it was in that house that I made my first acquaintance with the revolutionary literature of the times. The great refugee, Hérzen, had just begun to issue at London his review, *The Polar Star*, which made a commotion in Russia, even in the palace circles, and was widely circulated secretly at St. Petersburg. My cousin got it in some way, and we used to read it together. Her heart revolted against the obstacles which were put in the way of her happiness, and her mind was the more open to the powerful criticisms which the great writer launched against the Russian autocracy and all the rotten system of misgovernment. With a feeling near to worship I used to look on the medalion which was printed on the paper cover of *The Polar Star*, and which represented the noble heads of the five “Decembrists” whom Nicholas I. had hanged after the rebellion of December 14, 1825, — Bestúzheff, Káhovskiy, Péstel, Ryléeff, and Muravióv-Apóstol.

The beauty of the style of Hérzen, — of whom Turguéneff has truly said that he wrote in tears and blood, and that no other Russian had ever so written, — the breadth of his ideas, and his deep love of Russia took possession of me, and I used to read and re-read those pages, even more full of heart than of brain.

In 1859, or early in 1860, I began to edit my first revolutionary paper. At that age, what could I be but a constitutionalist? — and my paper advocated the necessity of a constitution for Russia. I wrote about the foolish expenses of the court, the sums of money which were spent at Nice to keep quite a squadron of the navy in attendance on the dowager Empress, who died in 1860; I mentioned the misdeeds of the functionaries which I continually heard spoken of, and I urged the necessity of constitutional rule. I wrote three copies of my paper, and slipped them into the desks of three comrades of the higher forms, who, I thought, might be interested in public affairs. I asked my readers to put their remarks behind the Scotch grandfather clock in our library.

With a throbbing heart, I went next day to see if there was something for me behind the clock. Two notes were there, indeed. Two comrades wrote that they fully sympathized with my paper, and only advised me not to risk too much. I wrote my second number, still more vigorously insisting upon the necessity of uniting all forces in the name of liberty. But this time there was no reply behind the clock. Instead the two comrades came to me.

"We are sure," they said, "that it is you who edit the paper, and we want to talk about it. We are quite agreed with you, and we are here to say, 'Let us be friends.' Your paper has done its work, — it has brought us together; but there is no need to continue it. In all the school there are only two more who would take any interest in such matters, while if it becomes known that there is a paper of this kind the consequences will be terrible for all of us. Let us constitute a circle and talk about everything; perhaps we shall put something into the heads of a few others."

This was so sensible that I had to agree, and we sealed our union by a hearty shaking of hands. From that

time we three became firm friends, and used to read a great deal together and discuss all sorts of things.

The abolition of serfdom was the question which then engrossed the attention of all thinking men.

The revolution of 1848 had had its distant echo in the hearts of the Russian peasant folk, and from the year 1850 the insurrections of revolted serfs began to take serious proportions. When the Crimean war broke out, and militia was levied all over Russia, these revolts spread with a violence never before heard of. Several serf-owners were killed by their serfs, and the peasant uprisings became so serious that whole regiments, with artillery, were sent to quell them, whereas in former times small detachments of soldiers would have been sufficient to terrorize the peasants into obedience.

These outbreaks on the one side, and the profound aversion to serfdom which had grown up in the generation which came to the front with the advent of Alexander II. to the throne, rendered the emancipation of the peasants more and more imperative. The Emperor, himself averse to serfdom, and supported, or rather influenced, in his own family by his wife, his brother Constantine, and the Grand Duchess Hélène Pávlovna, took the first steps in that direction. His intention was that the initiative of the reform should come from the nobility, the serf-owners themselves. But in no province of Russia could the nobility be induced to send a petition to the Tsar to that effect. In March, 1856, he himself addressed the Moscow nobility on the necessity of such a step; but a stubborn silence was all their reply to his speech, so that Alexander II., growing quite angry, concluded with those memorable words of Hérzen: "It is better, gentlemen, that it should come from above than to wait till it comes from beneath." Even these words had no effect,



and it was to the provinces of Old Poland, — Gródno, Wílno, and Kóvno, — where Napoleon I. had abolished serfdom (on paper) in 1812, that recourse was had. The governor-general of those provinces, Nazínoff, managed to obtain the desired address from the Polish nobility. In November, 1857, the famous "rescript" to the governor-general of the Lithuanian provinces, announcing the intention of the Emperor to abolish serfdom, was launched, and we read, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful article of Hérzen, "Thou hast conquered, Galilean," in which the refugees at London declared that they would no more look upon Alexander II. as an enemy, but would support him in the great work of emancipation.

The attitude of the peasants was extraordinary. No sooner had the news spread that the long-sighed-for liberation was coming than the insurrections nearly stopped. The peasants waited now, and during a journey which Alexander made in Middle Russia they flocked around him as he passed, beseeching him to grant them liberty, — a petition, however, which Alexander received with great repugnance. It is most remarkable — so strong is the force of tradition — that the rumor went among the peasants that it was Napoleon III. who had required of the Tsar, in the treaty of peace, that the peasants should be freed. I frequently heard this rumor; and on the very eve of the emancipation they seemed to doubt that it would be done without pressure from abroad. "Nothing will be done unless Garibaldi comes," was the reply which a peasant made at St. Petersburg to a comrade of mine who talked to him about "freedom coming."

But after these moments of general rejoicing years of incertitude and disquiet followed. Specially appointed committees in the provinces and at St. Petersburg discussed the proposed liberation of the serfs, but the intentions of Alexander II. seemed unsettled. A

check was continually put upon the press, in order to prevent it from discussing details. Sinister rumors circulated at St. Petersburg and reached our corps.

There was no lack of young men amongst the nobility who earnestly worked for a frank abolition of the old servitude; but the serfdom party drew closer and closer round the Emperor, and got power over his mind. They whispered into his ears that, the day serfdom was abolished, the peasants would begin to kill the landlords wholesale, and Russia would witness a new Pugachóff uprising, far more terrible than that of 1773. Alexander, who was a man of weak character and not over-courageous, — he always lived in the fear of sharing the fate of Louis XVI., — only too readily lent his ear to such predictions. But the huge machine for working out the emancipation law had been set to work. The committees had their sittings; scores of schemes of emancipation, addressed to the Emperor, circulated in manuscript or were printed at London. Hérzen, seconded by Turguéneff, who kept him well informed about all that was going on in government circles, presented in his *Bell and Polar Star* the details of the various schemes, and Chernyshévsky in the *Contemporary*. The Slavophiles, especially Aksákoff and Bélyáeff, had taken advantage of the first moments of relative freedom allowed the press to give the matter a wide publicity in Russia, and to discuss the features of the emancipation with a thorough understanding of its technical aspects. All intellectual St. Petersburg was with Hérzen, and particularly with Chernyshévsky, and I remember how the officers of the Horse Guards, whom I saw on Sundays, after the church parade, at the home of my cousin (Dmitri Nikoláevich Kropótkin, who was aide-de-camp of that regiment and aide-de-camp of the Emperor), used to side with Chernyshévsky, the leader of the most advanced party in the emancipation struggle. The

whole disposition of St. Petersburg, in the drawing-rooms and in the street, was such that it was impossible to go back. The liberation of the serfs had to be accomplished; and another important point was won, — the liberated serfs would receive, besides their homesteads, the land that they had hitherto cultivated for themselves.

However, the party of the old nobility were not discouraged. They centred their efforts on obtaining a postponement of the reform, on reducing the size of the allotments, and on imposing upon the emancipated serfs so high a redemption tax for the land that it would render their economical freedom illusory; and in this they fully succeeded. Alexander II. dismissed the real soul of the whole business, Nicholas Milútin (brother of the minister of war), saying to him, "I am so sorry to part with you, but I must: the nobility describe you as one of the Reds." The first committees, which had worked out the scheme of emancipation, were dismissed, too, and new committees revised the whole work in the interest of the serf-owners; the press was muzzled once more.

Things assumed a very gloomy aspect. The question whether the liberation would take place at all was now asked. I feverishly followed the struggle, and every Sunday, when my comrades returned from their homes, I asked them what their parents said. By the end of 1860 the news became worse and worse. "The Valúeff party has taken the upper hand." "They intend to revise the whole work." "The relatives of the Princess X. [a friend of the Tsar] work hard upon him." "The liberation will be postponed: they fear a revolution."

In January, 1861, slightly better rumors began to circulate, and it was generally hoped that something would be heard of the emancipation on the day of the Emperor's accession to the throne, the 19th of February.

The 19th came, but it brought nothing with it. I was on that day at the palace. There was no grand levee, only a small one; and pages of the second form were sent to such levees in order to get accustomed to the palace ways. It was my turn that day; and as I was seeing off one of the grand duchesses who came to the palace to assist at the mass, her husband did not appear, and I went to fetch him. He was called out of the Emperor's study, and I told him, in a half jocose way, of the perplexity of his wife, without having the slightest suspicion of the important matters that may have been talked of in the study at that time. Apart from a few of the initiated, no one in the palace suspected that the manifesto had been signed on the 19th of February, and was kept back for a fortnight only because the next Sunday, the 26th, was the beginning of the carnival week, and it was feared that, owing to the drinking which goes on in the villages during the carnival, peasant insurrections might break out. Even the carnival fair, which used to be held at St. Petersburg, on the square near the winter palace, was removed that year to another square, from fear of a popular insurrection in the capital; and most terrible instructions had been issued to the army as to the ways of repressing peasant uprisings.

A fortnight later, on the last Sunday of the carnival (March 5, or rather March 17, new style), I was at the corps, having to take part in the military parade at the riding-school. I was still in bed, when my soldier servant, Ivánoff, dashed in with the tea tray, exclaiming, "Prince, freedom! The manifesto is posted on the Gostínoi Dvor" (the shops opposite the corps).

"Did you see it yourself?"

"Yes. People stand round; one reads, the others listen. It is freedom!"

In a couple of minutes I was dressed, and out. A comrade was coming in.

"Kropótkin, freedom!" he shouted.



"Here is the manifesto. My uncle learned last night that it would be read at the early mass at the Isaac Cathedral; so we went. There were not many people there; peasants only. The manifesto was read and distributed after the mass. When I came out of the church, two peasants, who stood in the gateway, said to me in such a droll way, 'Well, sir? now — gone?'" And he mimicked how they had shown him the way out. Years of expectation were in that gesture of sending away the master.

I read and re-read the manifesto. It was written in an elevated style by the old Metropolitan of Moscow, Philarète, but with a useless mixture of Russian and Old Slavonian which obscured the sense. It was liberty; but it was not liberty yet, the peasants having to remain serfs for two years more, till the 19th of February, 1863. Despite all that, one thing was evident: serfdom was abolished, and the liberated serfs would get the land and their homesteads. They would have to pay for it, but the old stain of slavery was removed. They would be slaves no more; the reaction had *not* got the upper hand.

We went to the parade; and when all the military performances were over, Alexander II., remaining on horseback, loudly called out, "The gentlemen officers to me!" They gathered round him, and he began, in a loud voice, a speech about the great event of the day.

"The gentlemen officers . . . the representatives of the nobility in the army" — these scraps of sentences reached our ears — "an end has been put to centuries of injustice . . . I expect sacrifices from the nobility . . . the loyal nobility will gather round the throne" . . . and so on. Enthusiastic hurrahs resounded amongst the officers as he ended, and all at once — against all discipline — the hurrahs broke out from the ranks of the military schools and the soldiers.

We ran rather than marched back on our way to the corps, — hurrying to be in

time for the Italian opera, of which the last performance in the season was to be given that afternoon; some manifestation was sure to take place then. Our military attire was flung off with great haste, and several of us dashed, lightfooted, to the sixth-story gallery. The house was crowded.

During the first entr'acte the smoking-room of the opera filled with excited youth, who all talked to one another, whether acquainted or not. We planned at once to return to the hall, and to sing, with the whole public in a mass choir, the hymn *God Save the Tsar*.

Sounds of music reached our ears, and we all hurried back to the hall. The band of the opera was already playing the hymn, which was drowned immediately in enthusiastic hurrahs coming from all parts of the hall. I saw Bavéri, the conductor of the band, waving his stick, but not a sound could be heard from the powerful band. Then Bavéri stopped, but the hurrahs continued. I saw the stick waved again in the air; I saw the fiddle bows moving, and musicians blowing the brass instruments, but again the sound of voices overwhelmed the band. Bavéri began conducting the hymn once more, and it was only by the end of that third repetition that isolated sounds of the brass instruments pierced through the clamor of human voices.

The same enthusiasm was in the streets. Crowds of peasants and educated men stood in front of the palace, shouting hurrahs, and the Tsar could not appear without being followed by demonstrative crowds running after his carriage. Herzen was right when, two years later, as Alexander was drowning the Polish insurrection in blood, and "Muravióff the Hanger" was strangling it on the scaffold, he wrote, "Alexander Nikoláevich, why did you not die on that day? Your name would have been transmitted in history as that of a hero."

Where were the uprisings which had

been predicted by the champions of slavery? Conditions more indefinite than those which had been created by *Polozhénie* (the emancipation law) could not have been invented. If anything could have provoked revolts, it was precisely the perplexing vagueness of the conditions created by the new law. And yet, except in two places where there were insurrections, and a very few other spots where small disturbances, entirely due to misunderstandings and immediately appeased, took place, Russia remained quiet, — more quiet than ever. With their usual good sense, the peasants had understood that serfdom was done away with, that “freedom had come,” and they accepted the conditions imposed upon them, although these conditions were very heavy.

I was in *Nikólskoye* in August, 1861, and again in the summer of 1862, and I was struck with the quiet, intelligent way in which the peasants had accepted the new conditions. They knew perfectly well how difficult it would be to pay the redemption tax for the land, which was in reality an indemnity to the nobles in lieu of the obligations of serfdom. But they so much valued the abolition of their personal enslavement that they accepted the ruinous charges — not without murmuring, but as a hard necessity — the moment that personal freedom was obtained. For the first months they kept two holidays a week, saying that it was a sin to work on Friday; but when the summer came they resumed work with even more energy than before.

When I saw our *Nikólskoye* peasants, fifteen months after the liberation, I could not but admire them. Their inborn good nature and softness remained with them, but all traces of servility had disappeared. They talked to their masters as equals talk to equals, as if they never had stood in different relations. Besides, such men came out from among them as could make a stand for their rights. The *Polozhénie* was a large and difficult book,

which it took me a good deal of time to understand; but when *Vasili Ivánoff*, the elder of *Nikólskoye*, came one day to ask me to explain to him some obscurity in it, I saw that he, who was not even a fluent reader, had admirably found his way amongst the intricacies of the chapters and paragraphs of the law.

The “household people” — that is, the servants — came out the worst of all. They got no land, and would hardly have known what to do with it if they had. They got freedom, and nothing besides. In our neighborhood nearly all of them left their masters; none, for example, remained in the household of my father. They went in search of positions elsewhere, and a number of them found employment at once with the merchant class, who were proud of having the coachman of Prince So and So, or the cook of General So and So. Those who knew a trade found work in the towns: for instance, my father’s band remained a band, and made a good living at *Kalúga*, retaining amiable relations with us. But those who had no trade had hard times before them; and yet, the majority preferred to live anyhow, rather than remain with their old masters.

As to the landlords, while the larger ones made all possible efforts at *St. Petersburg* to reintroduce the old conditions under one name or another (they succeeded in them to some extent under *Alexander III.*), by far the greater number submitted to the abolition of serfdom as to a sort of necessary calamity. The young generation gave to Russia that remarkable staff of “peace mediators” and justices of the peace who contributed so much to the peaceful issue of the emancipation. As to the old generation, most of them had already discounted the considerable sums of money they were to receive from the peasants for the land which was granted to the liberated serfs, and was valued much above its market price; they made schemes as to how they would squander that money in the re-



staurants of the capitals, or at the green tables in gambling. And they did squander it, almost all of them, as soon as they got it.

For many landlords, the liberation of the serfs was an excellent money transaction. Thus, land which my father, in anticipation of the emancipation, sold in parcels at the rate of eleven rubles the Russian acre, was now estimated at forty rubles in the peasants' allotments, — that is, three and a half times above its market value, — and this was the rule in all our neighborhood; while in my father's Tambóv estate, on the prairies, the *mir* — that is, the village community — rented all his land for twelve years, at a price which represented twice as much as he used to get from that land by cultivating it with servile labor.

Eleven years after that memorable time I came to the Tambóv estate, which I had inherited from my father. I stayed there for a few weeks, and on the evening of my departure our village priest — an intelligent man of independent opinions, such as one meets occasionally in our southern provinces — went out for a walk round the village. The sunset was glorious; a balmy air came from the prairies. He found a middle-aged peasant — Antón Savéliëff — sitting on a small eminence outside the village and reading a book of psalms. The peasant hardly knew how to spell, in Old Slavonic, and often he would read a book from the last page, turning the pages backward; it was the process of reading which he liked most, and then a word would strike him, and its repetition pleased him. He was reading now a psalm of which each verse began with the word "rejoice."

"What are you reading?" he was asked.

"Well, father, I will tell you," was his reply. "Fourteen years ago the old prince came here. It was in the winter. I had just returned home, quite frozen. A snowstorm was raging. I had scarcely

begun undressing, when we heard a knock at the window: it was the elder, who was shouting, 'Go to the prince! He wants you!' We all — my wife and our children — were thunderstricken. 'What can he want of you?' my wife cried in alarm. I signed myself with the cross and went; the snowstorm almost blinded me as I crossed the bridge. Well, it ended all right. The old prince was taking his afternoon sleep, and when he woke up he asked me if I knew plastering work, and only told me, 'Come to-morrow to repair the plaster in that room.' So I went home quite happy, and when I came to the bridge I found my wife standing there. She had stood there all the time in the snowstorm, with the baby in her arms, waiting for me. 'What has happened, Savéliç?' she cried. 'Well,' I said, 'no harm; he only asked me to make some repairs.' That, father, was under the old prince. And now, the young prince came here the other day. I went to see him, and found him in the garden, at the tea table, in the shadow of the house; you, father, sat with him, and the elder of the canton, with his mayor's chain upon his breast. 'Will you have tea, Savéliç?' he asked me. 'Take a chair. Petr Grigóriëff,' — he says that to the old one, — 'give us one more chair.' And Petr Grigóriëff — you know what a terror for us he was when he was the manager of the old prince — brought the chair, and we all sat round the tea table, talking, and he poured tea for all of us. Well, now, father, the evening is so beautiful, the balm comes from the prairies, and I sit and read, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

This is what the abolition of serfdom meant for the peasants.

V.

In June, 1861, I was nominated sergeant of the corps of pages. Some of our officers, I must say, did not like the idea of it, saying that there would be no "discipline" with me acting as a ser-

geant; but it could not be helped; it was usually the first pupil of the upper form who was nominated sergeant, and I had been at the top of our form for several years in succession. This appointment was considered very enviable, not only because the sergeant occupied a privileged position in the school and was treated like an officer, but especially because he was also the *page de chambre* of the Emperor for the time being; and to be personally known to the Emperor was of course considered as a stepping-stone to further distinctions. The most important point to me was, however, that it freed me from all the drudgery of the inner service of the school, which fell on the *pages de chambre*, and that I should have for my studies a separate room where I could isolate myself from the bustle of the school. True, there was also an important drawback to it: I had always found it tedious to pace up and down, many times a day, the whole length of our rooms, and used therefore to run the distance at full speed, which was severely prohibited; and now I should have to walk very solemnly, with the service book under my arm, instead of running! A consultation was even held among a few friends of mine upon this serious matter, and it was decided that from time to time I could still find opportunities to take my favorite runs; as to my relations with all the others, it depended upon myself to put them on a new comrade-like footing, and I did so.

The *pages de chambre* had to be at the palace frequently, in attendance at the great and small levees, the balls, the receptions, the gala dinners, and so on. During Christmas, New Year, and Easter weeks we were summoned to the palace almost every day, and sometimes twice a day. Moreover, in my military capacity of sergeant I had to report to the Emperor every Sunday, at the parade in the riding-school, that "all was well at the company of the corps of

pages," even when one third of the school was ill of some contagious disease. "Shall I not report to-day that all is not quite well?" I asked the colonel on this occasion. "God bless you," was his reply, "you ought to say so only if there were an insurrection!"

Court life has undoubtedly much that is picturesque about it. With its elegant refinement of manners, — superficial though it may be, — its strict etiquette, and its brilliant surroundings, it is certainly meant to be impressive. A great levee is a fine pageant, and even the simple reception of a few ladies by the Empress becomes quite different from a common call, when it takes place in a richly decorated drawing-room of the palace, — the guests ushered by chamberlains in gold-embroidered uniforms, the hostess followed by brilliantly dressed pages and a suite of ladies, and everything conducted with striking solemnity. To be an actor in the court ceremonies, in attendance upon the chief personages, offered something more than the mere interest of curiosity for a boy of my age. Besides, I then looked upon Alexander II. as a sort of hero; a man who attached no importance to the court ceremonies, but who, at this period of his reign, began his working day at six in the morning, and was engaged in a hard struggle with a powerful reactionary party in order to carry through a series of reforms, in which the abolition of serfdom was only the first step.

But gradually, as I saw more of the spectacular side of court life, and caught now and then a glimpse of what was going on behind the scenes, I realized, not only the futility of these shows and the things they were intended to conceal, but also that these small things so much absorbed the court as to prevent consideration of matters of far greater importance. The realities were often lost in the acting. And then from Alexander II. himself slowly faded the aureole with which my imagination had



surrounded him; so that by the end of the year, even if at the outset I had cherished some illusions as to useful activity in the spheres nearest to the palace, I should have retained none.

On every important holiday, as also on the birthdays and name days of the Emperor and Empress, on the coronation day, and on other similar occasions, a great levee was held at the palace. Thousands of generals and officers of all ranks, down to that of captain, as well as the high functionaries of the civil service, were arranged in lines in the immense halls of the palace, to bow at the passage of the Emperor and his family, as they solemnly proceeded to the church. All the members of the imperial family came on those days to the palace, meeting together in a drawing-room and merrily chatting till the moment arrived for putting on the mask of solemnity. Then the column was formed. The Emperor, giving his hand to the Empress, opened the march. He was followed by his page de chambre, and he in turn by the general aide-de-camp, the aide-de-camp on duty that day, and the minister of the imperial household; while the Empress, or rather the immense train of her dress, was attended by her two pages de chambre, who had to support the train at the turnings and to spread it out again in all its beauty. The heir apparent, who was a young man of eighteen, and all the other grand dukes and duchesses came next, in the order of their right of succession to the throne, — each of the grand duchesses followed by her page de chambre; then there was a long procession of the ladies in attendance, old and young, all wearing the so-called Russian costume, — that is, an evening dress which was supposed to resemble the costume worn by the women of Old Russia.

As the procession passed, I could see how each of the eldest military and civil functionaries, before making his bow,

would try to catch the eye of the Emperor, and if he had his bow acknowledged by a smiling look of the Tsar, or by a hardly perceptible nod of the head, or perchance by a word or two, he would look round upon his neighbors, full of pride, in the expectation of their congratulations.

From the church the procession returned in the same way, and then every one hurried back to his own affairs. Apart from a few devotees and some young ladies, not one in ten present at these levees regarded them otherwise than as a tedious duty.

Twice or thrice during the winter great balls were given at the palace, and thousands of people were invited to them. After the Emperor had opened the dances with a polonaise, full liberty was left to every one to enjoy the time as he liked. There was plenty of room in the immense brightly illuminated halls, where young girls were easily lost to the watchful eyes of their parents and aunts, and many thoroughly enjoyed the dances and the supper, during which the young people managed often to be left to themselves.

My duties at these balls were rather difficult. Alexander II. did not dance, nor did he sit down, but he moved all the time amongst his guests, his page de chambre having to follow him at a distance, so as to be within easy call, and yet not inconveniently near. This combination of presence with absence was not easy to attain, nor did the Emperor require it: he would have preferred to be left entirely to himself; but such was the tradition, and he had to submit to it. The worst was when he entered a dense crowd of ladies who stood round the circle in which the grand dukes danced, and slowly circulated among them. It was not at all easy to make a way through this living garden which opened to give passage to the Emperor, but closed in immediately behind him. Instead of dan-

cing themselves, hundreds of ladies and girls stood there, closely packed, each in the expectation that one of the grand dukes would perhaps notice her and invite her to dance a waltz or a polka. Such was the influence of the court upon St. Petersburg society that if one of the grand dukes cast his eye upon a girl, her parents would do all in their power to make their child fall madly in love with the great personage, even though they knew well that no marriage could result from it, — the Russian grand dukes not being allowed to marry "subjects" of the Tsar. The conversations which I once heard in a "respectable" family, connected with the court, after the heir apparent had danced twice or thrice with a girl of seventeen, and the hopes which were expressed by her parents surpassed all that I could possibly have imagined.

Every time that we were at the palace we had lunch or dinner there, and the footmen would whisper to us bits of news from the scandalous chronicle of the place, whether we cared for it or not. They knew everything that was going on in the different palaces, — that was their domain. For truth's sake, I must say that during the year which I speak of, that sort of chronicle was not as rich in events as it became in the seventies. The brothers of the Tsar were only recently married, and his sons were all very young. But the relations of the Emperor himself with the Princess X., whom Turguéneff has so admirably depicted in *Smoke* under the name of Irène, were even more freely spoken of by the servants than by St. Petersburg society. One day, however, when we entered the room where we used to dress, we were told, "The X. has to-day got her dismissal, — a complete one this time." Half an hour later, we saw the lady in question coming to assist at mass, with eyes swollen from weeping, and swallowing her tears dur-

ing the mass, while the other ladies managed so to stand at a distance from her as to put her in evidence. The footmen were already informed about the incident, and commented upon it in their own way. There was something truly repulsive in the talk of these men, who the day before would have crouched down before the same lady.

The system of espionage which is exercised in the palace, especially around the Emperor himself, would seem almost incredible to the uninitiated. The following incident will give some idea of it. One of the grand dukes received a severe lesson from a St. Petersburg gentleman. The latter had forbidden the grand duke his house, but, returning home unexpectedly, he found him in his drawing-room, and rushed upon him with his lifted stick. The young man dashed down the staircase, and was already jumping into his carriage when the pursuer caught him, and dealt him a blow with his stick. The policeman who stood at the door saw the adventure and ran to report it to the chief of the police, General Trépoff, who, in his turn, jumped into his carriage and hastened to the Emperor, to be the first to report the "sad incident." The Emperor summoned the grand duke and had a talk with him. A couple of days later, an old functionary who belonged to the Third Section of the Emperor's Chancery, — that is, to the state police, — and who was a friend at the house of one of my comrades, related the whole conversation. "The Emperor," he informed us, "was very angry, and said to the grand duke in conclusion, 'You should know better how to manage your little affairs.'" He was asked, of course, how he could know anything about a private conversation, but the reply was very characteristic: "The words and the opinions of his Majesty must be known to our department. How otherwise could such a delicate institution as the state police be managed? Be sure that the Emperor is the most



closely watched person in all St. Petersburg."

There was no boasting in these words. Every minister, every governor-general, before entering the Emperor's study with his reports, had a talk with the private valet of the Emperor, to know what was the mood of the master that day; and, according to that mood, he either laid before him some knotty affair, or let it lie at the bottom of his portfolio in hope of a more lucky day. The governor-general of East Siberia, when he came to St. Petersburg, always sent his private aide-de-camp with a handsome gift to the private valet of the Emperor. "There are days," he used to say, "when the Emperor would get into a rage, and order a searching inquest upon every one and myself, if I should lay before him on such a day certain reports; whereas there are other days when all will go off quite smoothly. A precious man that valet is." To know from day to day the frame of mind of the Emperor was a substantial part of the art of retaining a high position — an art which later on Count Shuváloff and General Trépoff understood to perfection; also Count Ignátieff, who, I suppose from what I saw of him, possessed that art even without the help of the valet.

At the beginning of my service I felt a great admiration for Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs. Imagination often carries a boy beyond the realities of the moment, and my frame of mind at that time was such that if an attempt had been made in my presence upon the Tsar, I should have covered him with my body. One day, at the beginning of January, 1862, I saw him leave the procession and rapidly walk alone toward the halls where parts of all the regiments of the St. Petersburg garrison were aligned for a parade. This parade usually took place outdoors, but this year, on account of the frost, it was

held indoors, and Alexander II., who generally galloped at full speed in front of the troops at the reviews, had now to march in front of the regiments. I knew that my court duties ended as soon as the Emperor appeared in his capacity of military commander of the troops, and that I had to follow him to this spot, but no further. Looking round, I saw that he was quite alone. The two aides-de-camp had disappeared, and there was with him not a single man of his suite. "I will not leave him alone!" I said to myself, and followed him.

Whether Alexander II. was in a great hurry that day, or had other reasons to wish that the review should be over as soon as possible, I cannot say, but he dashed in front of the troops, and marched along their rows at such a speed, making such big and rapid steps, — he was very tall, — that I had the greatest difficulty in following him at my most rapid pace, and in places had almost to run in order to keep close behind him. He hurried as if he ran away from a danger. His excitement communicated itself to me, and every moment I was ready to jump in front of him, regretting only that I had on my ordnance sword and not my own sword, with a Toledo blade, which pierced copper and was a far better weapon. It was only after he had passed in front of the last battalion that he slackened his pace, and, on entering another hall, looked round, to meet my eyes glittering with the excitement of that mad march. The younger aide-de-camp was running at full speed, two halls behind. I was prepared to get a severe scolding, instead of which the Emperor said to me, perhaps betraying his own inner thoughts: "You here? Brave boy!" and as he slowly walked away he turned into space his problematic, absent-minded look, which I had begun often to notice.

Such was then the frame of my mind. However, various small incidents, as well as the reactionary character which the

policy of Alexander II. was decidedly taking, instilled more and more doubts into my heart. Every year, on January 6, a half Christian and half pagan ceremony of sanctifying the waters is performed in Russia. It is also performed at the palace. A pavilion is built on the Neva River, opposite the palace, and the imperial family, headed by the clergy, proceed from the palace, across the superb quay, to the pavilion, where a *Te Deum* is sung and the cross is plunged into the water of the river. Thousands of people stand on the quay and on the ice of the Neva to witness the ceremony from a distance. All have to stand bare-headed during the service. On one occasion, as the frost was rather sharp, an old general had put on a wig, and in the hurry of drawing on his cape, his wig had been dislodged and now lay across his head, without his noticing it. The Grand Duke Constantine, having caught sight of it, laughed the whole time the *Te Deum* was being sung, with the younger grand dukes, looking in the direction of the unhappy general, who smiled stupidly without knowing why he was the cause of so much hilarity. Constantine finally whispered to the Emperor, who also looked at the general and laughed.

A few minutes later, as the procession once more crossed the quay, on its way back to the palace, an old peasant, bare-headed too, pushed himself through the double hedge of soldiers who lined the path of the procession, and fell on his knees just at the feet of the Emperor, holding out a petition, and crying with tears in his eyes, "Father, defend us!" Ages of oppression of the Russian peasantry was in this exclamation; but Alexander II., who a few minutes before laughed during the church service at a wig lying the wrong way, now passed by the peasant without taking the slightest notice of him. I was close behind him, and only saw in him a shudder of fear at the sudden appearance of the peasant, after which he went on without

deigning even to cast a glance on the human figure at his feet. I looked round. The aides-de-camp were not there; the Grand Duke Constantine, who followed, took no more notice of the peasant than his brother did; there was nobody even to take the petition, so that I took it, although I knew that I should get a scolding for doing so. It was not my business to receive petitions, but I remembered what it must have cost the peasant before he could make his way to the capital, and then through the lines of police and soldiers who surrounded the procession. Like all peasants who hand petitions to the Tsar, he was going to be put under arrest, for no one knows how long.

On the day of the emancipation of the serfs, Alexander II. was worshiped at St. Petersburg; but it is most remarkable that, apart from that moment of general enthusiasm, he had not the love of the city. His brother Nicholas — no one could say why — was at least very popular among the small tradespeople and the cabmen; but neither Alexander II., nor his brother Constantine, the leader of the reform party, nor his third brother, Michael, had won the hearts of any class of people in St. Petersburg. Alexander II. had retained too much of the despotic character of his father, which pierced now and then through his usually good-natured manners. He easily lost his temper, and often treated his courtiers in the most contemptuous way. He was not what one would describe as a truly reliable man, either in his policy or in his personal sympathies, and he was vindictive. I doubt whether he was sincerely attached to any one. Some of the men in his nearest surroundings were of the worst description, — Count Adlerberg, for instance, who made him pay over and over again his enormous debts, and others renowned for their colossal thefts. From the beginning of 1862 he commenced to show



himself capable of reviving the worst practices of his father's reign. It was known that he still wanted to carry through a series of important reforms in the judicial organization and in the army; that the terrible corporal punishments were about to be abolished, and that a sort of local self-government, and perhaps a constitution of some sort, would be granted. But the slightest disturbance was repressed under his orders with a stern severity: he took each movement as a personal offense, so that at any moment one might expect from him the most reactionary measures. The disorders which broke out at the universities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kazán, in October, 1861, were repressed with a growing strictness. The University of St. Petersburg was closed, and although free courses were opened by most of the professors at the Town Hall, they also were soon closed. Immediately after the abolition of serfdom, a great movement began for the opening of Sunday-schools; they were opened everywhere by private persons and corporations, — all the teachers being volunteers, — and the peasants and workers, old and young, flocked to these schools. Officers, students, even a few pages, became teachers; and such excellent methods were worked out that (Russian having a phonetic spelling) we succeeded in teaching a peasant to read in nine or ten lessons. But suddenly all Sunday-schools, in which the mass of the peasantry would have learned to read in a few years, without any expenditure by the state, were closed. In Poland, where a series of patriotic manifestations had begun, the Cossacks were sent out to disperse the schools with their whips, and to arrest hundreds of people in the churches with their usual brutality. Men were shot in the streets of Warsaw by the end of 1861, and for the suppression of the few peasant insurrections which broke out, the horrible flogging through the double line of soldiers — that favorite punish-

ment of Nicholas I. — was applied. The despot that Alexander II. became in the years 1870 – 81 was foreshadowed in 1862.

Of all the imperial family, undoubtedly the most sympathetic was the Empress Marie Alexándrovna. She was sincere, and when she said something pleasant she meant it. The way in which she once thanked me for a little courtesy (it was after her reception of the ambassador of the United States, who had just come to St. Petersburg) deeply impressed me: it was not the way of a lady spoiled by courtesies, as an empress is supposed to be. She certainly was not happy in her home life; nor was she liked by the ladies of the court, who found her too severe, and could not understand why she should take so much to heart the *étourderies* of her husband. It is now known that she played a by no means unimportant part in bringing about the abolition of serfdom. But at that time her influence in this direction seems to have been little known, the Grand Duke Constantine and the Grand Duchess Hélène Pávlovna, who was the main support of Nicholas Milútin at the court, being considered the two leaders of the reform party in the palace spheres. The Empress was better known for the decisive part she had taken in the creation of girls' gymnasia (high schools), which received from the outset a high standard of organization and a truly democratic character. Her friendly relations with Ushínsky, a great pedagogist, saved him from sharing the fate of all men of mark of that time, — that is, exile.

Being very well educated herself, Marie Alexándrovna did her best to give a good education to her eldest son. The best men in all branches of knowledge were sought as teachers, and she even invited for that purpose Kavélin, although she knew well his friendly relations with Hérzen. When he mentioned to her that friendship, she replied that she had no grudge against Hérzen, ex-

cept for his violent language about the Empress dowager.

The heir apparent was extremely handsome, — perhaps, even too femininely handsome. He was not proud in the least, and during the levees he used to chatter in the most comradelike way with the pages de chambre. (I even remember, at the reception of the diplomatic corps on New Year's Day, trying to make him appreciate the simplicity of the uniform of the ambassador of the United States as compared with the parrot-colored uniforms of the other ambassadors.) However, those who knew him well described him as profoundly egotistic, a man absolutely incapable of contracting an attachment to any one. This feature was prominent in him, even more than it was in his father. All the pains taken by his mother were of no avail. In August, 1861, his examinations, which were made in the presence of his father, proved to be a dead failure, and I remember Alexander II., at a parade of which the heir apparent was the commander, and during which he made some mistake, loudly shouting out, so that every one would hear it, "Even that you could not learn!" He died, as is known, at the age of twenty-one, from some disease of the spinal cord.

His brother, Alexander, who became the heir apparent in 1865, and later on was Alexander III., was a decided contrast to Nicholas Alexandrovich. He reminded me so much of Paul I., by his face, his figure, and his contemplation of his own grandeur, that I used to say, "If he ever reigns, he will be another Paul I. in the Gátschina palace, and will have the same end as his great-grandfather had at the hands of his own courtiers." He obstinately refused to learn. It was rumored that Alexander II., having had so many difficulties with his brother Constantine, who was better educated than himself, adopted the policy of concentrating all his attention on the heir

apparent, and neglecting the education of his other sons; however, I doubt if such was the case: Alexander Alexandrovich must have been averse to any education from childhood; in fact, his spelling, which I saw in the telegrams he addressed to his bride at Copenhagen, was unimaginably bad. I cannot render here his Russian spelling, but in French he wrote, "*Ecrit à oncle à propos parade . . . les nouvelles sont mauvaises,*" and so on.

He is said to have improved in his manners toward the end of his life, but in 1870, and also much later, he was a true descendant of Paul I. I knew at St. Petersburg an officer, of Swedish origin (from Finland), who had been sent to the United States to order rifles for the Russian army. On his return he had to report about his mission to Alexander Alexandrovich, who had been appointed to superintend the re-arming of the army. During this interview, the Tsarevich, giving full vent to his violent temper, began to scold the officer, who probably replied hastily, whereupon the prince fell into a real fit of rage, insulting the officer in bad language. The officer, who belonged to that type of very loyal but self-respecting men who are frequently met with amongst the Swedish nobility in Russia, left at once, and wrote a letter in which he asked the heir apparent to apologize within twenty-four hours, adding that if the apology did not come he would shoot himself. It was a sort of Japanese duel. Alexander Alexandrovich sent no excuses, and the officer kept his word. I saw him at the house of a warm friend of mine, his intimate friend, when he was expecting every minute to receive the apology. Next morning he was dead. The Tsar was very angry with his son, and ordered him to follow the hearse of the officer to the grave. But even this terrible lesson did not cure the young man of his Románoff haughtiness and impetuosity.

*P. Kropotkin.*



## THE ACTOR OF TO-DAY.

WHEN the controlling parts of theatre audiences were educated, when companies were permanent and actors outcasts, the art of acting wore a different aspect from that it wears to-day. The philistine who once condemned the playhouses now chooses the plays; the control of our theatres by speculators suits the tendencies of a mercenary age; and our players now mingle with the society which dictates the dramas in which they must appear. This degeneration of the theatre has lessened the actor's chance of fame. We know players of the past, because at that day writers of genius haunted the theatres and left pictures of their favorites. Depending on such an audience, the actors appeared in plays of merit, and gained a glory from the genius of a Ben Jonson or a Congreve. When Colley Cibber was maltreating Richard III. and King John, no less a man than Henry Fielding led the attack on him, and Alexander Pope embalmed him in satire. What genius of to-day cares enough for the stage to lift his pen against a manager's improvements of Sheridan or Wycherley? "As Shakespeare is already good enough for People of Taste," says Fielding to Cibber, "he must be altered to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse?" What writer will give us a Partridge or Booth or Irving, preserve Ellen Terry and Modjeska in the letters of an Elia, or with the experience of Lewes tell of Richard Mansfield's satirical comedy and his queer conception of tragedy?

An actor's name, it is plain, cannot survive unless he appears in plays which live. Miss Elizabeth Robins will be known after the names of most of the successful actresses of to-day are forgotten, because she is one of the leaders in

the introduction of Ibsen to England. On the other hand, actors who get newspaper space, but no attention in lasting dramatic records, will be in oblivion before they are dead. Has anybody stopped to draw the connection between the sudden step to a higher plane of reputation, taken by Forbes Robertson lately, and his assumption of Shakespearean rôles? In some ways Mr. Mansfield surpasses all our other actors, but as his greatest successes have not been in the highest rôles which he has assumed, his name will not be what, even despite the desertion of the theatre by the intelligent, it might have been if his success had been won in Richard and Shylock. The living American actress whose reputation is firmest is Ada Rehan, and she will be known, not because she has exploited her individuality in weak farce, but because she has done Katharine well. Garrick, who played worthless tragedies of the hour, has his fame linked with the name of Shakespeare, so closely, indeed, that his monument in Westminster Abbey bears the epitaph which the kindly Lamb thinks a desecration of the poet:—

"To paint fair Nature, by divine command,  
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,  
A Shakespeare rose; then, to expand his  
fame  
Wide o'er the breathing world, a Garrick  
came.  
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet  
drew,  
The Actor's genius made them breathe  
anew;  
Though like the bard himself, in night they  
lay,  
Immortal Garrick called them back to-day.  
And till Eternity with power sublime  
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,  
Shakespeare and Garrick like twin stars shall  
shine  
And earth irradiate with a beam divine."

Lamb argues, like many before him, that the poet does everything for the

actor, who usually returns evil for good. Still, the dramatist lives upon the stage, and however a poetic conception may lose by embodiment in common flesh, it gains hearers and sometimes meanings. We do not care to see *Lear* now, but we saw his majesty in Edwin Booth; and for what Booth gave Shakespeare the poet returned him the actor's highest glory. The most famous players who have spoken the English tongue are known in the creations of our great dramatists, as Talma and Rachel are connected with the highest tragedy of France; and, among living actors, Bernhardt, Salvini, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Irving, all have mounted the ladder on great plays, whatever pandering some have done after the battle has been won. If Réjane were measured by her talent, she would deserve a position of which inferior plays have deprived her; and Eleanora Duse has been held in check by mediocre rôles, to the diminution of her proper fame. Many weaker actors, restive in empty pieces, chafe in vain, and still others, mistaking notoriety for fame, rest in unsuspecting complacency.

So out of vogue is the classic drama in America that in theatrical circles it is frequently called "the legitimate," to distinguish it from contemporary plays, although the regular theatres are distinguished from the variety houses by the same word. Old plays are given oftener in our smaller towns, where the public is contented with feeble companies and bare scenery; for great dramas now pay only when they are cheaply produced, or when they are played by great actors. That the gain from keeping worthy dramas alive by cheap productions is not unmixed may be indicated by this signed statement of a variety actor: "I would attempt Shakespeare to-morrow, only I'm afraid that the newspapers would 'roast' me. They seem to be prejudiced against a vaudeville actor essaying tragic rôles; but time may over-

come that, as I think the day is not far distant when it will be a common occurrence to see *Julius Cæsar* or *Hamlet* played by variety actors at continuous performances. I am busily engaged at present reconstructing Shakespeare's plays, as there are lots of lines in them that I do not like, and I think by careful pruning and rewriting I can improve on them so as to make them acceptable to a vaudeville audience. Don't misconstrue me when I say that I will improve Shakespeare. I do not mean in its entirety, as I believe there are lots of lines in Shakespeare's plays that should not be touched; but if they don't suit me, I will be forced to change them."

American stars who do play "the legitimate" now have wretched companies, partly from economy, partly because there is so little opportunity for the actor to learn to represent idealized characters. The only theatre of prominence where great plays are given, usually desecrating them, offers one of the worst schools of acting, proving that the presentation of the best dramas may work harm unless there is some comprehension of their meaning. Look at the Daly performance of *The School for Scandal*. Sheridan wrote his comedy for a company of players, and *Lady Teazle* is a part no more "fat," probably less fat, than others in the play, since Sheridan, in giving an admirably balanced dramatic action, entirely overlooked the necessity of glorifying one actor. There was, therefore, nothing open to Mr. Daly but to supply Sheridan's oversight, which he did with astounding frankness. The orchestra played when Miss Rehan went off the stage; she took away a speech belonging to Charles Surface, in order to have the last chance at the audience. In dialogues where six or eight persons are of equal importance she sat at the side while the others talked, and when it was her turn for a word she walked out into



the centre, all the others faded off, and the word was spoken. Again and again in several scenes was every bit of art sacrificed to the desire to force this actress into the middle of the stage. It followed, of course, that her delivery must match this factitious eminence, and she said a simple line with an air which would have made Hamlet dizzy: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus." Miss Rehan has unusual gifts, but it is worse than futile to force a whole play to be nothing but background. Some of the grossest instances are in the scenes between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. When Miss Rehan spoke, Mr. Varrey obediently pretended he was dead. When he spoke, Miss Rehan went over to an interpolated musical instrument and pounded for the attention of the audience. She gave an imitation of a trotting horse in one place, and went through another variety turn in imitation of a peculiar mode of speech.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." The action at Daly's has nothing whatever to do with the words or with the modesty of nature. The actors simply walk up and down the stage, saw the air with their hands, shrug their shoulders and snicker, to supply the place of acting their parts. Everything they do sticks out. They

cannot seem to hold any effect by legitimate means. If they sat in the German theatre every night for a month, they might guess that there can never be good acting where every player is trying to kill every effect except his own and Miss Rehan's.

"And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." What Hamlet means by that, as applied to this playhouse, is that the hundreds of interpolated exclamations and laughs, repetitions by the whole assemblage of what one actor says, whether it is "never!" shouted fifty times, or "you! you!" forty times, or "did" and "did n't" one hundred times, and all the silly skipping about and laughing that accompany them, add nothing to the value of the play.

On the other hand, the few things which happen to be given with an approach to comprehension at that theatre stand beautifully above the rubbish of the day. In *Twelfth Night*, the present company is charming in spite of silly alterations in the text, because each actor happens to fall into a rôle where his faults are checked and his merits accentuated.

*Love for Love* was played last year in New York, after a few ignored protests at rehearsals, as if it were a farce of action and bustling situation. The butchery of the text was less deadly than the loss of the dialogue (which is everything in Congreve) in running about, gesticulating, and hasty delivery, in an attempt to make the play go, like one of the things which contemporary actors understand. The audience applauded vigorously in the wrong places; that is, whenever the acting succeeded

in making them feel as if they were at a modern play. They ruined a good artificial thing to make a poor natural thing. The critics represented the ideas of the actors and the audience when they said that the performance was "clever," but the play altogether out of date.

Romantic melodrama is usually played well by our leading companies, and what we sometimes do as well as need be desired is restrained realism, such as Richard Mansfield uses in Mr. Shaw's plays and William Gillette in his own. Mr. Mansfield thinks Shakespeare and even Racine should be played just like Shaw; but then Mr. Mansfield could not earn Goethe's praise of a certain actor, that he knew how to make the artificial natural, and the natural artificial. The current emphasis on naturalness is eradicating faults of over-emphasis, as Garrick killed the absurdities of the older tragedy, and the excessive elaboration of the last generation comedians is also being properly killed, so that Lessing's ideal, to be slow without seeming slow, is often reached by our best actors. But the realism in acting which fits so well into Magda, Secret Service, or Arms and the Man is a dangerous method to apply to other grades of art. Observe various famous performances of Camille, and especially see how inferior our greatest realistic actress, Duse, is to our greatest flamboyant actress. A player of the ideal school would be equally out of harmony. This play is not primarily a character study, but a series of the most skillful theatrical climaxes ever put together by any member of the family of Scribe. Obviously, the kind of art which is the best thing in the world to correct our present taste is better suited to the elevated, idealized drama than to a piece half realistic, half sentimental and wholly theatrical. In a tragedy full of a beauty so richly selected that men turn to it for centuries, to escape the unsifted world of reality, a competent, refined art like Modjeska's, for instance, even

where it does not scale all the heights, lets the magic beauty shine out better than an art more powerful, but less true to the best tradition, or, in other words, to those eternally just conventions on which the tragedy itself is founded. On the other hand, La Dame aux Camélias offers a *tour de force* to an art which is classic and pure rather than flamboyant and romantic. That is why Bernhardt is the best of Marguerite Gautiers. Duse puts some of the purest pathos seen in our day into this drama; smaller actresses, as Hading, Nethersole, Clara Morris, put each her own element; but Bernhardt alone takes it for what it is, suits the method to the work, and leads the artificial theatrical effectiveness of the situations to a height reached by none of the others.

In such acting as Mr. Gillette's Captain Thorne, combining coolness, humor, efficiency, and half-cynical seriousness into a typical American character, the realistic tendency shows at its best, fitting the play, but it would be inadequate for tragedy or for large comedy. It suits plays of exciting situations, and it suits farce, by the relief into which it throws the absurdity. Its method of handling sentiment is illustrated in Captain Thorne's speech to his sweetheart: "I'd like to say one thing — it's my last chance — Perhaps you won't mind. You'll forget me, of course, — that's right, that's best; I hope you will! But if memory should ever throw my shadow across your path again, perhaps you'll remember this, too: We can't all die a soldier's death, in the roar and glory of battle, our friends around us, under the flag we love, — no, not all. Some of us have orders for another kind of work — desperate, dare-devil work — the hazardous schemes of the Secret Service! We fight our battles alone — no comrades to cheer us on — ten thousand to one against us — death at every turn! If we win, we may escape with our lives; if we lose, dragged out and butchered like dogs —



no soldier's grave — not even a trench with the rest of the boys — alone, despised, forgotten! These were my orders, Miss Varney. This is the death I die to-night — and I am not ashamed of it."

Our best plays and our best actors rely on this absence of rhetoric, or this subdued rhetoric, whether it be in a war play or whether the heroism and pathos are mingled in the homely scenes of *Shore Acres*. In Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Drew, each first in his line, this reliance on suggestion rather than full or over execution is seen. In spite of its frequent excellence, this style is never the highest, because of its insufficiency in the greatest plays. Although those actors have fewer faults than Ada Rehan and Sir Henry Irving, these finished realists cannot be identified with permanent characters; for an artist is measured by his highest reach, and it is the characters which make the actor, as it is his characters, and the plot which is part of them, which make the dramatist. Therefore, although in such plays as *Secret Service*, *Margaret Fleming*, and *The Devil's Disciple* we have seen the most original recent development of the histrionic art, it is worth while to remember that for a greater play we should need a greater style.

In farce acting we do well, naturally, because we are a broadly humorous race; and it is likely that when our farces cut deeper into life our players will be found to equal them. At the other extreme is growing up a style of acting in a kind of drama which promises nothing. In melodrama and farce, in cynical comedy and barn-storming classics, it is possible to discover the wheat in the chaff, but in the modern society play there is little but emptiness. Histrionic talent here reaches its lowest ebb, while manners and appearances take its place. In the leading rôles the requisite is that the actor look like a gentleman or a lady, at home in the best society, distinguished,

correct, elegant. As no actor can be great whose most remarkable gift is gentility, this species of play tends to subordinate the strong rôles, and bring the young hero with many lines even more to the front. Stars have always adored Hamlet because the rôle is so long, as they have detested *Twelfth Night* for the opposite reason, and now circumstances emphasize this tendency. The best parts in our watery society plays are usually the villains', but there are few of our actors who do not prefer the heroes'. While on the Continent the repertory theatres make us familiar with great actors in small parts, here the more prominent an actor is, the further below his dignity is any rôle which lacks the conventional length and central position; and this conception is often strongest in the society play heroes, whom natural selection makes at once handsome and stupid. In a great play the company would be cast according to its genius, and in the realistic society play according to its looks. In real acting fitness is determined by a combination of physical and intellectual gifts. Edwin Booth probably could not play Sir Toby, though he ranged from Romeo to Lear. Ellen Terry, whose Lady Macbeth is not tragic, fills such different rôles as Portia and Marguerite, Beatrice and Olivia, characters so diverse that no woman could represent them if she were merely herself. Ellen Terry is a new creature in each, born of the power she has of yielding to the rôle and feeling its simple elements. Portia takes hold of her and she lives it, and she enters a new world when she is Olivia.

Of course, ever since the first woman stepped upon the stage, beauty has been on the average a necessary gift of the actress, as facial magnetism has been, in both sexes, since masks were discarded. Beauty and magnetic features are allied to the charm of great art, while clothes and suggestions of society are not. Each theatre has its standards of personal

beauty. In one large American play-house, an actress, however fair, can hardly have the leading rôle unless her feminine proportions are ample, since to the patrons physical flatness in a heroine is an absurdity, while in the theatre across the street womanly heroism is slim. Dramatists give comeliness in woman a conspicuous part in their stories; it has its artistic bearing on the stage, but nevertheless it has its dangers for acting, and where personal beauty and histrionic art come in conflict, each should have a fair hearing. A little gain in beauty is not sufficient to excuse a large loss in art; but neither, perhaps, is a little gain in art an excuse for a great sacrifice of beauty.

At bottom, the majority of Anglo-Saxons, especially of that part of them represented by the voyagers on board the *Mayflower*, find something unrighteous in the bestowal of any of the prizes of life on mere comeliness. It is right to put as much emphasis on the beauty of the *Hermes* of *Praxiteles* or the *Madonnas* of *Titian* as we wish to, because they are art, and it is moral to think highly of the qualities of the artist and to encourage them; but to praise, in a man or a woman, what he or she deserves no credit for possessing savors of wickedness. So deep-seated is this feeling, so evenly distributed through the different strata of society, that at a variety show, although people often go mainly to see a pretty *soubrette*, they praise only the performers who do their acts with skill; and in the *Broadway* theatres, though the shrewd managers fill their casts with beauties, disingenuous persons, who have been lured to the theatres largely by personal charm, go away and give all the credit to something which can be praised with no offense to the moral instincts. Practically it is not difficult to strike a just balance between physical advantages, training, and talent, when intelligent people are the judges. Audiences at the *Comédie Française*

and the subsidized German theatres prize beauty, especially in woman, but they demand of the players sufficient talent to satisfy the intellectual exactions of their rôles.

Whatever calls attention to the actor's personality, to the exclusion of his talent, gives prominence to the players at the expense of the play. In Athens, where, if we are to believe our scholars, taste was high, the actor was esteemed, as he is to-day in Paris, but only if he satisfied the critical instinct of an audience which knew the play by heart. Natural magnetism or social ease could not then atone for faulty delivery. Popularity is now frequently gained by actors outside the theatre; more than it could be before society was so glad to receive presentable players, most of whom are only too ready to respond. Men and women who stand on a pedestal nightly, heroes and heroines in the light of poetry and romance, have always attracted outsiders, but the influence of social attentions on the actor, as far as it goes, is usually bad. Players got what was best when their relations to the world were mainly love affairs, or friendships with playwrights. This may be a slight thing, but it is distinct. There is a maxim on the stage that severe love experiences are the best training. Whatever makes the profession more respectable is in danger of injuring it by substituting an undramatic life for one containing none of the emotions which the actor needs. Mr. Henry James has told a story in which an old couple, of unmistakable gentility, think they can make a success on the stage by playing the "real thing," because they are it; but the moral of the story is that they fail to play it, just because they are it. The actor is a person whose almost unconscious imagination swings with equal freedom through the life of the peasant and the life of the prince. That loyalty to himself as a person, the product of a fixed environment, that "self-respect" which marks the



aristocrat, would be his death warrant. Eleanora Duse is great as the lady and as the virtuous peasant, for she is not bound by any caste; but she is poor as Marguerite Gautier, because she is limited by her moral taste, where Bernhardt, for instance, is not. It is therefore natural, also, that she failed in rôles where Réjane succeeded. Her refinement is her artistic shortcoming, which shuts her from vast fields of human nature. If Shakespeare had kept the delicacy of Ophelia when he drew Dame Quickly, or the austerity of Henry V. when he created Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym, he would never have been the real thing in his deep and universal sense. Instead of rejoicing that the barriers between the stage and society are being removed, should we not mildly bemoan it?

In one of his rehearsals Voltaire said that an actress should have something of the devil in her. Refinement is a far second to fire, and even stage refinement is not given by the possession of the real thing. It is not conversational intelligence that an actor needs, but rapid instinct, professionally trained, a sensitiveness altogether unrelated to actual life. We do not need Goldsmith's testimony to believe that Garrick seemed affected off the stage, any more than we need a multitude of stories to prove that Sarah Bernhardt in private lacks the simplicity which we associate with social breeding. Many of the most refined players are failures. Rachel could do the queen out of the theatre as well as within, but was equally ready to take another rôle when some of the guests had departed. The stage demands over-expression of everything, and our society demands under-expression. There is still force in Diderot's contention that in order to take all characters well, a man should himself have none.

The rule of the business manager, and the consequent prevalence of the long run, is one of the hardest obstacles to-day, especially in the path of younger

actors. Although the commercial managers are largely responsible for the length to which plays run, good and bad, the fault is less theirs than a part of our money-loving time. To be sure, three centuries ago Ben Jonson said, in reference to the theatre, "This is the money-got, mechanic age;" but the love of wealth pervades all classes in America more than it has done in any other country at any time. Augustin Daly is almost a solitary example of an American manager who changes his plays frequently at the immediate sacrifice of receipts. The figures of Joseph Jefferson, Denman Thompson, and James A. Herne, all artists, remind us that actors are often as willing as managers to bend everything to income. So far has the system been carried, combined with the habit of choosing bad plays for new productions, that a student of our stage actually has to find most of his interest in benefits and occasional performances. Last year, for instance, Julia Arthur, one of the strongest younger players, devoted her entire season to a philistine pseudo-literary drama, and her gifts were shown at their best only in a one-act piece at a couple of benefits; but this year she has been bold enough to insist on a worthy repertory. It was at a benefit that David Bispham, one of our singers, proved himself a powerful actor; at a benefit that our most delicate comedienne tested a play which has since run in two countries, with the result of forcing the managers to give Annie Russell a better opportunity; and at a similar performance that a promising young actress, Julie Opp, did her best work in an idyllic poetic comedy; to say nothing of such single performances as Miss Robins's *Hedda Gabler* and the late Mr. Henley's *John Gabriel Borkman*. The point is clear enough, that many actors who have talent, and the desire to use it worthily, are driven to obscure opportunities, with much labor and unfavorable conditions, because the regular theatres offer so few

artistic plays. No wonder, therefore, that so often an actor who has chafed for years in an empty minor rôle rushes from that misfortune into the grave of the minor star.

If, however, the conditions for the actor are in some ways to be regretted, it is only from the æsthetic standpoint, for in pleasure and comfort his estate has improved indeed, not only since the days when even the law was against him, but within the memory of the living. While knighthood and social glamour are given alike to the talented and the commonplace, never before could so much money be gained on the stage with so little talent. A larger salary can now be reached by a mediocre actor after a few years than once went to the greatest; and room is made for many more than could formerly exist, because of the multitude of companies. Imagining an ideal theatre, Hédelin, selected by Cardinal Richelieu to write about "the whole art of the stage," thought that three companies would suffice for Paris. How many would satisfy that city to-day? The severity of natural education was excellent for the fittest, but our more lenient standards are certainly a comfort to the others. In this contrast between material and artistic conditions the actor but shares our civilization, where not only a larger share of the world's goods goes to the poor, but a greater power over the course of thought is given to the ignorant. As hundreds of writers are comfortable where formerly the literary genius starved, so the average actor's lot is higher at the cost of obscuring the exceptional artist. An enormous and indiscriminate public demands an art different from that which springs out of one more select, — æsthetics losing to the gain of ethics. The family, so flourishing a portion of modern progress, takes in the playhouse the place of the wits and the fashionable ladies who wore masks or needed none, and children's day, which comes occasionally at the

Français, is with us always, while the virtuous dull, to whom the theatre used to spell damnation, now outnumber all. The most influential living critic of the drama tells us that even in the foremost theatre the modern world has seen the comedies of Molière are now played badly.

If democratic changes have made perfection in the histrionic art more difficult, they have not rendered futile an attempt at improvement. Concentration in permanent companies in big cities is needed as a basis for training. A few actors are born great, but most of them, like Rachel, have gifts which ripen only by strict cultivation. For the leading rôle in *Zaire* Voltaire selected an amateur, and Colley Cibber's eighteen-year-old wife made her début in the part at the first English performance; but although an untrained person may occasionally fit ideally into a part, or even step at once into many rôles, the dominating rule is the reverse. In its first year the cast of *Secret Service* contained one of our most experienced soubrettes, but she was replaced by a young woman who was exactly the kind of girl Mr. Gillette had described: with the result that the part, which had been fascinating, became empty and affected. Since the only means of raising the general level of acting is by correct training, the first consideration is the establishment of permanent companies with high standards, which will select from the army of young people now going on the stage those who are more interested in the artistic than in the commercial results, and gifted with talent. Preferring artistic to vulgar success, they would likewise live among persons of intelligence, especially in their own and allied arts.

In the last analysis everything hinges upon the play. Once bring it about that a few city theatres produce regular dramas demanded by the highest portion of the community, and good acting will follow as soon as intelligent people have



again formed the theatre-going habit. The best average acting in any American playhouse is seen at the one which gives, in German, more classics than any of our English-speaking companies. These two facts are inseparable. Whatever may be true for the actor dominated by income, and caring as much for one audience as another, for the player who measures his progress by the perfection of his talent the play is the thing. An actor may be cast almost anywhere in *Twelfth Night*, and know that if he cannot do great work, the fault is not in the rôle. Not Viola, the Duke, and Malvolio alone, but Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, the clown, even Sebastian and Antonio, — every part except Fabian, — is so pro-

foundly conceived that it will hold the genius of a great actor; and in this regard *Twelfth Night* is but an example of the truth that in a great play, which is composed of deeply created characters, however few their lines, lies the artistic salvation of actors, great and small. What should be sought by our player of ideals is an entrance to some company where there are frequent changes of bill, made necessary by a regular clientele, and a line of plays in which he will be sure of finding in his part not a wooden image accompanied by minute stage directions about his clothes, but the outlines of a solid and typical human being, whom it is his privilege, by the power of instinctive sympathy, to re-create.

*Norman Hapgood.*

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#### SOME NOVELS OF THE YEAR.

IN Helbeck of Bannisdale Mrs. Humphry Ward gives fresh proof of her great skill as a spiritual historian. The hereditary English Catholic, of high descent, heroic sacrifices, and unassailable faith, patient of misconception, proud of his very disabilities, and already, by virtue of his position and circumstances, half detached from the world and its ambitions, is always a romantic and moving figure; one whose picturesque points have been many times seized and utilized for mere effect by the ordinary novelist. But Mrs. Ward is not an ordinary novelist. Heaven forbid! She is impelled by the gravest purpose, restrained by the most delicate scruples; always intensely serious, often resolutely, not to say ruthlessly didactic. She cannot help knowing that she has rare gifts as a story-teller; but "gifts must prove their use." To employ this one for mere purposes of diversion or beguilement would seem to its possessor a sin.

A mind so earnest must needs feel

keenly the fascination exercised by the sincere devotee of whatever persuasion, and will readily comprehend a part, at least, of the pietist's motives. But over and above that reluctant sympathy, which is sometimes considered a hopeful sign of "prevenient grace," but is really, for the most part, a matter of temperament, Mrs. Ward has had, for one outside the Roman communion, exceptional opportunities to observe, and aids toward understanding, the curiously remote and baffling inner life of the Roman Catholic mystic. She was born into the Oxford movement; if not in the hour of utmost stress, at least while the sea of theological wrath was yet working wildly after the unprecedented storm. Her grandfather, the famous head master of Rugby, had died in early manhood, with his armor on, fighting stoutly for the cause of English evangelicalism against the silver-tongued champion of the faith delivered to the saints. Her distinguished father, the second Thomas Ar-

nold, was a Roman convert. Her more distinguished uncle, and the more immediate guide and arbiter of her own vivid intellectual life, Matthew Arnold, was pleading, while she grew up, with equal pungency and persuasiveness, for Hellenism as against Hebraism, for literature as against dogma, for the humanities generally as against the pieties. Rent by a sharply divided personal loyalty, Mrs. Ward, nevertheless, came before the world as Matthew Arnold's disciple, and in her first big work, *Robert Elsmere*, she solemnly dedicated her very eminent analytic and dramatic power to the propaganda of a blameless and beneficent agnosticism. It would not quite do. Even in this her formal and conscientious confession of unfaith the preacher's own smothered misgiving makes itself felt; her obstinate suspicion, after all, of some supernatural and superrational verity. She is moved, in spite of herself, to offer a slight constructive compromise; to suggest a sort of mawkish travesty of worship, almost pitiable in its futility as compared with the all but virile strength and grasp of the rest of the book. The story of Robert and Catherine ought at least to have been fortifying and composing. It is, in fact, unrelieved and heart-dissolving tragedy.

This undertone of irrepressible dissent from the deliberate pulpit utterance grows louder in *David Grieve*, which has passages and scenes of great beauty, especially in the earlier part, but is, nevertheless, the least consistent and convincing, the least successful as a romance notwithstanding its wealth of lurid incident, of all Mrs. Ward's longer tales.

In *Marcella* and in *Sir George Tresady* we find her trying to set the importunate religious question aside for a time, and concentrating her attention rather upon social and political problems. She suddenly discovers that she has a mission to the most privileged class of her compatriots no less than to the struggling majority and the wholly "dis-

inherited." Her ethical scheme must be comprehensive enough to embrace them all; and no sooner has she set about studying, patiently and methodically, as her own thoroughgoing habits of mind require, the evolution of what is, upon the whole, the best if not the most brilliant aristocracy the world has ever seen, than she finds herself irresistibly enamored of that shining class, — its traditions, in the main so brave and wholesome, the ample and ordered splendor of its highly organized daily existence, the immense distinction of some of its individual types. "The world and the things of the world," — how fascinating they are, after all! How is it possible not to "love" things which are so alluring? What place is it permissible to give them in an ideal scheme, a properly altruistic and entirely righteous theory of human living?

Hitherto — ever since she took her well-earned place as one of the leading writers and moralists of the day — Mrs. Ward has always made the mistake of trying to put too much into each of her pictures; to set her camera so as to take in her entire generation, and show her puppets not only in their action upon one another, but in their relations to the cosmos. Her heroic determination to be not merely truthful, but universal, to spare no pains and slight no corner of her spacious work, has been crowned with a kind of success. She has overcome a good many technical difficulties, and achieved in a single decade a really vast amount of admirable work. But she has done so at a palpable cost to herself of straining and exhausting effort, which has often reacted in deep weariness even upon her most sympathetic readers.

This time she has happily condescended to a subject, grave indeed, but well within her power, — familiarized by painful experience rather than by observation and study. Her voice, always cultured, and certainly not shrill at any time, drops to a quiet note of personal



confidence, with an effect, from the outset, of welcome relaxation and unwonted charm. The story of Helbeck of Bannisdale is very simple. The characters introduced are few, and all, including that of the *provoquante* and passionate little heroine, strictly subordinated to the majestic central figure. The incidents are sufficiently probable; the unfolding of the sad intrigue natural, and one may say inevitable. The scenery, beautifully sketched in as background, but never obtruded, is that austere and noble Westmoreland landscape which has fed the inspiration and wrought itself into the meditative life of three generations of Arnolds. The heroine, Laura Fountain, is not exactly a stranger to the reader. She is Rose again; she is Marcella amid new and exceptionally difficult surroundings; the airy, starry blossom of a tempestuous period and a more or less unwholesome soil; the bright, eager, blameless girl, overrationalized, if not in any true sense of the term overeducated; pathetically incapable of intellectual or spiritual self-guidance, yet early thrust by the general movement of her time far beyond the possibility of blind obedience or simple, trustful self-surrender.

When she and Helbeck are thrown intimately together among the solemn hills, members for a time of the same recluse and self-denying household, the rigid yet generous and tender ascetic and the wayward, mutinous little heretic love as naturally as if they had been alone in the primeval garden. The situation is romantic, but the treatment is not at all so. The reverse of the saint's golden medal, — the infinite puerilities of Catholic practice, the wily ways of Catholic counselors, the spiritual indignities perpetually offered to her most loyal subjects by the great secular Church, the mortification and penury, mental as well as physical, enjoined and uncomplainingly accepted, — all these things, and the sickening repulsion they excite in the child of a humanist and freethinker,

the girl bred in virtuous and mildly rationalistic English Cambridge, are portrayed in cold blood and with unflinching realism.

How can these two walk together, with such abysses of conscience between them? No outward mandate interdicts their union. The Church herself, with that awful sagacity of hers, stands silent, and forbids no banns. She will not risk straining the self-devotion of the gallant son who has already given her almost his all. Helbeck, on his part, is too truly chivalrous to constrain, if he could, his darling's soul. He will not wrestle with this fragile and suffering flesh and blood; only with principalities and powers *for her*, by the age-honored methods of penance, vow, and unwearying secret prayer. The loving, clinging, yet untamable sprite feels her light wings caught by invisible threads, makes a frantic effort, and, with sore laceration, frees herself once, only to flutter straight back into the snare, and instantly to realize that escape is no longer possible for her, save by the last exit.

The story, which is essentially that of Robert and Catherine reversed, could not have ended happily. The circumstances of the last scene are perhaps a trifle too melodramatic. Laura, we feel, was exactly the girl to have destroyed herself on a desperate impulse, but never to have written a long letter the night before, announcing her intention to do so.

But the flaw is a slight one, and Helbeck of Bannisdale remains, to our thinking, Mrs. Ward's highest artistic achievement; while its hero, with his noble and fatal single-mindedness, his spiritual grandeur, and his exasperating limitations, is beyond comparison her most veracious and masterly portrait.

In so far, however, as the book may have been meant for a polemical tract or a plea in behalf of private judgment, it is worse than ineffective or better than its intent according to the reader's point of view. The intermittent shud-

der which agitates these pathetic pages constitutes in itself a singular witness to the intact ascendancy over the forlorn human soul — possibly in a peculiar manner over the feminine soul — of the one enduring ecclesiastical organization. A fresh wave of reaction toward divinely constituted authority seems to be rising, — possibly, this time, a tidal one. Here and there, the world over, lips opened to curse are trembling into blessing. The Zeitgeist which led the revolutionary chorus so lustily in Matthew Arnold's heyday has taken to the practice of plain song; and we feel, whether she herself quite apprehended its outcome or no, that Mrs. Ward's latest and in some ways most affecting book ranges her definitively with Tolstoy and Maeterlinck, Vogüé and Huysmans, and all the rest of the rather strangely assorted company who go to swell the denomination of the New Mystics.

But the tendency novel, even in the tempered form presented by Helbeck of Bannisdale, is, for the moment, quite out of literary fashion; and the cleverest masculine pens of the day are engaged, almost without exception, on the side of sheer romanticism. The search for motive has given place to the search for adventure, and tumultuous incident leaves no room for subtle analysis. The change is, upon the whole, a healthy and a happy one. It is interesting, too, because it seems to have foreshadowed, and has already, perhaps, done something to promote, the new era of violent activity, which the civilized world will apparently enter at the beginning of the century. With cannon — or whatever deadlier machine may soon have superseded cannon — thundering all round the globe at once, abstract speculation and meditative introspection will necessarily be much interrupted, and a host of morbid fancies and low-lying spiritual vapors will be lifted by a natural law and harmlessly dispelled. This new period of storm and stress will also pass. Another race will

be, and other palms will be won by the weapon which is, perhaps, mightier than the sword. But meanwhile the leaders of the romantic revolt in fiction will have done their part in sounding the immediate call to arms.

Mr. Marion Crawford is one of the foremost of these leaders, and in *Corleone*, the latest novel of the *Saracinesca* series, he has given us a romance hardly less fascinating than the best of its predecessors, and one whose technical qualities it would be difficult to overpraise. He adds to the gift — rare enough at all times — of a powerful and poetic imagination an excellent method, great care for detail, and the ease that comes of long practice in the arrangement of a plot. There is not much danger that a man thus equipped will "overwrite" himself while his prime lasts, even though he may not, and certainly will not, always write as well as he can. All the great masters of romantic as distinguished from analytic or didactic fiction — Dumas, Scott, Shakespeare himself — have written with great rapidity during their culminating period; and the more tales of modern Italian life, of the quality of *Don Orsino* and *Corleone*, Mr. Crawford can produce in a given time, the better surely for the entertainment, and, indirectly, also for the enlightenment of the world.

He should stick resolutely to his Italian themes, however, and not be seduced by others less congenial and less thoroughly mastered; least of all, we are tempted to say, by American themes. He knows more of Italy and the Italians of to-day than any other noted writer now living who is not of Italian lineage. Ouida might be an exception, if her fierce personal prejudices and unbridled passion for the sensational did not give an air of unreality to her strongest pages. Mr. Crawford is certainly better informed than Zola, or Paul Bourget, or that detached and tender pessimist René Bazin. He is more to be depended on, now



that Bonghi is no more, than the cleverest of the contemporary Italian writers themselves; taking a broader view, and suggesting, to the reflective reader, a fairer judgment of the social and political woes which afflict the devoted peninsula just now, than either Fogazzaro or Serao, powerful writers though they both are, and sincere patriots. And it so happens, in the curious arrangement of this world's affairs, that it still matters about as much to civilized humanity as it has done at any time during the last twenty-five hundred years, how Italy fares and what her fate is to be. Allowance must of course be made for the sable color of Mr. Crawford's politics; that is to say, for his strong Catholic and conservative sympathies. He always vindicates the moral empire of the Church, — the regulating and restraining influence exercised in the main by the priest over natures not very open to merely philosophic and doctrinaire considerations; and he has done no more than justice to the higher type of the Italian secular clergy in the noble portraits of Don Teodoro in Taquisara, and Don Ippolito in Corleone. Mr. Crawford is most at home, no doubt, in those two extremes of society where the most picturesque figures are naturally to be found, — with the old nobility and the sadly overburdened peasantry. The men who are actually wrestling as best they can with the desperate difficulties of the moment, — for some of which they are themselves responsible, but for others not, — the suddenly enfranchised middle class from which the great mass of parliamentary deputies and government *impiegati* are taken, Mr. Crawford views at a greater distance and from a different angle. But to them, also, he makes earnest if intermittent efforts to be just; and he has felt and fathomed, as few outsiders have ever done, the peculiar subtlety and complexity of the Italian character; the indelible color imparted by deeply absorbed and half forgotten tradition; the infinite sophistication of the ancient race,

rooted in the immemorially occupied soil; the enormous moral range of which it is capable, from heights of magnanimity hardly touched elsewhere to inscrutable depths of baseness, and a calm and in some sort naïf capacity for the most atrocious crime.

Sicily, where the scene of Corleone is laid, is Italy intensified, and the moral contrasts we have noted are well exemplified when certain members of Mr. Crawford's ideal Italian race, the Saracinesca, with whose fine patrician qualities we have long been familiar, are brought into direct contact with what is confessedly "the worst blood in Italy," — that of the Corleone family, — and with the organized brigandage of the Mafia. The story of such a struggle must needs be melodramatic; but it is melodramatic with a method and meaning, and it is admirably constructed as well as charmingly told. Certain episodes, especially that of the deadly chase of the brothers Tagliuca over the desert wastes and wooded spurs of *Ætna*, are so related as to make the pulses of the most jaded novel-reader beat high. A singularly pure and ardent love story is inwoven with the fierce intrigue; and the final surprise, which resolves so many doubts and removes so many difficulties, is a surprise indeed, and is managed with consummate skill.

Riding close after Mr. Crawford, and well up toward the head of the gallant company of romanticists, comes Dr. S. Weir Mitchell with his *Adventures of François*, a brilliant little book. If any ambitious young writer, quite unknown to fame, had made his first literary appearance when Dr. Mitchell began writing fiction, less than a score of years ago, and had gone on gaining, as constantly as he has done, both in depth of human insight and in dramatic and delineative skill, the fact would have been remarkable. But when a man already eminent in science and in the practice of an absorbing profession takes up one

of the lesser arts by the way, and lightly masters it, we recognize a larger and more versatile genius.

No doubt it is an advantage — though not commonly considered essential — to have known something of life by actual experience before attempting to depict it; but — *si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait* — the man who knows the world well is too apt to have lost his own keen interest in it. No touch of languor or disenchantment, however, mars the spirited effect of this rapid narrative. Most of us have probably felt, if not said, at one time or another, that we know all we want or deem it good to know concerning the hideous details of that last judgment of a social order, — the great French Revolution. Its further use, in fiction at least, we should have considered more than questionable. Yet Dr. Mitchell has snatched his hero from the very lowest of the strata flung outward by the great upheaval, has given him a fresh, vivid, consistent, and really captivating personality, and led him through a series of haps and mishaps — wondrous, but not improbable, because nothing was so at that time — to a natural and satisfactory end. The author admits, with excellent grace, in the passage where the Marquis de Ste. Luce likens François to the immortal Chicot, his own special obligations to the prince of French story-tellers; and indeed, the resemblances, personal and moral, between the chivalrous thief and the astute fool of Henry II. could have escaped no reader properly steeped in his Dumas père. But the most ardent disciple of that joyous cult will be the first to acknowledge that its modern minister is an independent and a worthy one. Dr. Mitchell is too experienced a physician of the mind, and too thoroughly of his own age, after all, not to have struck now and then a deeper note than his great master was wont to touch; and he has dallied a little, in passing, though never so as to impede the action of his tale,

with the inevitable psychological problem presented by the character and destiny of a waif like François. That light-hearted hero is permitted to state his own case, near the peaceful end of his checkered career, and he does it in these artless terms: —

“I am now old. I suppose, from what I am told, that I was wicked when I was young. But if one cannot see that he was a sinner, what then? The good God who made me knows that I was a little Ishmaelite cast adrift in the streets to feed as I might. I defend not myself. I blame not the chances of life, nor yet the education which fate gave me. It was made to tempt one in need of food and shelter. 'Tis a great thing to be able to laugh easily and often, and this good gift I had; and so, whether in safety or in peril, whether homeless or housed, I have gone through life merry. I had thought more, says M. le Curé, if I had been less light of heart. But thus was I made, and, after all, it has its good side.”

A word must be said for the exceptional beauty and fitness of the illustrations, by Castaigne, to *The Adventures of François*. The recreant choir boy, absorbed in the copy of Horace which he had picked up in the Luxembourg Gardens, and relishing so keenly the lines he can but half construe, while his delightful dog Toto leans against his shoulder with a broad smile of canine sympathy and confidence, is so drawn that we know not which more to admire, the fancy of the novelist or the skill of the draughtsman. The whole scene which describes the first meeting of François with the dazzling old nobleman whose fate was so strangely mixed up with his own is a novel and charming one; but why are we never told what became, after Robespierre's fall, of that finished and most agreeable reprobate, the Marquis de Ste. Luce? It is not a new type, certainly, but it is admirably presented here. And one more griev-



ance we have against Dr. Mitchell: it seems to us that Toto was needlessly sacrificed. His death was nobly avenged, indeed; still we remain inconsolable. He who had escaped the chances of the Terror and the travesty of the guillotine might so well have subsisted royally on the rats in the Paris Catacombs, and passed away long afterward, by a wheezy euthanasia, at the fireside which sheltered the ranged and reclaimed François.

Two more recruits to the stout army of romanticists — a Scotchman and an American — appear in the persons of Mr. John Buchan, author of *John Barnet* of Barnes, and Miss Mary Johnston, author of *Prisoners of Hope*, a Tale of Colonial Virginia. Mr. Buchan, though his pages bristle with dialect, is no kail-yard chronicler. He is the earnest pupil of Stevenson, and has written a sound, manly, and well-knit narrative of seventeenth-century adventure. The freshest portions of it are those which describe the hero's student life in Leyden; it is only when we take to the moors, and lie in hiding with the Covenanters, that too close a comparison is invited with the inimitable master, and we sigh for "the touch of a vanished hand." John Barnet was for Church and King, and though falsely denounced by private enemies for plotting against the Stuart line, he was no little loath, at first, to owe his life, when a fugitive, to Covenanted protection. Yet a great admiration for many of these hunted men grew upon him, when he had lived for a few days among them. "Truly," he says, "my thoughts on things were changing. Here was I, in the very stronghold of the fanatics, and in the two chief — the old man and Master Lockhart — I found a reasonable mind and lofty purpose. And thus I have ever found it: that the better sort of the Covenanters were the very cream of Scots gentlefolk, and 't was only in the canaille that the gloomy passion of fanatics was to be found." There is

a ring about this which vividly recalls that most touching, but, alas, unfulfilled aspiration of Stevenson's: —

"Might it be given me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home! — and hear again the call  
About the graves of the martyrs, the peewits  
crying,  
And hear no more at all."

The author of *Prisoners of Hope*, — an excellent title by the way, — if she has a less disciplined pen than Mr. Buchan, has more originality and a far more active imagination. The scene of the story is laid in Virginia, at the time of the formidable rebellion under Sir William Berkeley; and Miss Johnston has not only studied her period thoroughly, but she shows a remarkable grasp of an obscure and intricate political situation. The various elements of discontent which were working at that critical time, and which, in their explosion, had so nearly rent the young commonwealth asunder and detached her from the mother country a century before the times were ripe, are nonchalantly enumerated at the opening of the narrative by brave old Colonel Verney, tobacco king and stanch Cavalier: —

"It's this d——d Oliverian element among them! You see, ever since his Majesty's blessed restoration, gang after gang of rebels have been sent us, — Independents, Muggletonians, Fifth Monarchy men, dour Scotch Whigamores, dangerous fanatics all! Many are Naseby or Worcester rogues, Ironsides who worship the memory of that devil's lieutenant, Oliver. All have the gift of the gab. We disperse them as much as possible, not allowing above five or six to any one plantation, we of the Council realizing that they form a dangerous leaven. Should there be trouble, — which Heaven forbid! — they would be the instigators. . . . Then there are their fellow criminals, the highwaymen, forgers, cutpurses, and bullies, of whom we relieve his Majesty's government.

They are few in number, but each is a very plague spot, infecting honest men. The slaves — always excepting the Spanish and Portuguese mulattoes from the Indies, who are devils incarnate — have not brain enough to conspire. But in the actual event of a rising they would be fiends unchained."

These types are all clearly distinguished and ably represented in Miss Johnston's virile pages, and there is one chapter — *The Hut on the Marsh* — which describes a cautious meeting of the conspirators for the discussion of their plans with positively amazing power.

The hero of the story, Godfrey Landless, belongs to a class whose tragic fate has invited more than one novelist of late, and notably the highly correct and careful author of *King Noanett*. Landless was a convict who had been sold into semi-slavery; consigned with other malefactors to Colonel Verney, and sent to work out his sentence on the Virginia plantations. But he was a gentleman none the less, the son of a gallant officer in the army of the Commonwealth who had been killed at Worcester, and he suffered, of course, under a false accusation. A bitter sense of his own wrongs leads him to cast in his lot with the rebels, but he is revolted by the project of inciting the slaves to rebellion; and when, in due course of time and by the inevitable law of romantic tendency, he has fallen in love with his master's daughter, his position becomes in the highest degree perplexing and perilous. The lady, the fair, disdainful Patricia, is being wooed at the same time by her cousin, Sir Charles Carew, a dandy and a gallant of the court of Charles II., who had come to the colony prepared to mend his wasted fortunes with the patrimony of the rich planter's daughter, and then honestly fallen a victim to her unexpected charm. The mortal enmity between these two so unequally equipped, suitors adds one more sensational ingre-

dient to this highly wrought, yet upon the whole admirably constructed story, and no faithful novel-reader will need to be told which of the rivals ultimately prevails with Patricia.

The book is brim full of fire and movement, and the interest marvelously sustained. Its main fault is the very hopeful and curable, but in these days most uncommon one of *exuberance*. It is too highly colored. Surely life was not quite so elaborately fastuous as here represented, even among the most prosperous of the Virginia tobacco growers before 1700! And as for Patricia's extravagance in dress, we can think of no parallel to the "yards upon yards of Venice point" lavished upon one only of the many imported gowns of this colonial belle, save in the historic wardrobe of England's virgin queen or the reckless outfit of Ouida's early heroines.

But superfluity can always be pruned, while indigence is fatal. Miss Johnston has both power and passion, and these, after all, are the main essentials for the highest achievement in fiction. Curiously enough, while her fancy is thus riotous, her style is not intemperate, and her touch in delineating scenery is delicate and absolutely just. Her landscape backgrounds are exquisite, and the description of the old Verney mansion is a gem of picturesque writing and a marvel of local color.

If there should ever be a sequel to *Prisoners of Hope*, — and it is so unnatural for the hero to have been abandoned, on the last page of his eventful history, to a lingering death in the forest that we are half inclined to expect one, — it is safe to prophesy that it will be a more symmetrical, if not a more striking book than this.

From the strenuous appeal made to the reason by novels with a pronounced purpose, and to the feelings by tales of thrilling adventure, we turn with an involuntary sense of relief to the latest



book by that rather new writer who chooses to call himself Henry Seton Merriman. For what we are about to receive we are already grateful. We are not sure of being edified, but we know that we shall be well amused so long as the story lasts, and perhaps left with something to think about — if think we must — after the volume is regretfully closed.

It is not often that a considerable reputation is so quietly, negligently, one might almost say disdainfully made as that of the author of *The Sowers*, *Flotsam*, and *In Kedar's Tents*. It is a reputation of the second class, of course; but the front rank is not exactly crowded at present, and there is ample room for this mordant and yet urbane annalist, who is neither poet, prophet, accredited artist, nor professed philanthropist, but merely a clever and widely experienced man of the world. We all know how soothing in society — if he be but reasonably amiable — is the companionship of such a man, when one has been a little too long importuned by the arguments of the earnest and the appeals of the inspired. It is much the same in literature. Mr. Merriman — as we are bound to name him — has perhaps been a diplomatist. He seems equally at home, at all events, in all the great capitals of Europe, — London, Paris, Petersburg, Madrid, The Hague, — and he gives us a good variety of human types, all drawn with the same light and well-trained hand. He can bring forth from the stores of his memory plenty of sensational incident, but he makes light, in a way, of this also, and never needlessly agitates either himself or his reader. His epigrams are abundant, but so modestly offered and seemingly unstudied as to appear half unconscious, — the habit merely of a quick wit long associated with other quick wits. Their presumed cynicism is often curiously superficial, masking a serious and by no means uncharitable

meaning. Take a handful gathered at random from his last book, *Roden's Corner* : —

“Men who stand much upon their dignity have not, as a rule, much else to stand upon.”

“That dangerous industries exist we all know and deplore. That the supply of men and women ready to take employment in such industries is practically inexhaustible is a fact worth at least a moment's attention.”

“Sufficient for the social day is the effort to avoid glancing at the cupboard where our neighbor keeps his skeleton.”

“She had that subtle air of self-restraint that marks those women whose lives are passed in the society of men inferior to themselves. Of course, all women are, in a sense, doomed to this!”

“Life should surely consist of seizing the fortunate, and fighting through the ill moments — else why should men have heart and nerve?”

In his treatment of women Mr. Merriman comes rather nearer than good taste permits to assuming the pose of a misogynist; yet here, too, he is always liable to lapses into chivalry. The audacious and slang-loving schoolgirl in *Roden's Corner* is drawn with a touch so indulgent as to be almost tender, and endowed with the finest of womanly possibilities; and the author is very kind, in the same book, to another well-intentioned but rather foolish girl of the period, the tale of whose final wooing and winning is original enough for quotation : —

“Like many of her contemporaries, Joan was troubled by an intense desire to do her duty, coupled with an unfortunate lack of duties to perform.

“‘I wish you would tell me what you think,’ she said.

“‘Seems to me,’ said White, ‘that your duty is clear enough.’

“‘Yes?’

“‘Yes. Drop the Malgamiters and

the Haberdashers and all that, and — marry me.'

"But Joan only shook her head sadly.

"That cannot be my duty,' she said.

"Why? 'Cause it is n't unpleasant enough?'

"No,' answered Joan after a pause, in the deepest earnestness, — 'no, that 's just it!'

Roden's Corner was a financial, not a rural one; and the volume is more of a tract than Mr. Merriman has permitted himself hitherto, dealing quite explicitly with the abuse of trusts and monopolies, and all that may be suffered by the victims of certain fashionable forms of organized charity. It is the clever and high-mettled dandy of the book who, having been idly drawn into the nefarious malgamite scheme, discerns and revolts at its iniquity, and finally exposes and defeats it. "He belonged," the author says, "to a school and generation which, with all its faults, has, at all events, the redeeming quality of courage. He had long learned to say the right thing, which effectually teaches men to do the right thing, also."

It will be seen that Mr. Merriman is very fond of his hero, Tony Cornish, whose features, for the rest, are not quite unfamiliar; for he reminds us a little of Rudolf, Rassendyll, and several other modern favorites. But we are more than willing to believe, in view of the stormy times already sententiously prophesied, that he represents not unfairly the very best kind of gilded youth, both in England and in America.

The twelve stories which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has collected under the appropriate title of *The Day's Work* comprise two of the very best which he has written, *The Bridge Builders* and *The Brushwood Boy*, first and last of the series. In several of the others he indulges his recent fancy for making animals talk, as they used to do in the fairy tales of our childhood, and also

for personifying those formidable natural forces which the modern man boasts of having compelled to do his bidding, but which often defy, and occasionally, even yet, defeat and violently destroy him.

But whether it is the horses on a Vermont stock farm and the brave little beasts of the polo field who hold lively converse among themselves; or the once deified animals of the Ganges Valley who revolt at a sacrilegious attempt to bridle their sacred river; or a mere miscellaneous lot of locomotive engines competing for precedence, and yielding homage at last to the record-breaking speed of "No. .007," — all these creatures, whether animate or inanimate, speak with the voice of Rudyard Kipling, perorate with his fiery eloquence, pound with the hammer of his prejudice, and sting with the whiplash of his merry wit. Where else can we look for such intense vitality and such impish variety? Mr. Kipling belongs to no school of novelists, living or dead. He is a law unto his extraordinary self, — solitary and universal. He is romantic, but not a romanticist; sentimental, but not a sentimentalist; popular, though he would spit upon the name of populist; practical and scientific, as befits his epoch, but not a realist; Homeric, at times, but assuredly no epic bard; patriotic in the highest degree, but after a fashion never observed in a British subject before. He is unique and unclassifiable, because he is of the future; an inquisitive and impetuous forerunner of that twentieth century which will be in full swing by the time he is as old as a man must usually be before acquiring a solid reputation as a distinguished writer.

Two only of the dozen tales in this volume deal, in any way, with that passion which has formed the staple of all fiction hitherto; but the love stories in *The Brushwood Boy* and in *William the Conqueror* (William was the lady-love, by the way) are both of marked



and memorable beauty; fresh, delicate, and thrilling as a skylark's lay. In William the Conqueror, as well as in The Bridge Builders and the very striking sketch called The Tombs of his Ancestors, the scene is happily laid once more in the ancient land of Mr. Kipling's own birth; and he returns to the congenial theme, so dear to his own heart always, and so affecting to every reader of our race, — the simple heroism, the unshrinking and unthinking spirit of self-sacrifice, which characterizes the lives of so many Englishmen and Englishwomen in British India. There can be no better reading just now than these plain chronicles for our own young men and maidens, who can learn from Mr. Kipling's dramatic pages how nobly a nation's most reckless pledges may be redeemed by her loyal children; and the crimes, and the yet more hapless blunders, which too often accompany distant conquest, may be amply expiated.

In A Walking Delegate, My Sunday at Home, and the exceedingly clever and diverting sketch entitled An Error in the Fourth Dimension, Mr. Kipling selects American subjects, and handles them with admirable humor, but in a spirit, it must be confessed, by no means flattering, and hardly even friendly to ourselves. We can well afford to wait, however, until that gust of rather boyish anger which found scathing expression in the verses on the American spirit shall have passed harmlessly by, and may good-humoredly accept meanwhile,

and even enjoy a good laugh over the very thinly disguised general admonition which is delivered in almost unerring dialect by the "ex-car-horse" Muldoon in A Walking Delegate: —

"America's paved with the kind er horse you are — jist plain yaller-dog horse, waiting ter be whipped inter shape. We call 'em yearlings and colts when they 're young. When they 're aged we pound 'em in this pastur'. Horse, sonny, is what you start from. We know all about horse here, an' he ain't any high-toned, pure-souled child o' natur'. Horse, plain horse, same as you, is chock-full o' tricks, an' meanesses, an' cussednesses, an' shirkin's, an' monkey-shines, which he's took over from his sire an' his dam, an' thickened up with his own special fancy in the way o' goin' crooked. Thet's *horse*; an' thet's about his dignity an' the size of his soul 'fore he's been broke an' raw-hided a piece. . . . Don't you try to back off acrost them rocks! Wait where you are! Ef I let my Hambletonian temper git the better o' me, I'd frazzle you out finer than rye-straw inside o' three minutes, you woman-scarin', kid-killin', dash-breakin', unbroke, unshod, ungaited, pastur'-hoggin', saw-backed, shark-mouthed, hair-trunk, thrown-in-in-a-trade son of a broneo an' a sewing-machine!"

Versatile as he is, Mr. Kipling could never have achieved this last climax if he had not served for a term of years in the United States.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is registered somewhere in my consciousness a vow that I will never be confidential except for the purpose of misleading. But consistency is a pompous

In the Confidence of a Story-Writer.

and wearisome burden, and I seek relief by casting it aside; for, like the colored gentleman in the Passemala, I am sometimes "afraid o' myse'f," but never ashamed.

I have discovered my limitations, and I have saved myself much worry and torment by accepting them as final. I can gain nothing but tribulation by cultivating faculties that are not my own. I cannot reach anything by running after it, but I find that many pleasant and profitable things come to me here in my corner.

Some wise man has promulgated an eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not preach," which, interpreted, means, "Thou shalt not instruct thy neighbor as to what he should do." But the Preacher is always with us. Said one to me: "Thou shalt parcel off thy day into mathematical sections. So many hours shalt thou abandon thyself to thought, so many to writing; a certain number shalt thou devote to household duties, to social enjoyment, to ministering to thy afflicted fellow creatures." I listened to the voice of the Preacher, and the result was stagnation all along the line of "hours" and unspeakable bitterness of spirit. In brutal revolt I turned to and played solitaire during my "thinking hour," and whist when I should have been ministering to the afflicted. I scribbled a little during my "social enjoyment" period, and shattered the "household duties" into fragments of every conceivable fraction of time, with which I besprinkled the entire day as from a pepper-box. In this way I succeeded in reëstablishing the harmonious discord and confusion which had surrounded me before I listened to the voice, and which seems necessary to my physical and mental well-being.

But there are many voices preaching. Said another one to me: "Go forth and gather wisdom in the intellectual atmosphere of clubs, — in those centres of thought where questions are debated and knowledge is disseminated." Once more giving heed, I hurried to enroll myself among the thinkers, and dispensers of knowledge, and propounders of questions. And very much out of place did

I feel in these intellectual gatherings. I escaped by some pretext, and regained my corner, where no "questions" and no fine language can reach me.

There is far too much gratuitous advice bandied about, regardless of personal aptitude and wholly confusing to the individual point of view.

I had heard so often reiterated that "genius is a capacity for taking pains" that the axiom had become lodged in my brain with the fixedness of a fundamental truth. I had never hoped or aspired to be a genius. But one day the thought occurred to me, "I will take pains." Thereupon I proceeded to lie awake at night plotting a tale that should convince my limited circle of readers that I could rise above the commonplace. As to choice of "time," the present century offered too prosaic a setting for a tale intended to stir the heart and the imagination. I selected the last century. It is true I know little of the last century, and have a feeble imagination. I read volumes bearing upon the history of the times and people that I proposed to manipulate, and pored over folios depicting costumes and household utensils then in use, determined to avoid inaccuracy. For the first time in my life I took notes, — copious notes, — and carried them bulging in my jacket pockets, until I felt as if I were wearing Zola's coat. I have never seen a craftsman at work upon a fine piece of mosaic, but I fancy that he must handle the delicate bits much as I handled the words in that story, picking, selecting, grouping, with an eye to color and to artistic effect, — never satisfied. The story completed, I was very, very weary; but I had the satisfaction of feeling that for once in my life I had worked hard, I had achieved something great, I had taken pains.

But the story failed to arouse enthusiasm among the editors. It is at present lying in my desk. Even my best friend declined to listen to it, when I offered to read it to her.



I am more than ever convinced that a writer should be content to use his own faculty, whether it be a faculty for taking pains or a faculty for reaching his effects by the most careless methods. Every writer, I fancy, has his group of readers who understand, who are in sympathy with his thoughts or impressions or whatever he gives them. And he who is content to reach his own group, without ambition to be heard beyond it, attains, in my opinion, somewhat to the dignity of a philosopher.

FROM the "vowe to God made he"

**The God of Battles.**

of the Ballad of Chevy Chase down to the "Jehovah of the Thunders" in Kipling's hymn, the Anglo-Saxon, or more properly the Anglo-Norman, whenever he has felt the stir of coming battle has felt at the same time the call of a very stern, a very simple, and a very primitive religious sentiment. Satirists of alien nationality have not been slow to observe this. They have depicted the Englishman overrunning the wilderness, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, and they have maligned the American as a hypocrite who lifted to heaven a hand dripping with the slaughter of less powerful races. The Anglo-Norman conscience itself has proved tender at times, and the God of Battles has been invoked from within against the manifest tendencies of the race as well as in their behalf. This conscience is never at ease unless it finds a case made out for it of battling for right and humanity, if not for the God of Battles himself.

But we are told in these latter days that the Anglo-Norman has undergone a revolution. He has cast aside the traditions of a thousand years, it is said, and has new words to express his convictions as to the truths of life and death. Accordingly, he has found, or must find, new cries to animate him in his devotion to what he deems the cause of progress and humanity.

There have been varied suggestions

as to what might take the place of Him whom Kipling calls Jehovah of the Thunders, provided we satisfied ourselves that He no longer existed. The difficulty with most of these suggestions is that they do not adapt themselves to poetry. The Unknowable, Abstract Humanity, and so forth, — none of these seems to work well in metre, either long, short, or peculiar. That is no argument against the use in prose of these substitutes for an historic tradition. It shows only that when the cloud of war rose, the United States were unready in other respects besides those indicated in appropriation bills and proclamations.

The curious thing in that American war verse which found its way in trickling stanzas down the columns of newspapers was the apparent self-consciousness with which it evaded all the difficulties that real poetry would have faced with deadly resolution. The real poet would have said to himself, "There is a way to say these thoughts which I have in my heart, if they are true;" and he would have broken his heart rather than fail to find the new manner of utterance. But the verse-makers did nothing in this earnest spirit. They ignored the God of Battles to a degree positively startling in the history of English literature, and they put nothing in his place. If there were exceptions to this rule in current literature, they were few; though it must be acknowledged that a republication of The Battle Hymn of the Republic awoke languid echoes. The only fervent reminiscence of the poets — and this was shared by the populace — showed itself in lurid allusions to the place which Falstaff said he always thought on when he looked at Bardolph's nose.

Thus it remained a question whether the actual roar of cannon would arouse in the bards the old Anglo-Norman sentiment, or bring new thoughts to their lips. Later evidence goes to show that the time-honored phrases are the final

resort. The other day, a few stanzas, not otherwise remarkable, flashed forth with that stern and ancient name, the God of Battles. They were apparently a woman's verses, and there was more in them of the sacrifice and misery than the triumph and glory of war. But God was there, compassionate to the stricken, un pitying to the stubborn foe,—the same God whom the Anglo-Norman has always called upon when he felt a need beyond the powers of his own self-reliance. Since then we have seen a number of hymns and apostrophes in the old fashion. But we await the poet who thinks himself capable of putting modern beliefs into stirring verse.

WE have no spare chamber. I have been troubled about it for a long while. Yesterday it occurred to me that the Browns have no spare chamber, either, nor the Robinsons, nor the Stuyvesants, and I am more troubled than ever.

The decadence of the spare chamber strikes deep. It is the concrete difference between past and present. The spare chamber meant a room in the house set apart from common life, dedicated to the higher nature. The family might have only three chambers: one of these was sacred. The feather bed rose plump and impregnable in its recesses. The green paper shades shut out all but a chink of light, the cane-seat chairs stood stiff against the wall, and clean straw rustled under the taut "store carpet." The stimulus to the imagination alone was worth three times the amount of cubic space the spare chamber occupied. You tiptoed in. Mother's best bonnet lay on the middle of the bed. Sometimes a huge loaf of fruit cake sat elegantly in one of the chairs.

There was always something reserved in the days of the spare chamber,—fruit cake and bonnets. People had best clothes. They wore them on spare days. Sunday was a spare day. You knew that it was Sunday. Grandfather shaved.

(When grandfathers shave every day, what is left for the seventh?) There was a hush about the house. As the day wore on, it deepened; the whole farm lay under its warm, sleepy spell,—all but the irrepressible hen. The cheerful cackle lingers still, the most irreverent thing in memory. She worked seven days in the week, and talked about it. The very silence waited to hear and condemn. Amid trolley cars, and bicycle bells, and children playing, and the Salvation Army drum, the cackle dies away into a harmless whisper.

There was spare time then. People made visits,—not anxious, crowded, hurried calls, but good old-fashioned visits. The carryall was washed and oiled. Old Flora was carefully combed and brushed by grandfather, and then grandfather was brushed and combed by grandmother. Aunt Clara packed the luncheon in a big basket. There was always a spare cricket to fit in front for small folks, with a good view of Flora's haunches going uphill, and a wide sweep of country going down. The journey was leisurely, but full of wild excitements. There were the dangerous railroad crossings, where grandfather always got out, rods ahead, and walked cautiously across, looking two ways at once. The rest of us rode boldly over, with a fine feeling of risk. Grandfather used to crack the whip in defiance of danger. There were the covered bridges, too. Old Flora's hoofs echoed in them and repeated the trampling of armies. The loose boards rattling underneath held the child on the cricket breathless. Times have changed. Now we speed swiftly over gaudy open bridges, and the legend "No faster than a walk" looks grimly down from either end.

We had a spare chamber at first. When the baby came, we turned it into a nursery. We cleared out a store-room for the nurse, and used the little back-room for a drying-room. Grandmother, when her first baby came, took it into

**The Passing  
of the Spare  
Chamber.**



her own bed. When another baby came to crowd it out, there was the trundle-bed that stood under the big bed all day, and rolled out at night with a sleepy rumble. And when more babies still came to crowd the trundle-bed, the first baby, a big boy, six years old now, had a bed made for him at the head of the back stairs, or up garret, under the sloping eaves. The rain lulled him to sleep, and the snow drifted in sometimes. In the spare chamber the big bed loomed untouched. It hovered in his dreams, a presence not to be put by. The snow, the rain, the stars, and the spare chamber made a poet of him. We have no poets now.

WIDE reading in current literature will show that rarely is a book printed which does not contain at least one thought or one aspect of thought worth remembering. But it takes a wise man to find the thought. What puzzles him in his search for atoms of wisdom is that often the book from which he got least is taken up behind him with babbling approval. Until he has learned by experience to pay no attention to the shouting of the multitude, he is often tempted to revise his judgment. But he learns at last that the noise, like the wag of a dog's tail or the pecking of a bird, is mainly due to reflex action. It interests him, then, to learn the cause of the outcry. He finds cases in which some intrinsic quality of a book, irksome perhaps to him, has attracted the public. In this case, as one to whom nothing human is foreign, he adds something to his knowledge of literary possibilities. But usually he discovers that what stirred the imagination of the people was not within the covers of the book.

The classic example of this sort of thing — not to make invidious remarks about what happens under our noses several times a year — is Pomfret's *Choice*, a poem which, so far as printed testimony goes, has been read by only

two men of the present generation, though it was preëminently the end-of-the-century book in 1699. Observe that the end of the century with its attendant phenomena is no novelty in the history of literature. The Bishop of London disapproved of Pomfret's *Muse*. Pomfret's career as a clergyman was blasted before it began, but his book sold as if there were a lurking devil in its innocuous pages. A smooth, easy, languid, shallow copy of verses became the talk of a nation because a bishop sat down on the author. History repeats itself. Only a little while ago an American archbishop performed a similar office for a well-known recent novel.

All this having become a matter of experience, and the world in general being, like the men of Athens, diligent in search of new things, why not try systematically the plan of putting all books on their individual merits without reference to the author? In more than one sense of the word, a book is a living organism with a span of active existence more or less extended. A sickly book ought not to borrow vitality from a strong book because it owes its being to the same author; nor should a good book be handicapped because it belongs to an ignoble family.

The world does its part in trying to discourage the majority of authors by remunerating them scantily or not at all. But an additional measure of some kind is needed. Why not, then, enforce anonymity by the gradual pressure of an ethical reform in which the rights of books shall be considered as those of dumb brutes are now? At present the tendency seems to be toward an opinion that anonymity is unjustifiable. This seems to be an outcome worthy of an age in which the gossipy commercial traveler is the most conspicuous figure. If literature is merely a trade or profession, notoriety is, of course, indispensable, and concealment is required only to injure an enemy or a rival. But if lit-

Every Book  
on its own  
Bottom.

erature in its highest forms, the only forms worth studying, is an inspiration, then it were well put on a level where the arts of notoriety and mere self-seeking cannot flourish. Anonymity, if it became general, would stop the personal allusions to authors which make the cheapest kind of fame in these modern days. It would obviate all that mass of paragraphic information often called literary notes, and quite as often devoid of anything literary; it would destroy that parasitic journalism which has grown up on the vanity of authorship; and it would turn the vacuous curiosity of the public back upon itself, where it belongs. The public would then either read books or not, as it chose; but it would be forced to talk more about literature, and less about literary persons. The finest episode of literary history in the last hundred years was the anonymity of Waverley. People would, indeed, persistently ask of a book that attracted them, "Who wrote it?" But they would look in the book itself for an answer, something which is not done uniformly now.

If the writer outlives anonymity, the title of concealment becomes a term of affection. Witness George Eliot. If it veils a popular author to the threshold of the tomb, it may be rent only to discover a life history touching in its completeness, which would have been blotted by daily publicity. It may keep alive for ages a vivid sense of the perils in which humanity has established its rights, as the fame of the Letters of Obscure Men has done. It may even keep a worthless book alive unnumbered centuries, — and this should be a solace to authors, if shut out from ordinary commercial devices for giving their books renown. Nobody knows who wrote the Epistles of Phalaris; consequently, a library has been written about them. If anybody knew their author, nobody would think of reading them again. An equally worthless book of the last century, *The Letters of Junius*, bids fair to have the same end-

less repute; and there is an American novel, published some years ago, which promises to live in the well-kept mystery of its origin.

Nobody knows better than the wise man that he loves books which never become popular, and that books which become popular in spite of his praise are subject to the same law of oblivion as those are which succeed with the aid of his disapproval. He is conscious that the theme and the treatment of the theme are the real issue, and that authors should be considered only necessary instrumentalities. If a modern gossipmonger is asked about a book, he can often answer with anecdotes about the author. Suppose we reform this and shut the fool's mouth.

THE familiar fact that marriage is not, in the long run, a romantic relationship may be the reason of its amazing lack of influence upon the work of the artist. Possibly there is a surer reason, based on the nature of men, whatever their occupation. From the testimony of time, not less than from the myth of Adam, it would seem that the imperious need of men is, not to love, but to work; that they seek to express themselves, not in romance, but in labor. The artist with his heightened temperament is peculiarly under the rule of this need of self-expression. More susceptible than other men, perhaps, to the influence of the woman, he is less in danger of her interference with his life task. In this task are combined at once his business and the food for his idealism. His work is ultimate, his temper of mind all-embracing, leaving no margins of unfulfilled desire on which to record whole epics of dissatisfaction. If he love happily, his work goes on apace; if he do not love, it still goes on. If he marry, he loves his wife and is glad of her presence in the intervals of rest between labor on novel or portrait.

The matter as far as the man is con-

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and Mar-  
riage.**



cerned ends here ; but the case of the woman begins, and its end is lost in the mists of the future. Nor can Nature throw light ahead upon this dimness. Concerning the domestic functions of women her voice is heard around the world, but in regard to their ambitions alien to these functions she is as mute as the Sphinx. Nothing can be expected from her toward the solution of a problem that seems the peculiar product of this century.

Except in the question of finance, a man has never been obliged to consider marriage in its relation to his art. On the other hand, when a woman painter or poet loves and marries she is confronted with a problem of personality that has to do with the very essence of her relationship to the man. He becomes, to a greater or less degree, the rival of her art. To review with Villon the "dear, dead women" of many a golden past, to study the women of the present, is to feel, against one's will perhaps, that the primal need of a woman's nature is, not to work, but to love. She must earn her bread in the service of love, as she has done in marriage for a thousand generations.

Men are not, as a rule, rivals of those occupations of women which do not bring the æsthetic forces into play, which do not demand an output of feeling. A woman who keeps books or sells goods may do her work heartily, but in the majority of cases she looks forward to marriage as a not unwelcome end to her labors. She would be an unnatural woman, indeed, who would prefer book-keeping to marriage with a man she loved. In the case of art it is different, demanding as art does the passion of its devotee as well as the intellect. A man can satisfy these large demands because he is by nature dedicated to labor. But a woman, if she love her art, must ordinarily give up dreams of wifehood and maternity and be content with her rich shadows.

Her problem in this matter is essentially modern. The nineteenth century has brought forth a new type, a woman highly organized, sensitive to beauty, nervous to sublimity, and, sometimes, devoid of humor. Her imperative need is an outlet for her too abundant energy. If she love very early, she marries as a St. Theresa might marry, in tremulous idealism, becomes a mother, lives for her children, and is satisfied, if not actively happy. If she do not marry, she is likely to seek self-expression and happiness in painting, in modeling, in novel-writing, in the so-called artistic career. Paris and New York swarm with young women whose enthusiasm for their chosen work is only another form of what might have been maternal feeling. When to this zeal is added the necessity for bread-winning, the absorption becomes complete. The more vital the hold that the work takes upon a woman, the less likely she is to marry. She becomes too detached in spirit to attract men, or she herself does not feel the need of love. It makes no difference in the effect, that only one in a thousand, perhaps, of these enthusiasts is really gifted. The dream and not the achievement changes the course of life. It is not that this century has produced more women of genius than any other, but that it has produced more women who find other outlets for their feeling than marriage.

If, however, a man should stride across the threshold of the woman's carefully built house of art, she is at once obliged to divide her allegiance, and confusion ensues. If marriage result, the complexity is so much increased that, after a time, the woman may give up in weariness the effort to be both an artist and a woman, and, by sheer reaction, revel in being a woman ; or else she may endeavor to keep up the dual life in the time that she can spare from child-bearing and the ordering of the house. She may, indeed, sacrifice the domestic ideal to what she considers higher obligations

than those of motherhood, but she is not then on natural ground, and her case is not the case of the normal wife.

When women have carried on their mental labors within marriage, they have had, as a rule, the concurrence of their husbands; or these husbands were themselves poets with impossible ideals of life, — as it may seem to the majority. Mary Shelley lived an intellectual rather than a domestic life, but to be married to Shelley was a good deal like not being married at all. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote some of her finest poems as a wife, but she, too, was the wife of a poet, and of a poet whose ideal of women made them the supreme artificers of life. The rank and file of men, however, cannot be poets; and, to say the least, it is not desirable that they should be. The average man may be pardoned for believing that his wife's domestic virtues are of more consequence than her ability to write sonnets. If she possess a strong interest which does not concern her household or himself, he is inclined to be jealous; the men of this generation, especially, have more cause to be jealous of a woman's soul than of her person. They are not always sure of her spiritual allegiance. This part of her nature may be least understood by them; and mystery is the mother of resentment. In past centuries, when the mass of women had not attained self-consciousness, this cause for jealousy did not exist; but the women of the present day are nothing if not self-conscious. They have, perhaps, too great an intimacy with their own souls. Even a French *danseuse* begins to feel that her spirit may be of greater potency to

charm than mere prettiness of face; she is dimly divining the sensuousness of the spirit. A moral gulf may be fixed between her and the wife who seeks some form of self-expression other than the domestic, but they are alike baffling to the lover and husband. Given these conditions, it is difficult to foresee the future of the woman artist in her relations to marriage. The question, after all, will resolve itself finally into one of happiness. The divine right of joy is no longer disputed by the majority, however wistful they may be in contemplation of their heritage. The woman must decide, then, whether to pursue her chosen art or to marry will make her happier. In most cases she cannot be both an artist and a wife. If she do not marry, she misses the strange, unspeakable joys of wifehood, with their delicate margin of pain; the rapture of maternity; the wholesomeness of daily living as the centre and inspiration of a household. If she marry and put her ambitions from her, she misses a rare companionship with beautiful ghosts; she misses, it may be, the flavor of lonely triumphs, the ennobling vision of the unattainable. She must choose between two orders of experience as diverse as the poles.

Presumably, that which is better adapted to her nature will afford her greater happiness. Goethe believed in the Eternal Woman, but time plays tricks with eternity, and the woman nature itself might be changed by centuries of training. As it is now, it seems that the woman is happier if she marry. In the long run, her idealism is more domestic than æsthetic.